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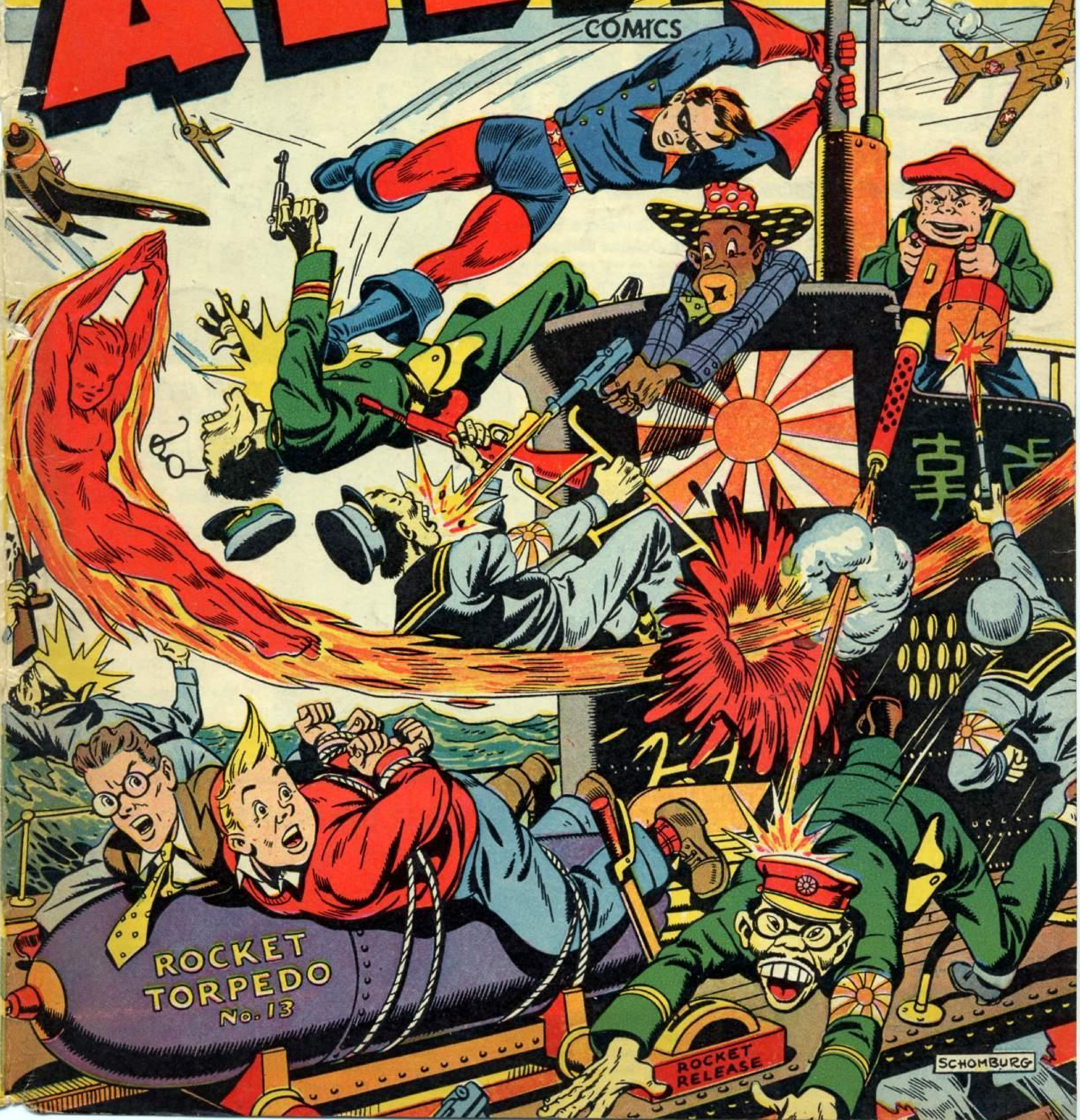
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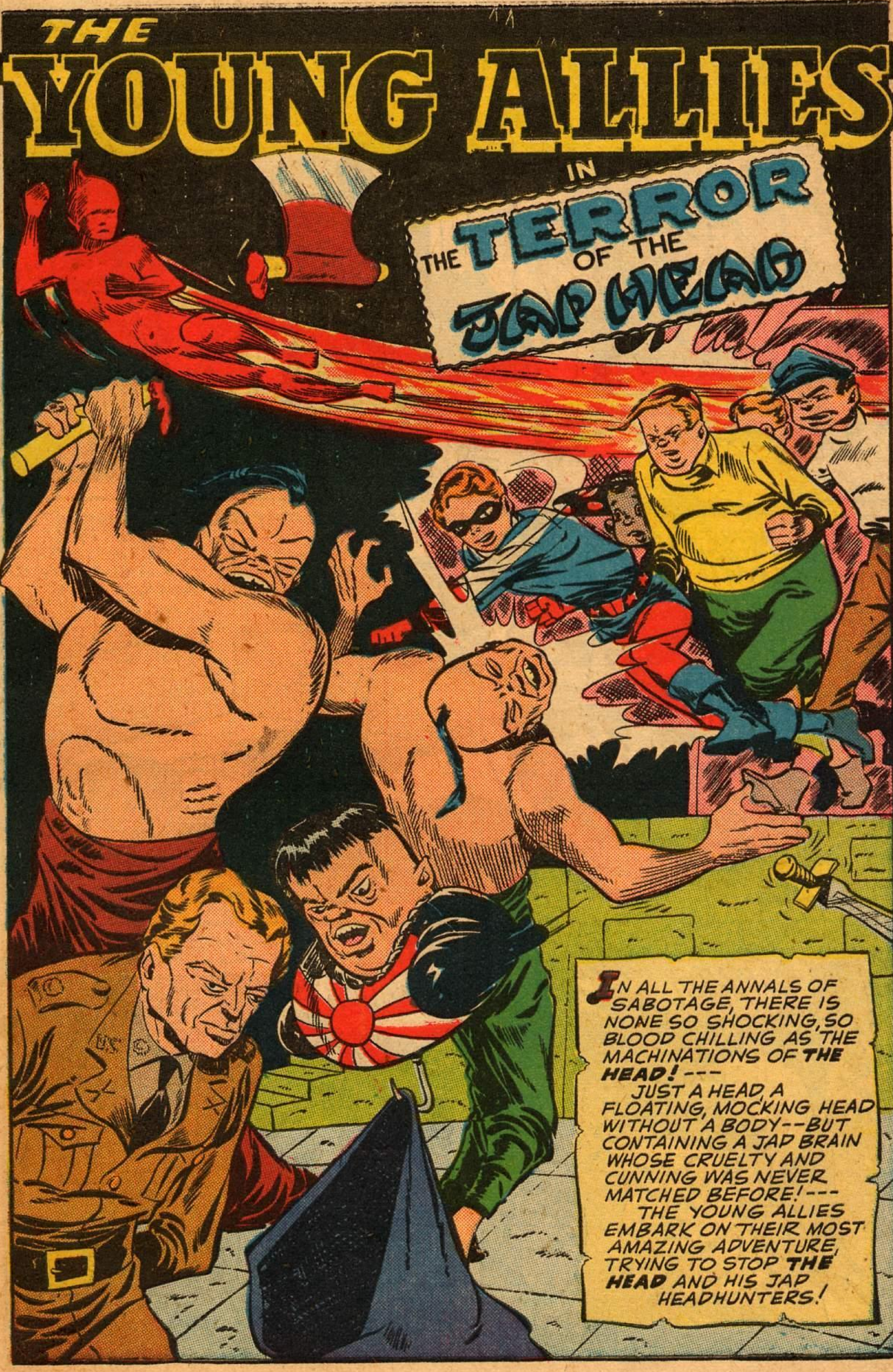
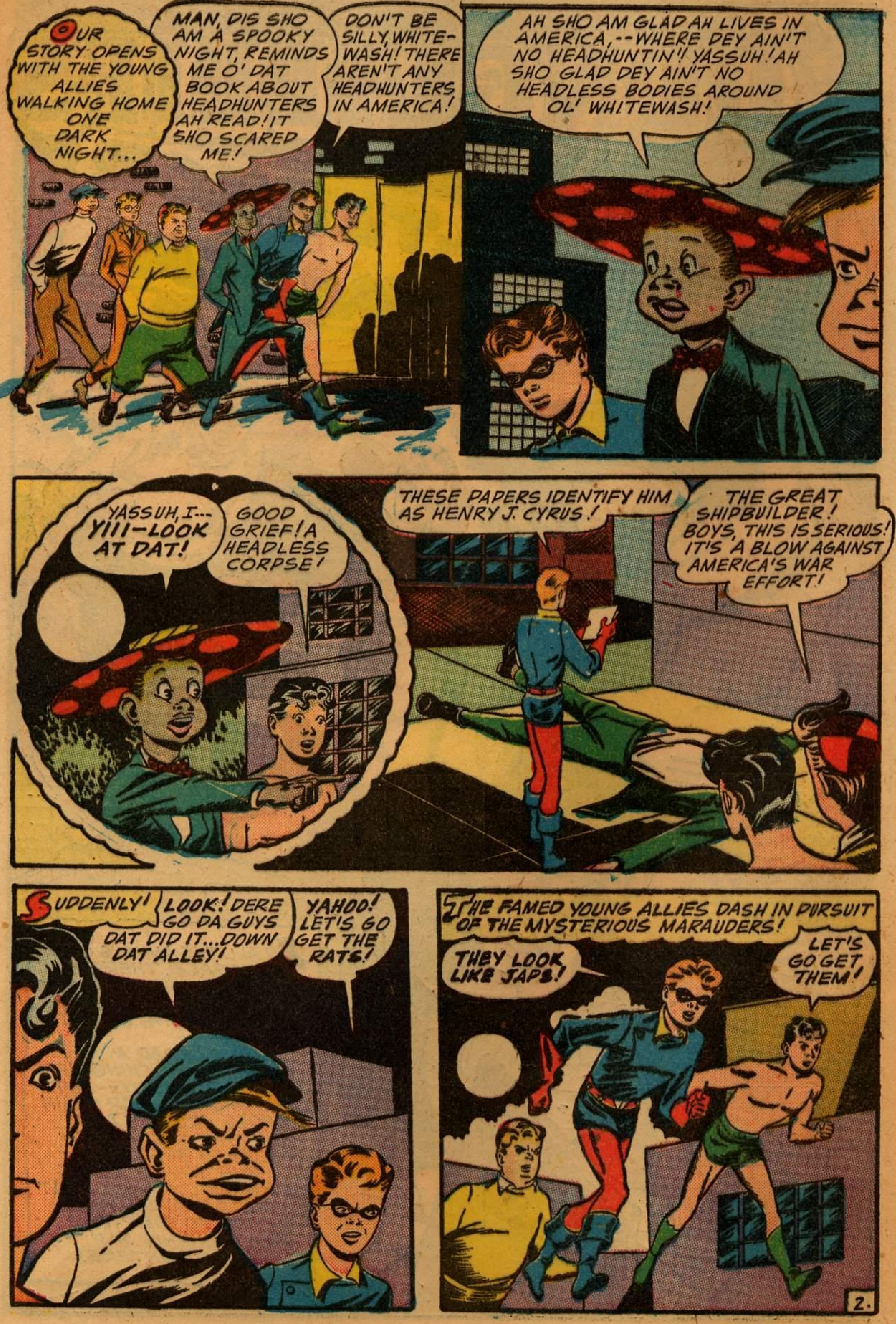
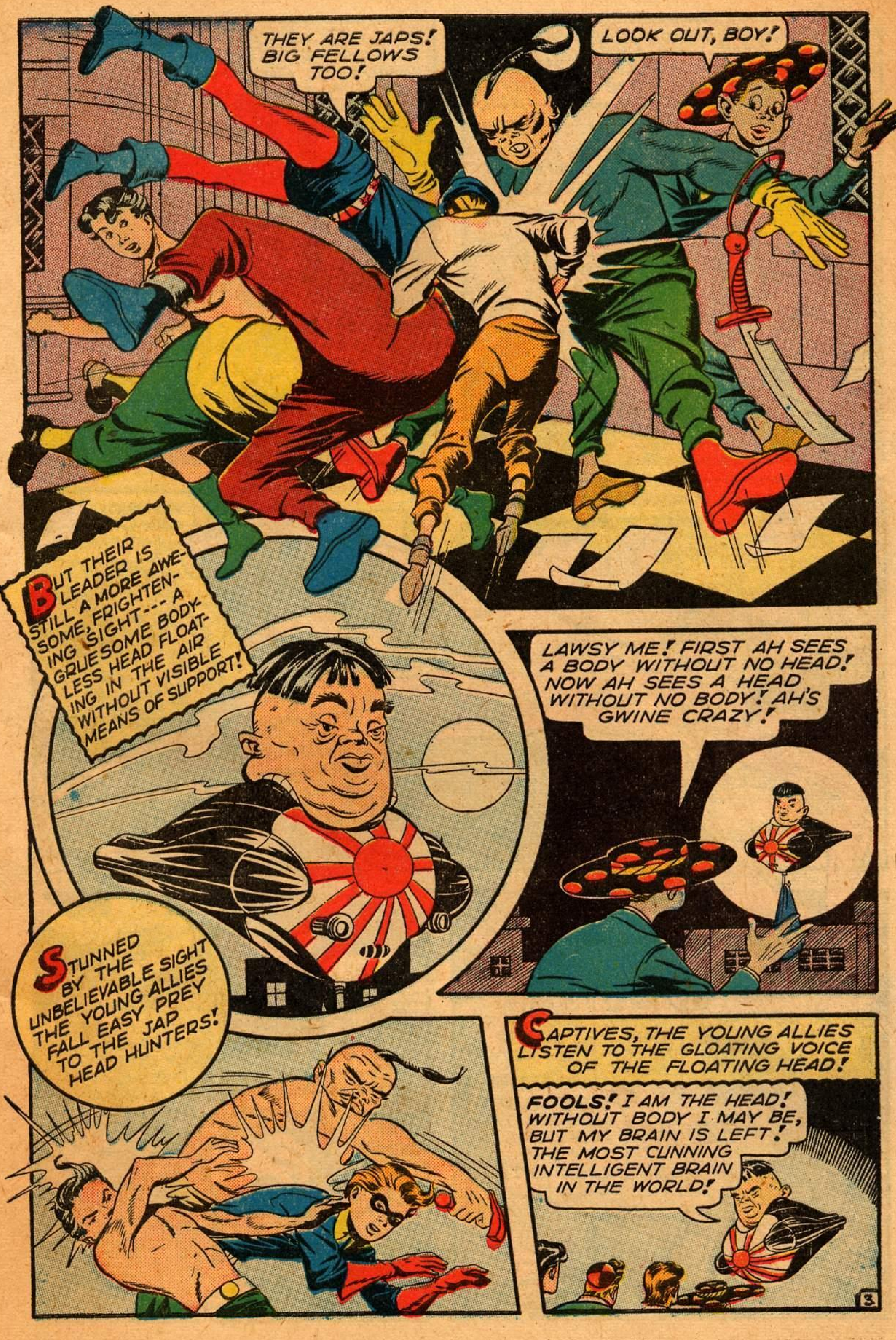
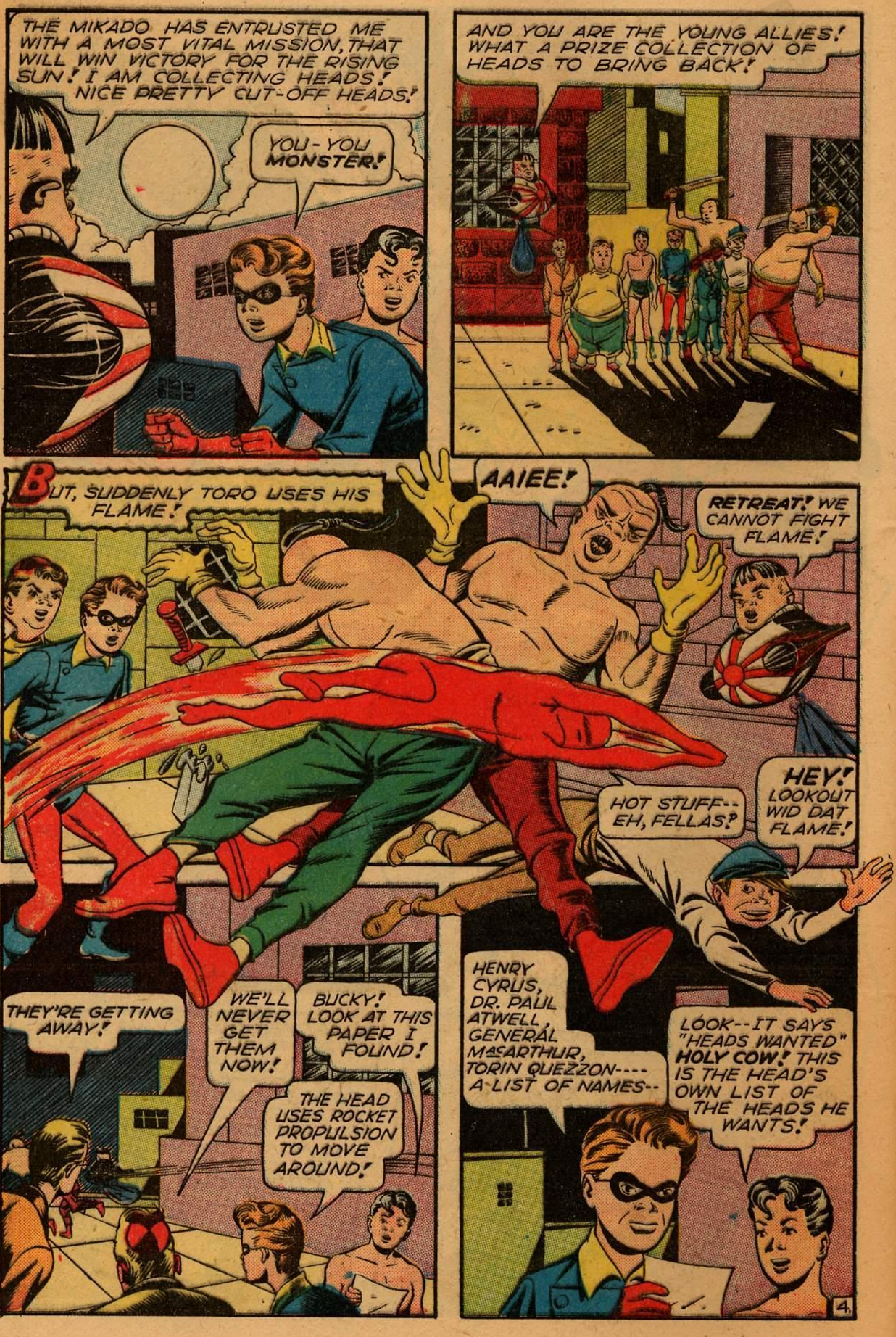
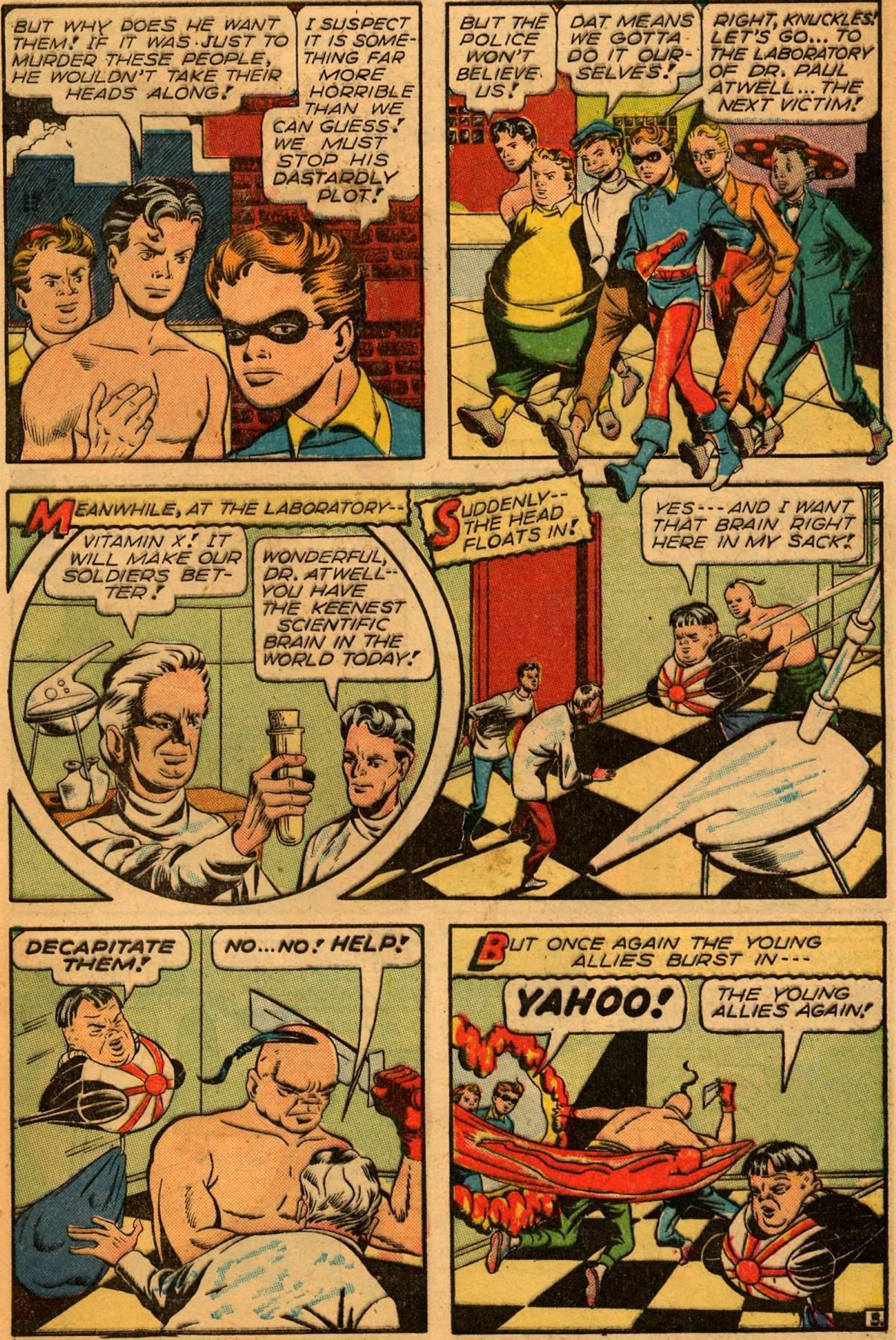
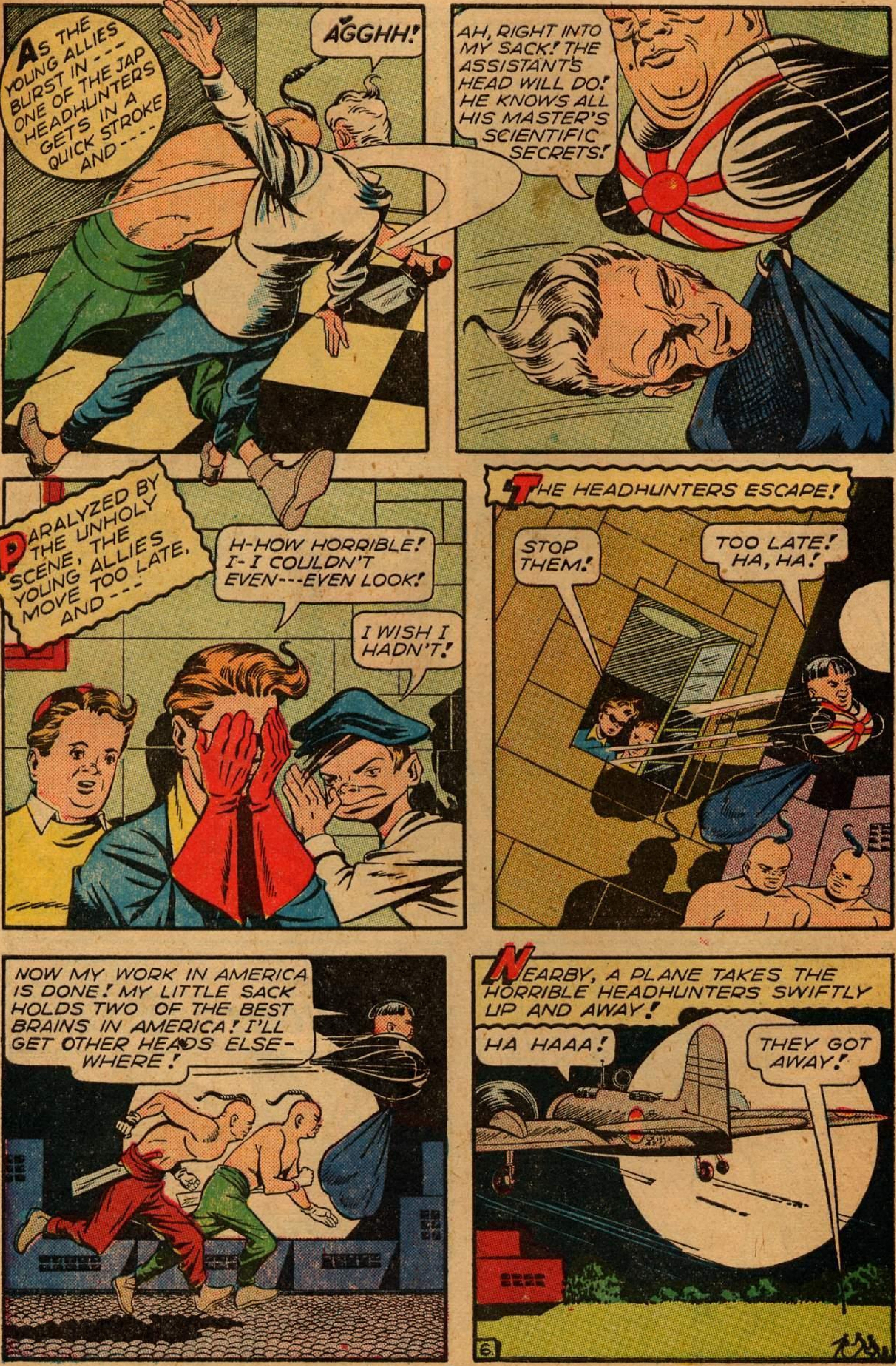

THE YOUNG ALLIES
IN
THE TERROR OF THE JAP HEAD
IN ALL THE ANNALS OF SABOTAGE, THERE IS NONE SO SHOCKING, SO BLOOD CHILLING AS THE MACHINATIONS OF **THE HEAD!** ---
JUST A HEAD, A FLOATING, MOCKING HEAD WITHOUT A BODY--BUT CONTAINING A JAP BRAIN WHOSE CRUELTY AND CUNNING WAS NEVER MATCHED BEFORE! ---
THE YOUNG ALLIES EMBARK ON THEIR MOST AMAZING ADVENTURE, TRYING TO STOP **THE HEAD** AND HIS JAP HEADHUNTERS!


OUR STORY OPENS WITH THE YOUNG ALLIES WALKING HOME ONE DARK NIGHT...
MAN, DIS SHO AM A SPOOKY NIGHT, REMINDS ME O' DAT BOOK ABOUT HEADHUNTERS AH READ! IT SHO SCARED ME!
DON'T BE SILLY, WHITEWASH! THERE AREN'T ANY HEADHUNTERS IN AMERICA!
AH SHO AM GLAD AH LIVES IN AMERICA, --WHERE DEY AIN'T NO HEADHUNTIN'! YASSUH! AH SHO GLAD DEY AIN'T NO HEADLESS BODIES AROUND OL' WHITEWASH!
YASSUH, I--- YIII—LOOK AT DAT!
GOOD GRIEF! A HEADLESS CORPSE!
THESE PAPERS IDENTIFY HIM AS HENRY J. CYRUS!
THE GREAT SHIPBUILDER! BOYS, THIS IS SERIOUS! IT'S A BLOW AGAINST AMERICA'S WAR EFFORT!
SUDDENLY!
LOOK! DERE GO DA GUYS DAT DID IT...DOWN DAT ALLEY!
YAHOO! LET'S GO GET THE RATS!
THE FAMED YOUNG ALLIES DASH IN PURSUIT OF THE MYSTERIOUS MARAUDERS!
THEY LOOK LIKE JAPS!
LET'S GO GET THEM!


THEY ARE JAPS! BIG FELLOWS TOO!
LOOK OUT, BOY!
BUT THEIR LEADER IS STILL A MORE AWESOME, FRIGHTENING SIGHT--- A GRUESOME BODYLESS HEAD FLOATING IN THE AIR WITHOUT VISIBLE MEANS OF SUPPORT!
LAWSY ME! FIRST AH SEES A BODY WITHOUT NO HEAD! NOW AH SEES A HEAD WITHOUT NO BODY! AH'S GWINE CRAZY!
STUNNED BY THE UNBELIEVABLE SIGHT THE YOUNG ALLIES FALL EASY PREY TO THE JAP HEAD HUNTERS!
CAPTIVES, THE YOUNG ALLIES LISTEN TO THE GLOATING VOICE OF THE FLOATING HEAD!
FOOLS! I AM THE HEAD! WITHOUT BODY I MAY BE, BUT MY BRAIN IS LEFT! THE MOST CUNNING INTELLIGENT BRAIN IN THE WORLD!


THE MIKADO HAS ENTRUSTED ME WITH A MOST VITAL MISSION, THAT WILL WIN VICTORY FOR THE RISING SUN! I AM COLLECTING HEADS! NICE PRETTY CUT-OFF HEADS!
YOU - YOU **MONSTER!**
AND YOU ARE THE YOUNG ALLIES! WHAT A PRIZE COLLECTION OF HEADS TO BRING BACK!
BUT, SUDDENLY TORO USES HIS FLAME!
AAIEE!
RETREAT! WE CANNOT FIGHT FLAME!
HOT STUFF-- EH, FELLAS?
HEY! LOOKOUT WID DAT FLAME!
THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!
WE'LL NEVER GET THEM NOW!
BUCKY! LOOK AT THIS PAPER I FOUND!
THE HEAD USES ROCKET PROPULSION TO MOVE AROUND!
HENRY CYRUS, DR. PAUL ATWELL, GENERAL MacARTHUR, TORIN QUEZZON---- A LIST OF NAMES--
LOOK--IT SAYS "HEADS WANTED" **HOLY COW!** THIS IS THE HEAD'S OWN LIST OF THE HEADS HE WANTS!


BUT WHY DOES HE WANT THEM! IF IT WAS JUST TO MURDER THESE PEOPLE, HE WOULDN'T TAKE THEIR HEADS ALONG!
I SUSPECT IT IS SOMETHING FAR MORE HORRIBLE THAN WE CAN GUESS! WE MUST STOP HIS DASTARDLY PLOT!
BUT THE POLICE WON'T BELIEVE US!
DAT MEANS WE GOTTA DO IT OURSELVES!
RIGHT, KNUCKLES! LET'S GO... TO THE LABORATORY OF DR. PAUL ATWELL... THE NEXT VICTIM!
MEANWHILE, AT THE LABORATORY--
VITAMIN X! IT WILL MAKE OUR SOLDIERS BETTER!
WONDERFUL, DR. ATWELL-- YOU HAVE THE KEENEST SCIENTIFIC BRAIN IN THE WORLD TODAY!
SUDDENLY-- THE HEAD FLOATS IN!
YES--- AND I WANT THAT BRAIN RIGHT HERE IN MY SACK!
DECAPITATE THEM!
NO... NO! HELP!
BUT ONCE AGAIN THE YOUNG ALLIES BURST IN---
YAHOO!
THE YOUNG ALLIES AGAIN!


AS THE YOUNG ALLIES BURST IN --- ONE OF THE JAP HEADHUNTERS GETS IN A QUICK STROKE AND ----
AGGHH!
AH, RIGHT INTO MY SACK! THE ASSISTANT'S HEAD WILL DO! HE KNOWS ALL HIS MASTER'S SCIENTIFIC SECRETS!
PARALYZED BY THE UNHOLY SCENE, THE YOUNG ALLIES MOVE TOO LATE, AND ---
H-HOW HORRIBLE! I- I COULDN'T EVEN---EVEN LOOK!
I WISH I HADN'T!
THE HEADHUNTERS ESCAPE!
STOP THEM!
TOO LATE! HA, HA!
NOW MY WORK IN AMERICA IS DONE! MY LITTLE SACK HOLDS TWO OF THE BEST BRAINS IN AMERICA! I'LL GET OTHER HEADS ELSE-WHERE!
NEARBY, A PLANE TAKES THE HORRIBLE HEADHUNTERS SWIFTLY UP AND AWAY!
HA HAAA!
THEY GOT AWAY!
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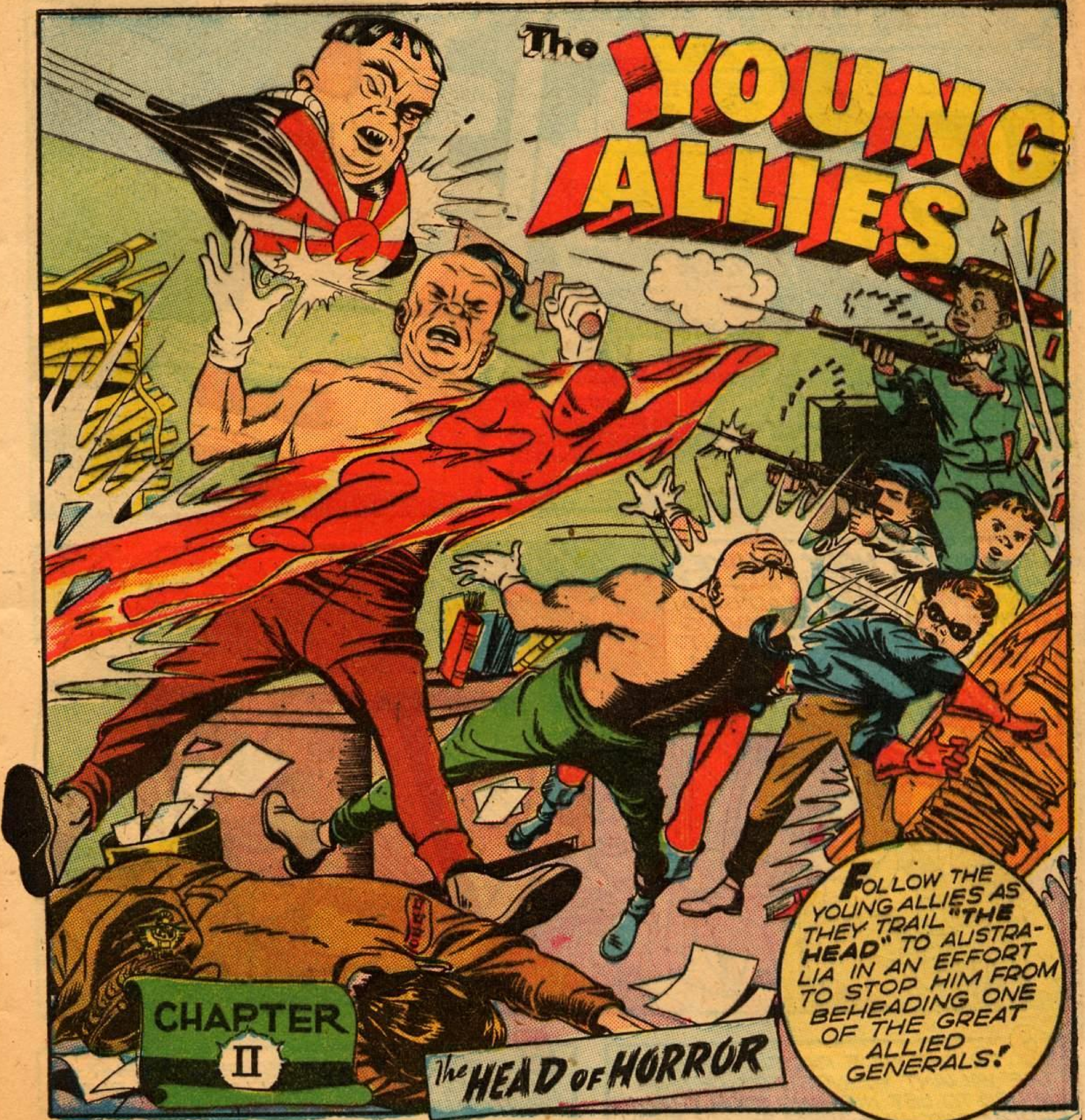
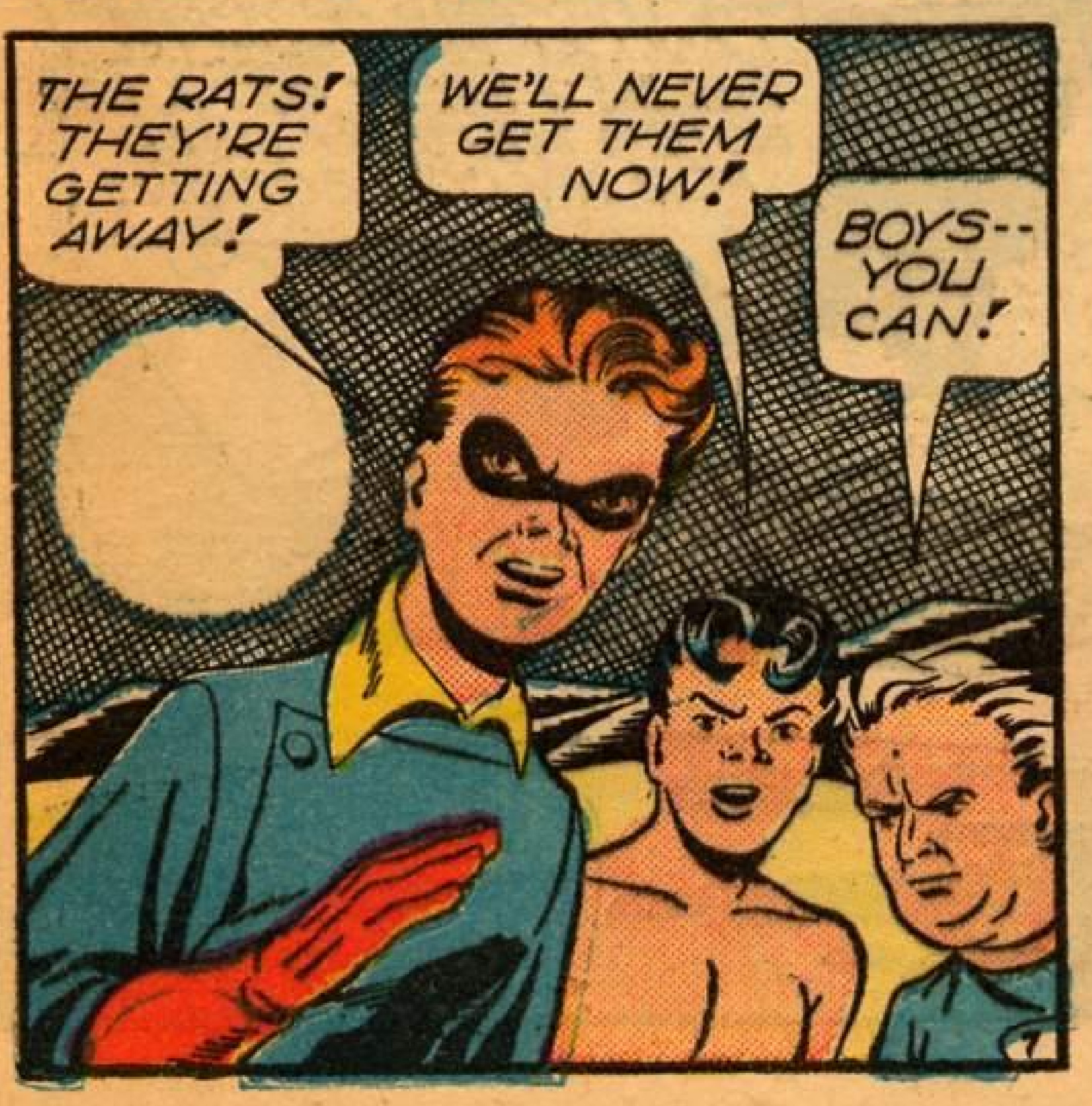
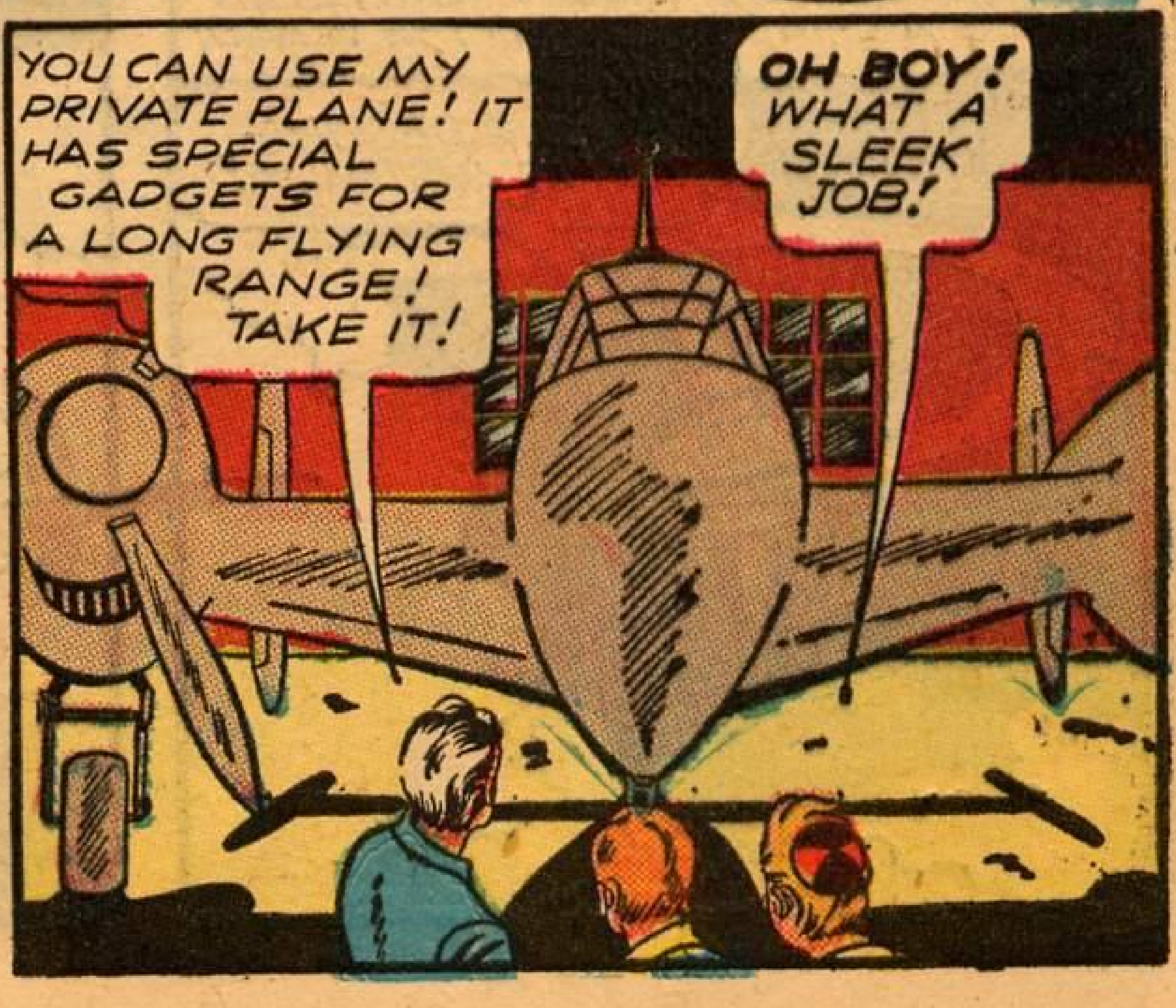
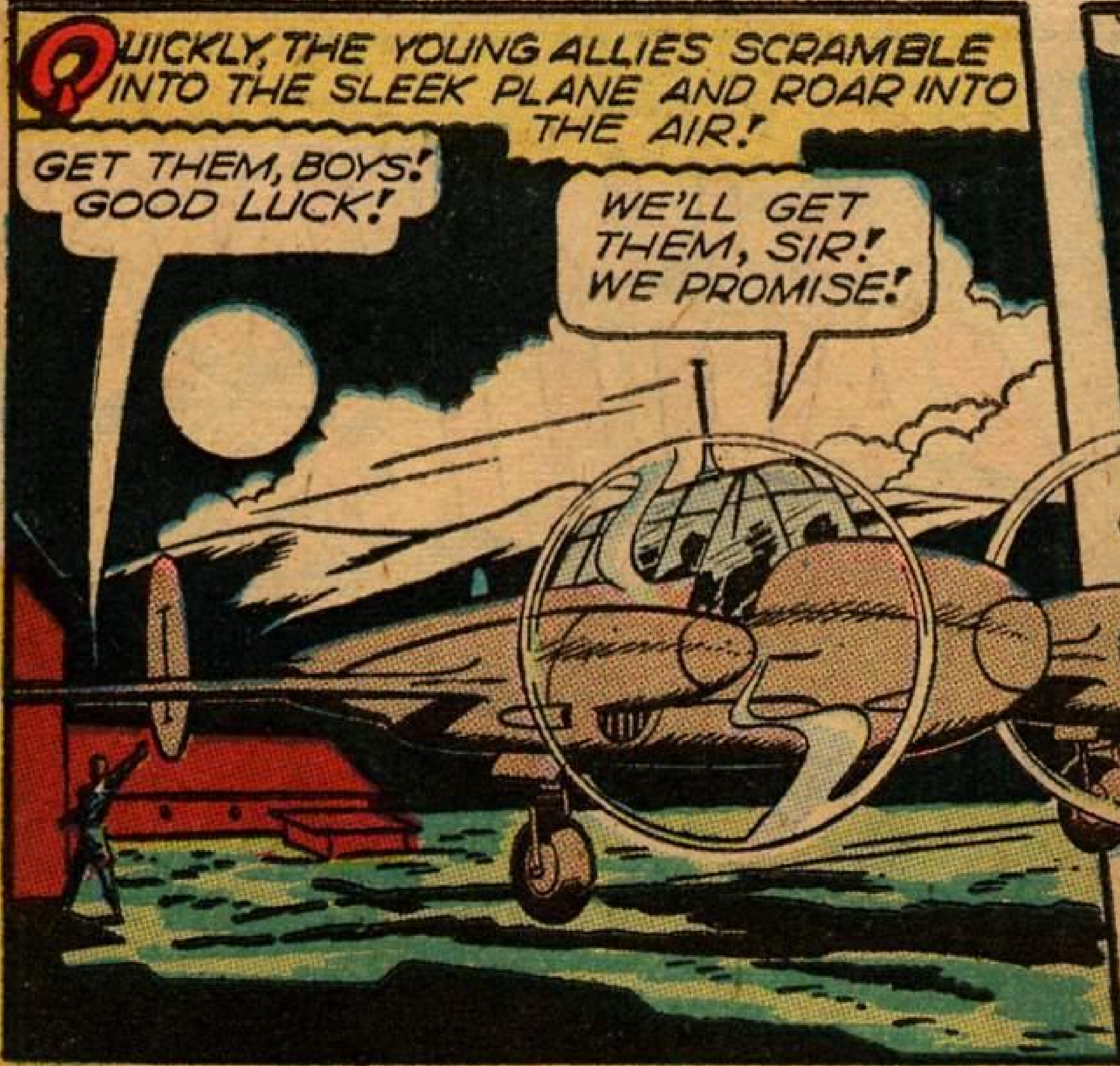
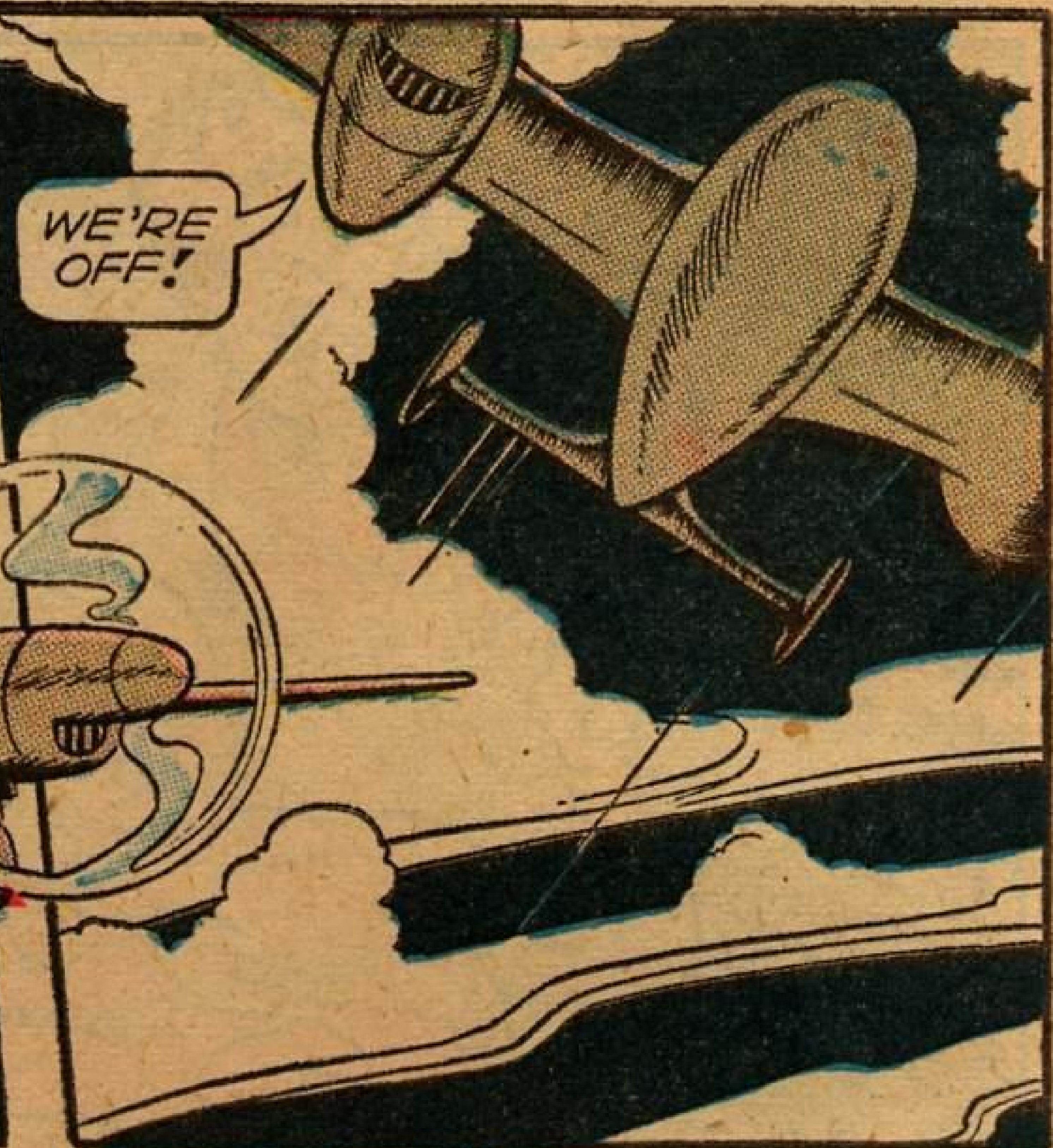
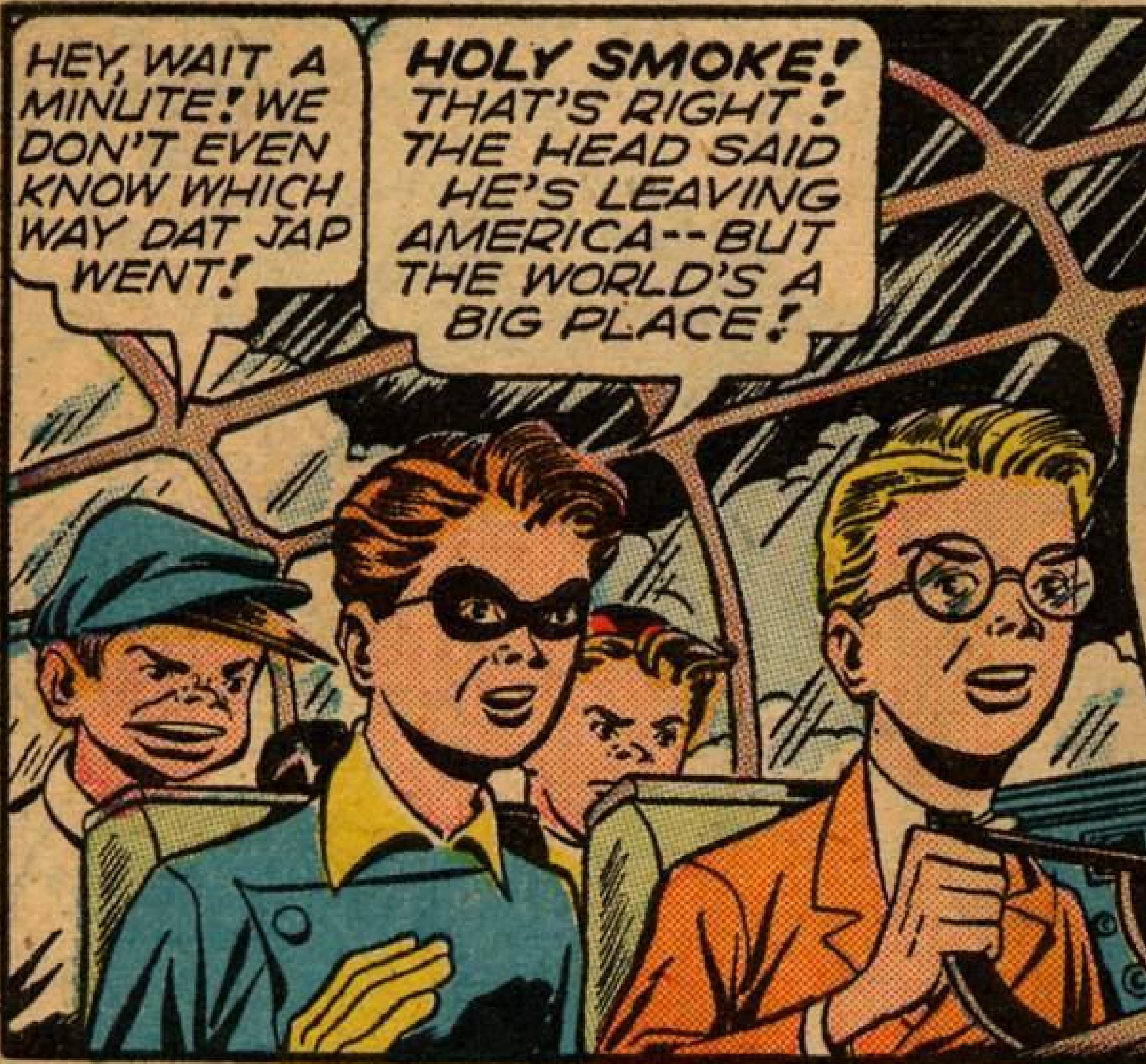

The YOUNG ALLIES
CHAPTER II
The HEAD OF HORROR
FOLLOW THE YOUNG ALLIES AS THEY TRAIL "THE HEAD" TO AUSTRALIA IN AN EFFORT TO STOP HIM FROM BEHEADING ONE OF THE GREAT ALLIED GENERALS!

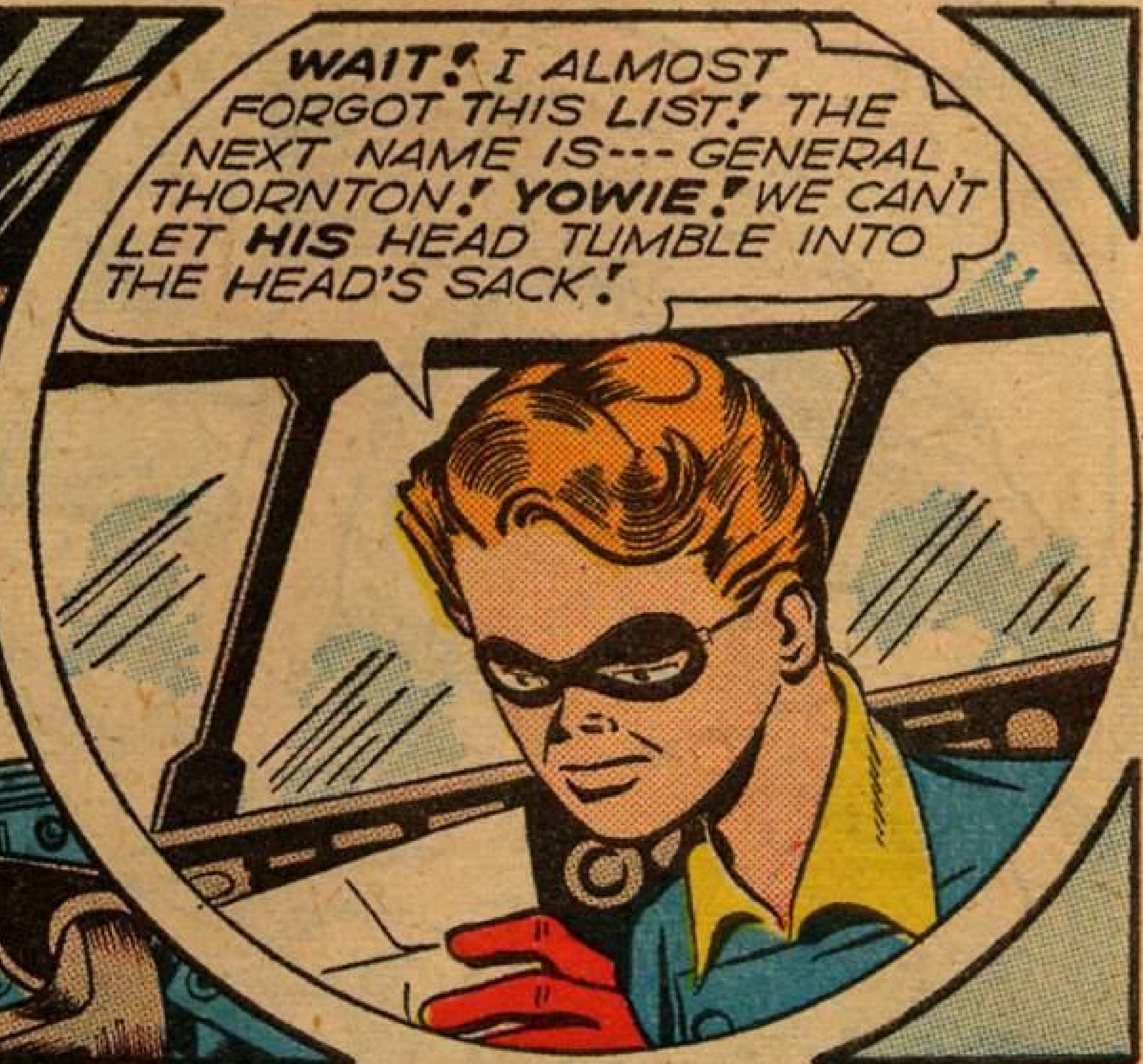

THE RATS! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!
WE'LL NEVER GET THEM NOW!
BOYS-- YOU CAN!

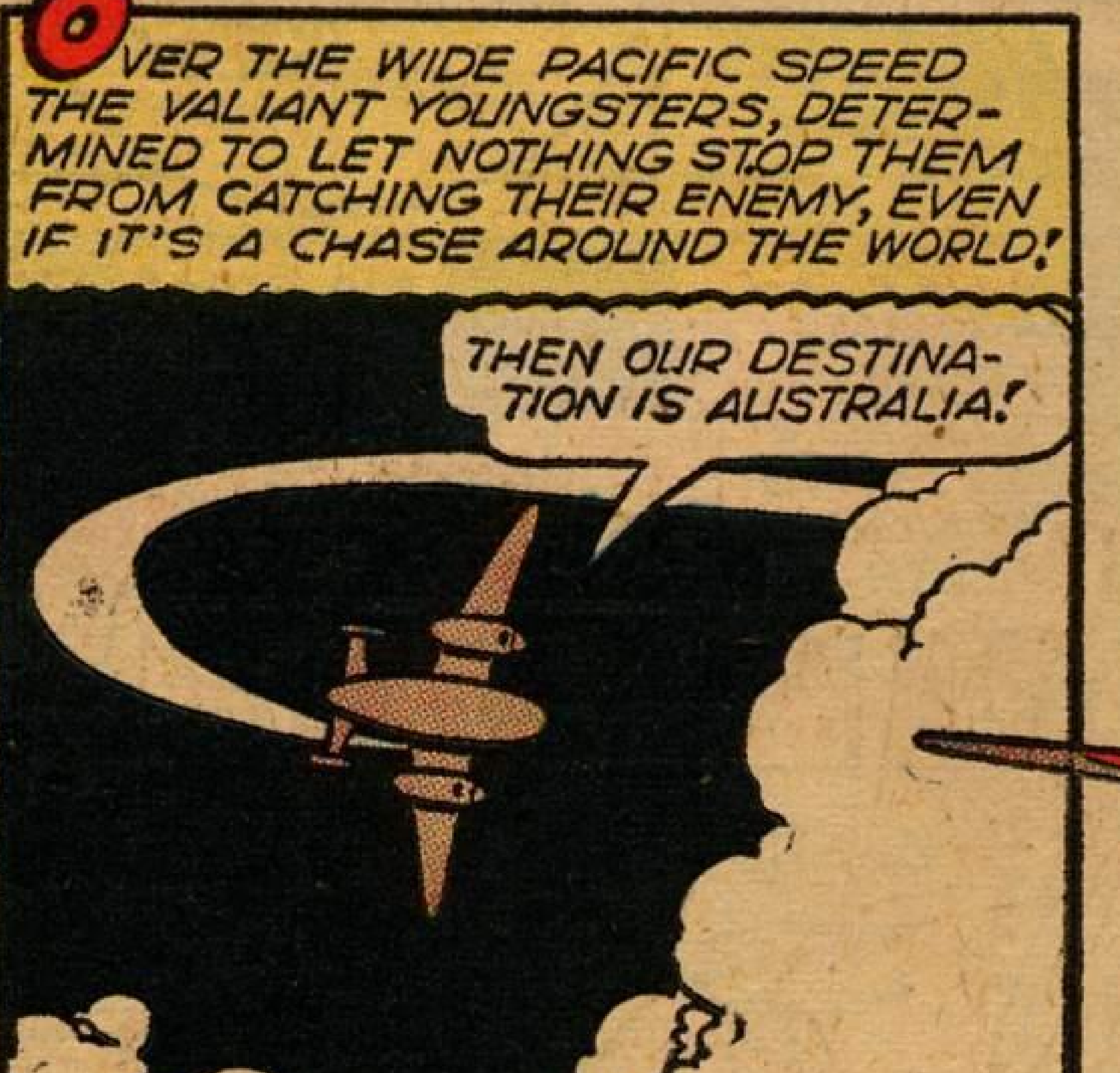

YOU CAN USE MY PRIVATE PLANE! IT HAS SPECIAL GADGETS FOR A LONG FLYING RANGE! TAKE IT!
OH BOY! WHAT A SLEEK JOB!

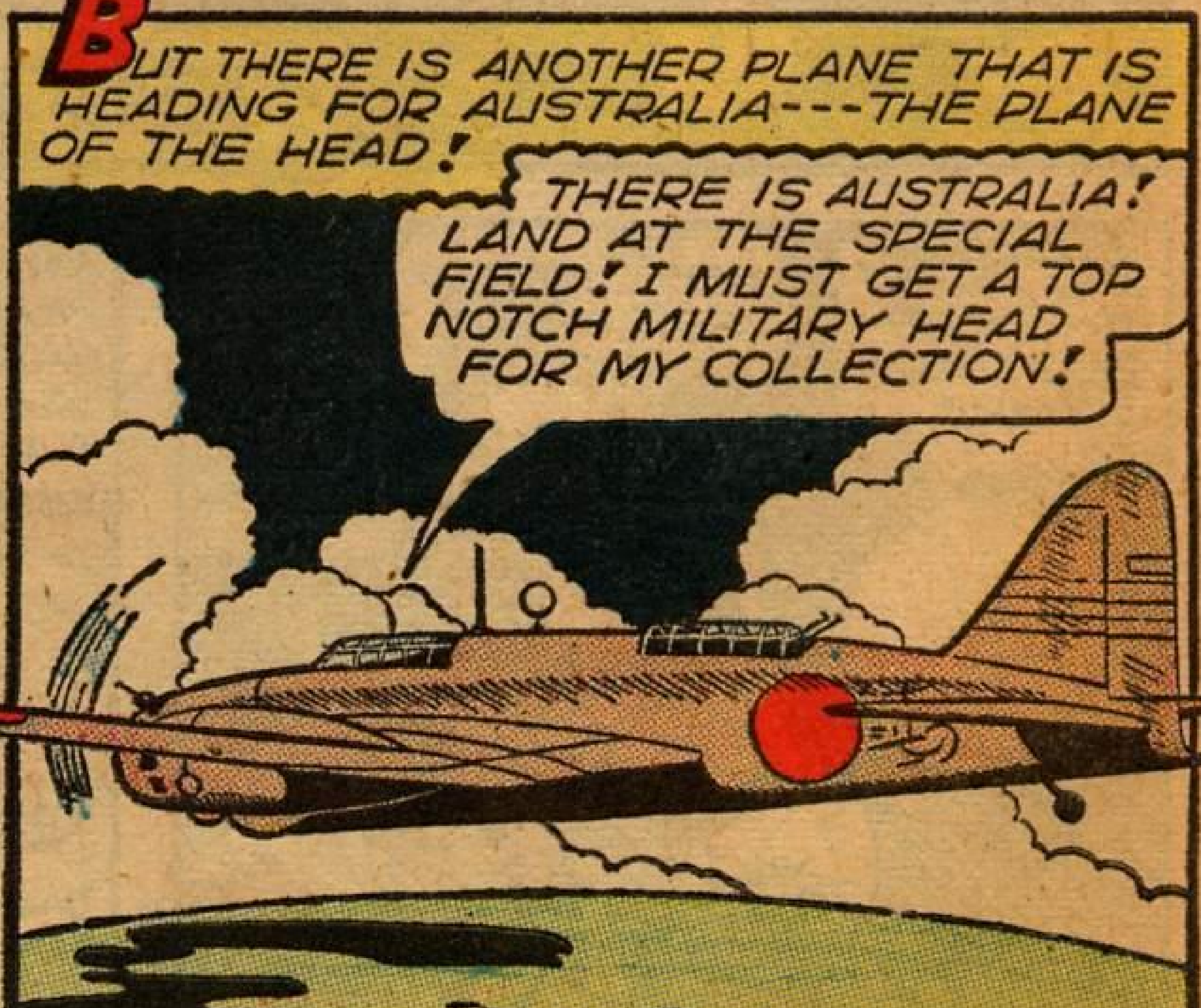

QUICKLY, THE YOUNG ALLIES SCRAMBLE INTO THE SLEEK PLANE AND ROAR INTO THE AIR!
GET THEM, BOYS! GOOD LUCK!
WE'LL GET THEM, SIR! WE PROMISE!

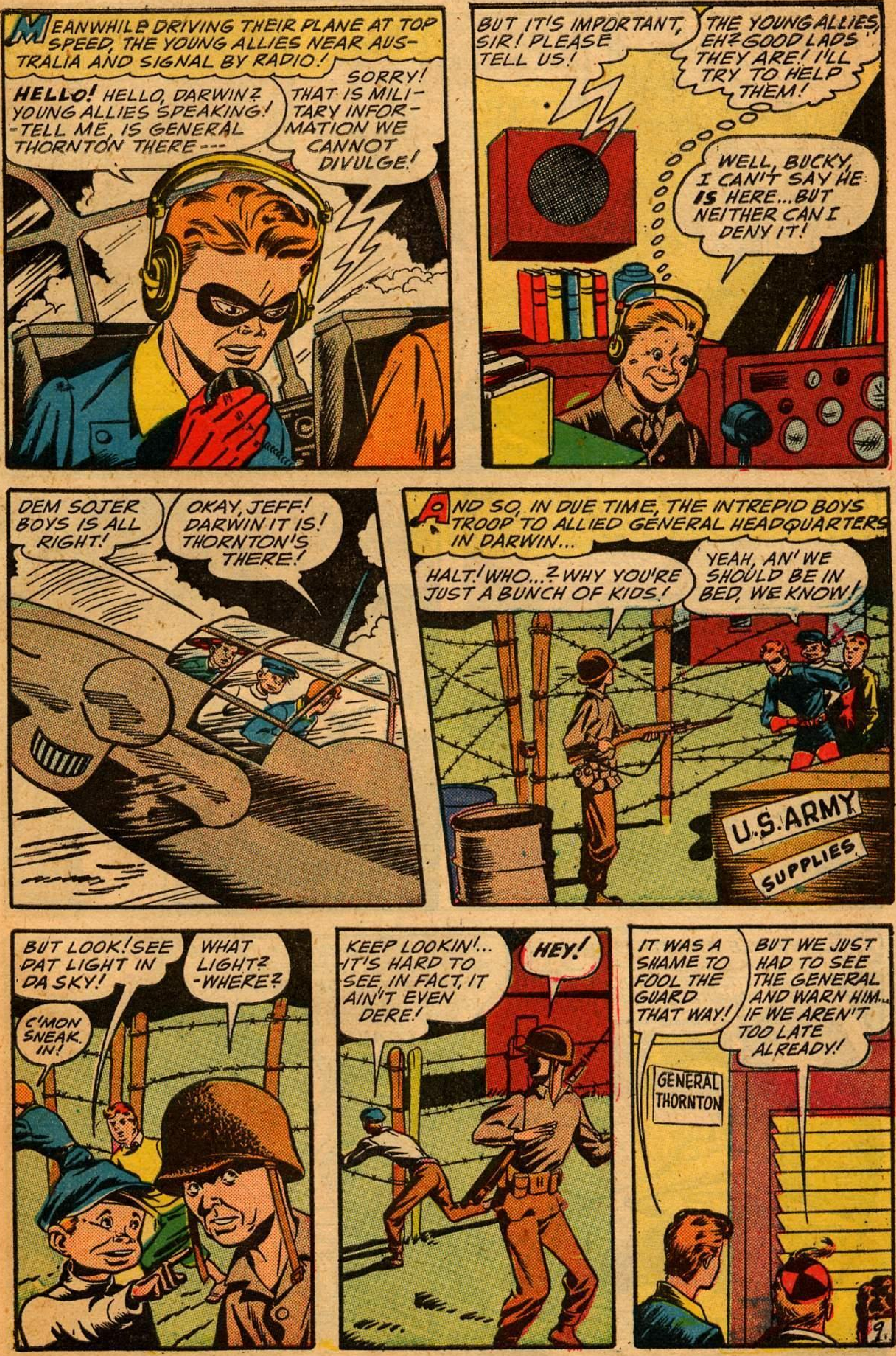

WE'RE OFF!

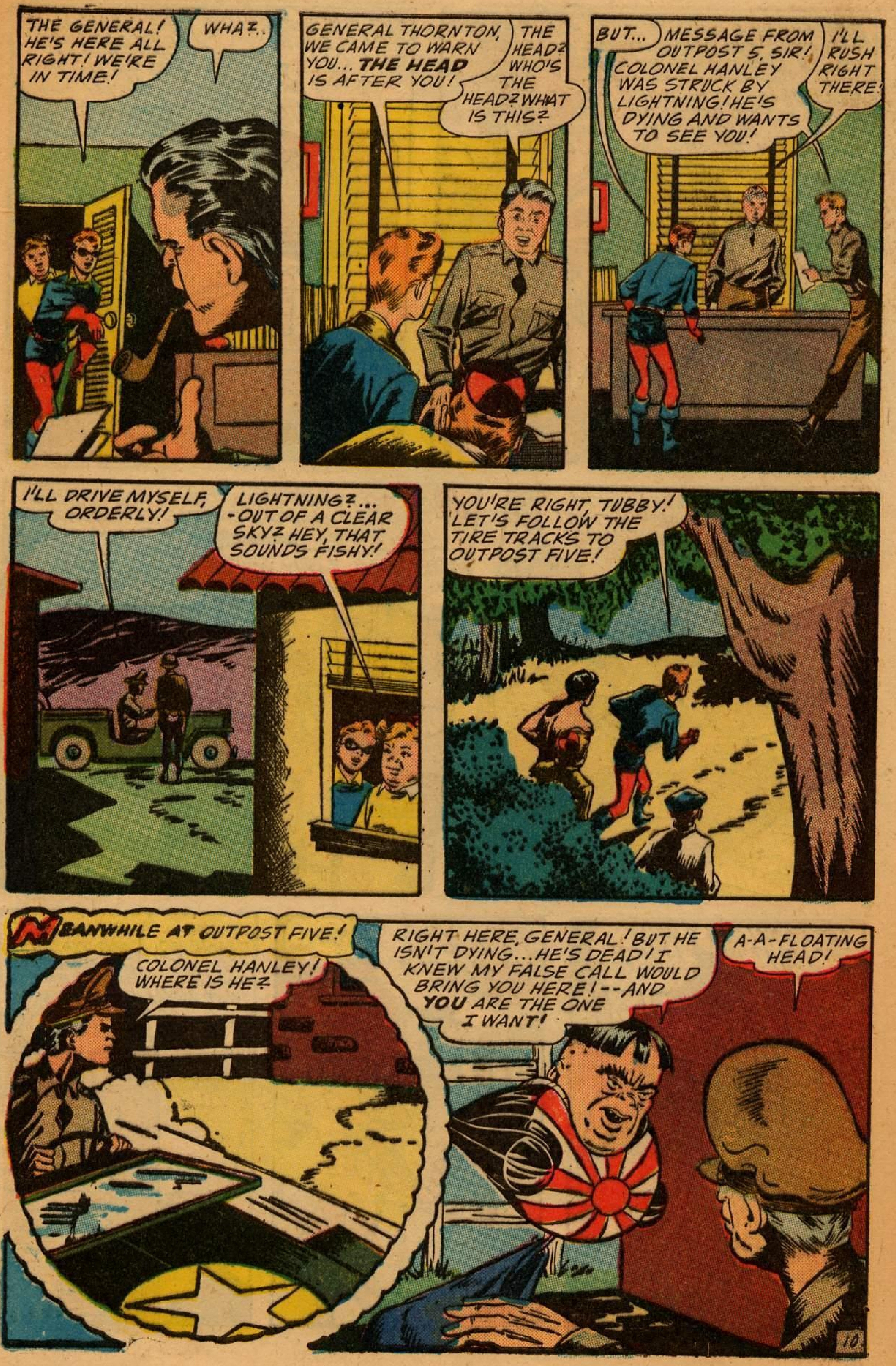

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHICH WAY DAT JAP WENT!
HOLY SMOKE! THAT'S RIGHT! THE HEAD SAID HE'S LEAVING AMERICA--BUT THE WORLD'S A BIG PLACE!

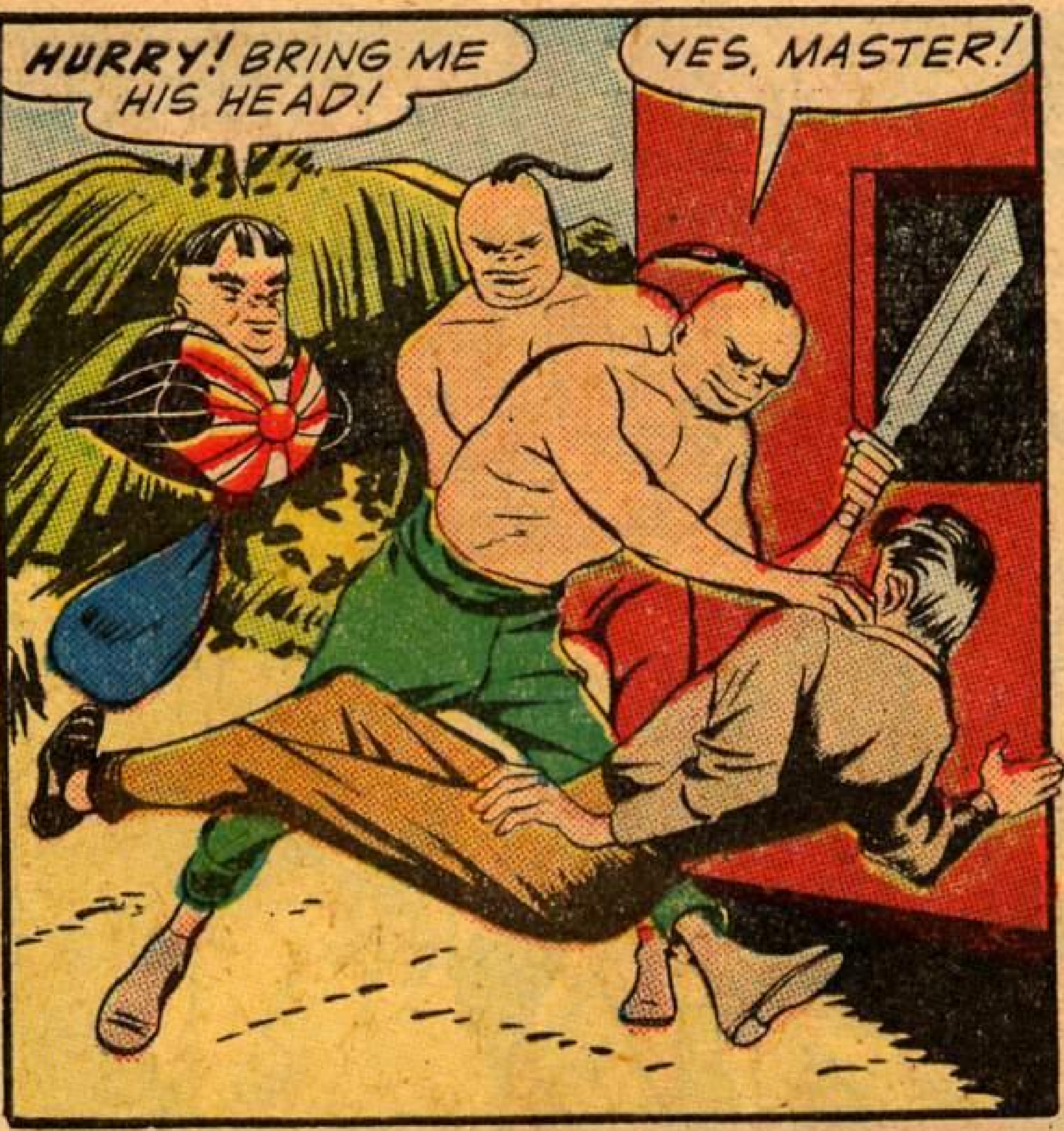

WAIT! I ALMOST FORGOT THIS LIST! THE NEXT NAME IS---GENERAL THORNTON! YOWIE! WE CAN'T LET HIS HEAD TUMBLE INTO THE HEAD'S SACK!

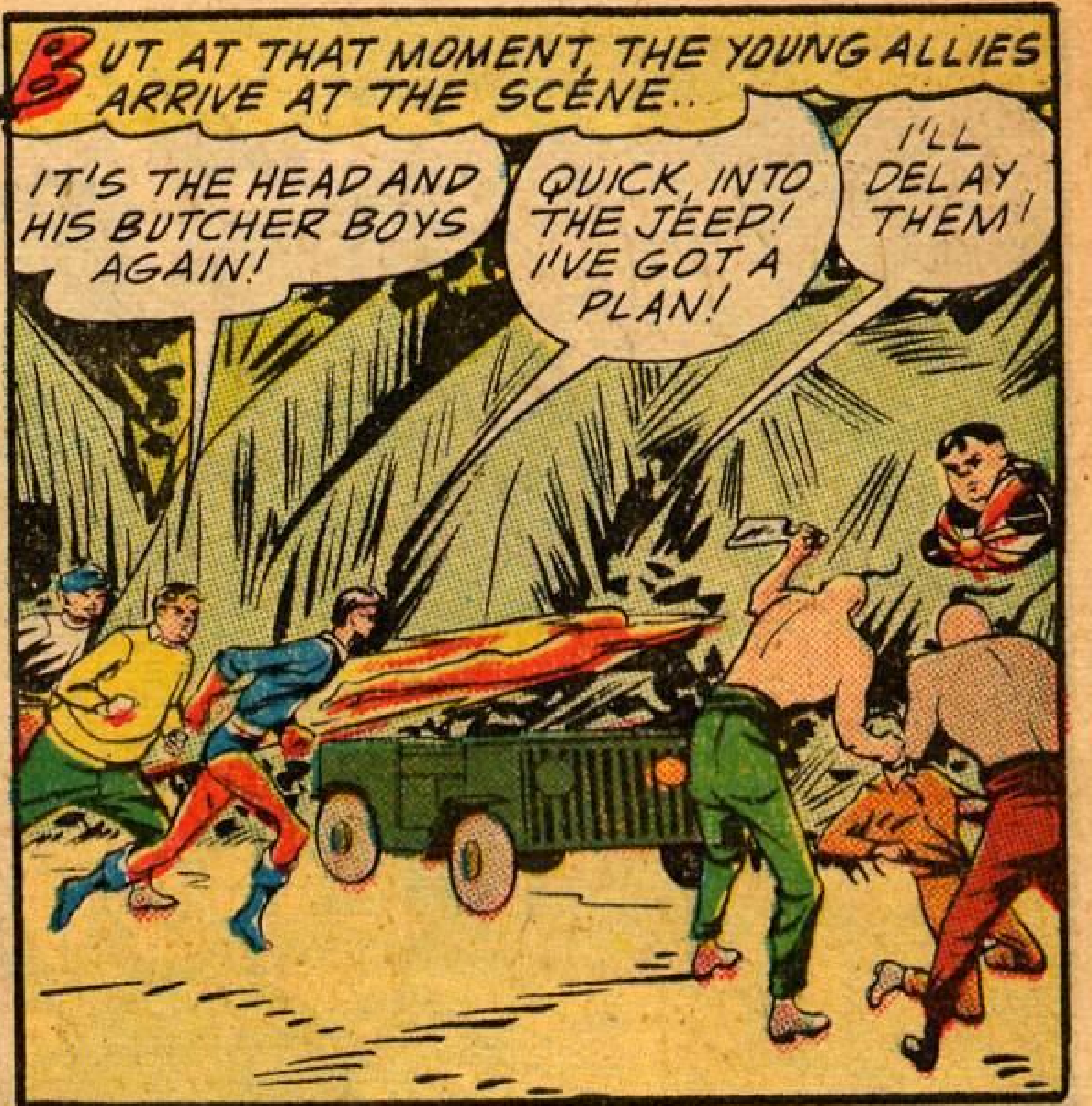

OVER THE WIDE PACIFIC SPEED THE VALIANT YOUNGSTERS, DETERMINED TO LET NOTHING STOP THEM FROM CATCHING THEIR ENEMY, EVEN IF IT'S A CHASE AROUND THE WORLD!
THEN OUR DESTINATION IS AUSTRALIA!

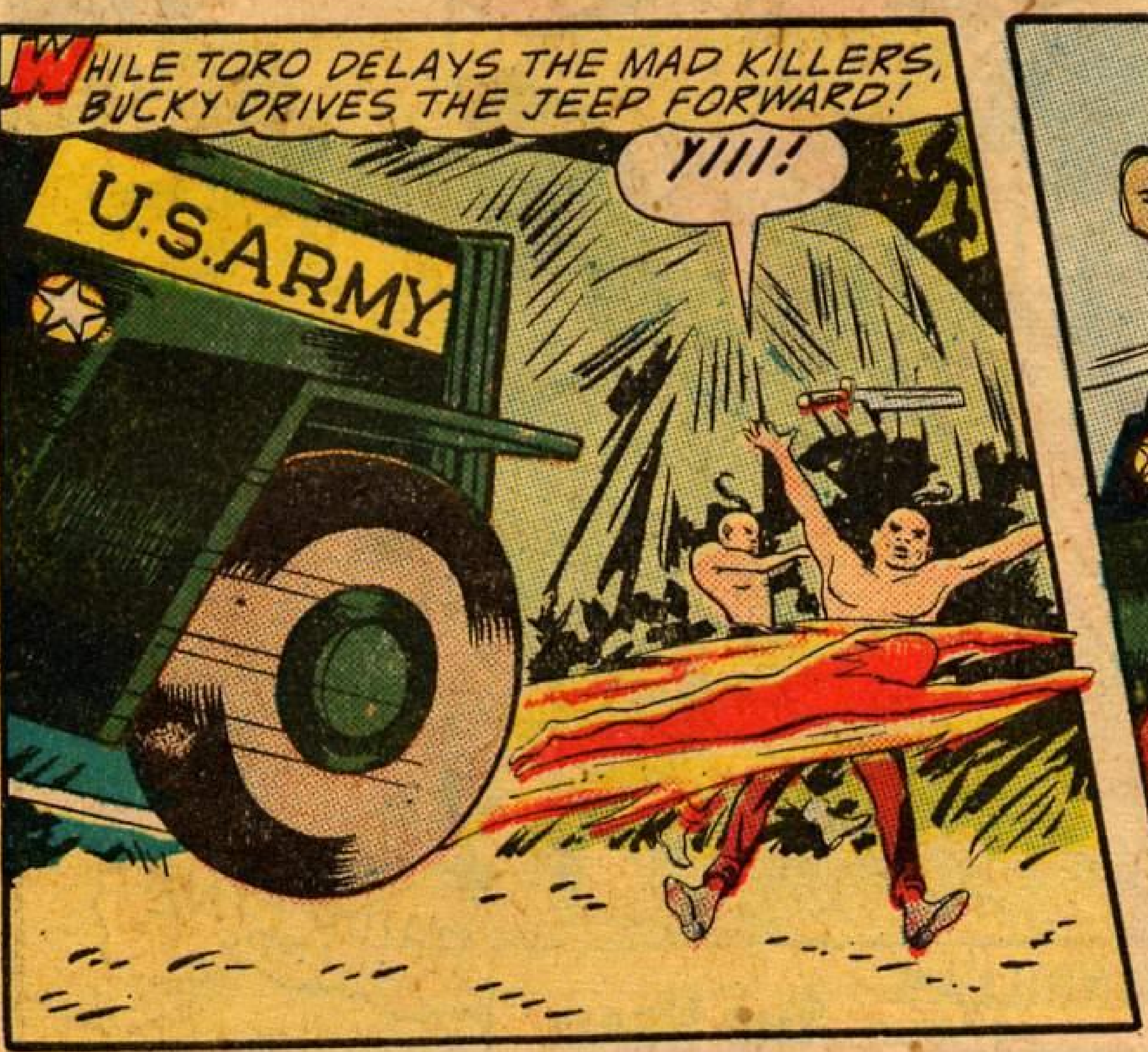

BUT THERE IS ANOTHER PLANE THAT IS HEADING FOR AUSTRALIA---THE PLANE OF THE HEAD!
THERE IS AUSTRALIA! LAND AT THE SPECIAL FIELD! I MUST GET A TOP NOTCH MILITARY HEAD FOR MY COLLECTION!

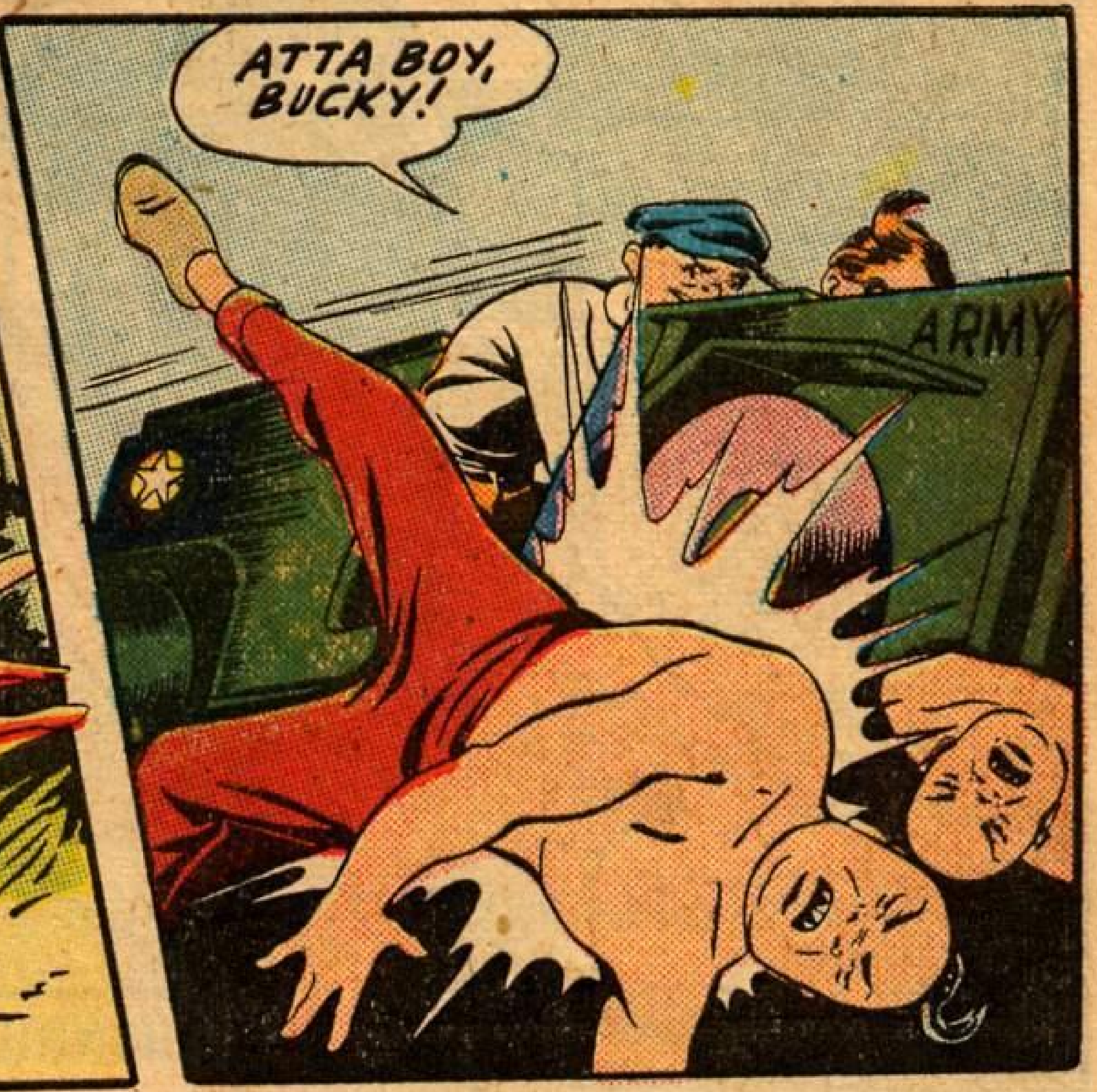

MEANWHILE DRIVING THEIR PLANE AT TOP SPEED, THE YOUNG ALLIES NEAR AUSTRALIA AND SIGNAL BY RADIO!
HELLO! HELLO, DARWIN? YOUNG ALLIES SPEAKING! -TELL ME, IS GENERAL THORNTON THERE---
SORRY! THAT IS MILITARY INFORMATION WE CANNOT DIVULGE!
BUT IT'S IMPORTANT, SIR! PLEASE TELL US!
THE YOUNG ALLIES, EH? GOOD LADS THEY ARE! I'LL TRY TO HELP THEM!
WELL, BUCKY, I CAN'T SAY HE IS HERE...BUT NEITHER CAN I DENY IT!
DEM SOJER BOYS IS ALL RIGHT!
OKAY, JEFF! DARWIN IT IS! THORNTON'S THERE!
AND SO, IN DUE TIME, THE INTREPID BOYS TROOP TO ALLIED GENERAL HEADQUARTERS IN DARWIN...
HALT! WHO...? WHY YOU'RE JUST A BUNCH OF KIDS!
YEAH, AN' WE SHOULD BE IN BED, WE KNOW!
U.S. ARMY
SUPPLIES
BUT LOOK! SEE DAT LIGHT IN DA SKY!
WHAT LIGHT? -WHERE?
C'MON SNEAK IN!
KEEP LOOKIN'!... IT'S HARD TO SEE, IN FACT, IT AIN'T EVEN DERE!
HEY!
IT WAS A SHAME TO FOOL THE GUARD THAT WAY!
BUT WE JUST HAD TO SEE THE GENERAL AND WARN HIM... IF WE AREN'T TOO LATE ALREADY!
GENERAL THORNTON

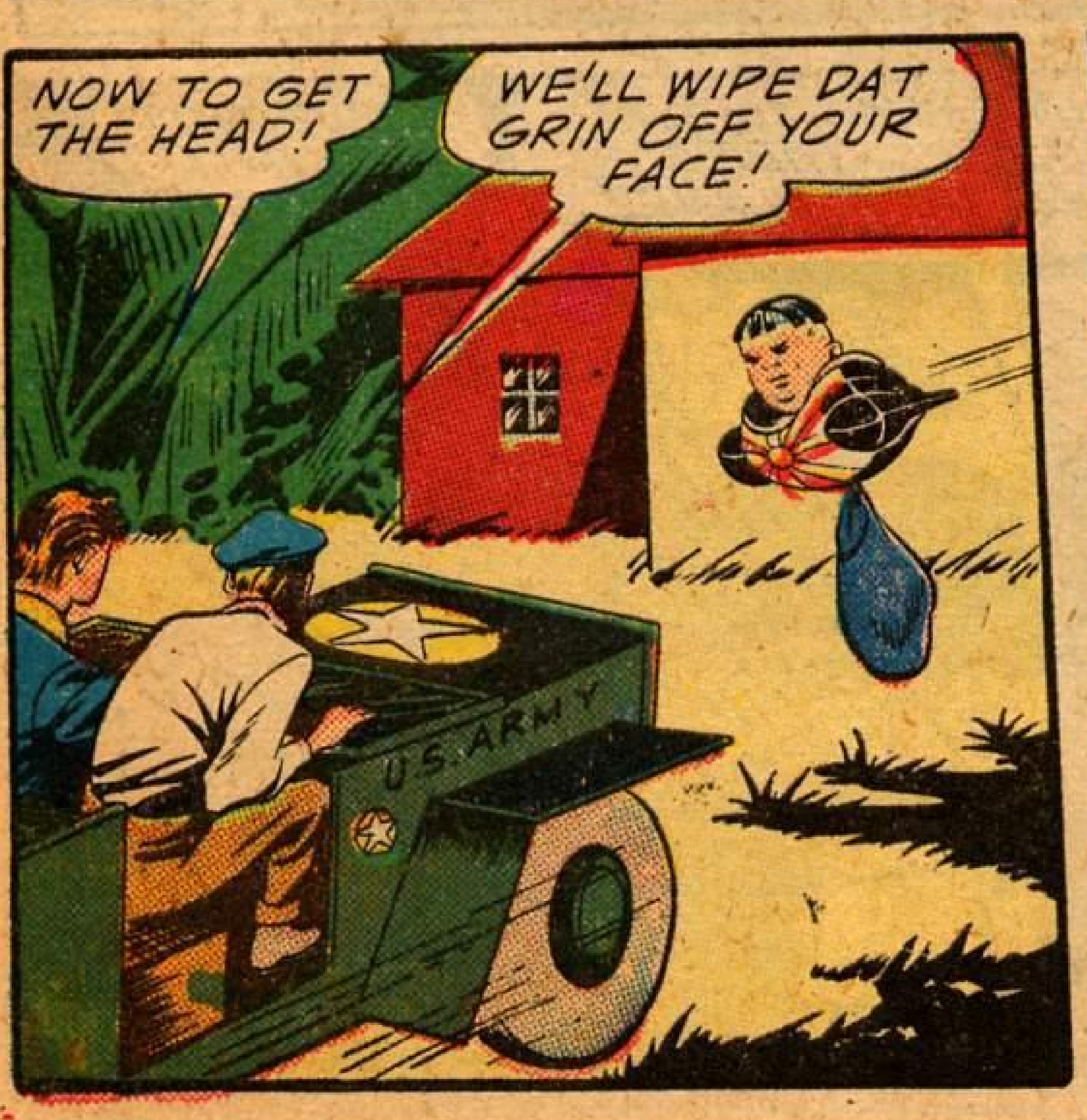

THE GENERAL! HE'S HERE ALL RIGHT! WE'RE IN TIME!
WHAT..
GENERAL THORNTON, WE CAME TO WARN YOU... **THE HEAD** IS AFTER YOU!
THE HEAD? WHO'S THE HEAD? WHAT IS THIS?
BUT...
MESSAGE FROM OUTPOST 5, SIR! COLONEL HANLEY WAS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING! HE'S DYING AND WANTS TO SEE YOU!
I'LL RUSH RIGHT THERE!
I'LL DRIVE MYSELF, ORDERLY!
LIGHTNING?... -OUT OF A CLEAR SKY? HEY, THAT SOUNDS FISHY!
YOU'RE RIGHT, TUBBY! LET'S FOLLOW THE TIRE TRACKS TO OUTPOST FIVE!
MEANWHILE AT OUTPOST FIVE!
COLONEL HANLEY! WHERE IS HE?
RIGHT HERE, GENERAL! BUT HE ISN'T DYING... HE'S DEAD! I KNEW MY FALSE CALL WOULD BRING YOU HERE! --AND **YOU** ARE THE ONE I WANT!
A-A-FLOATING HEAD!

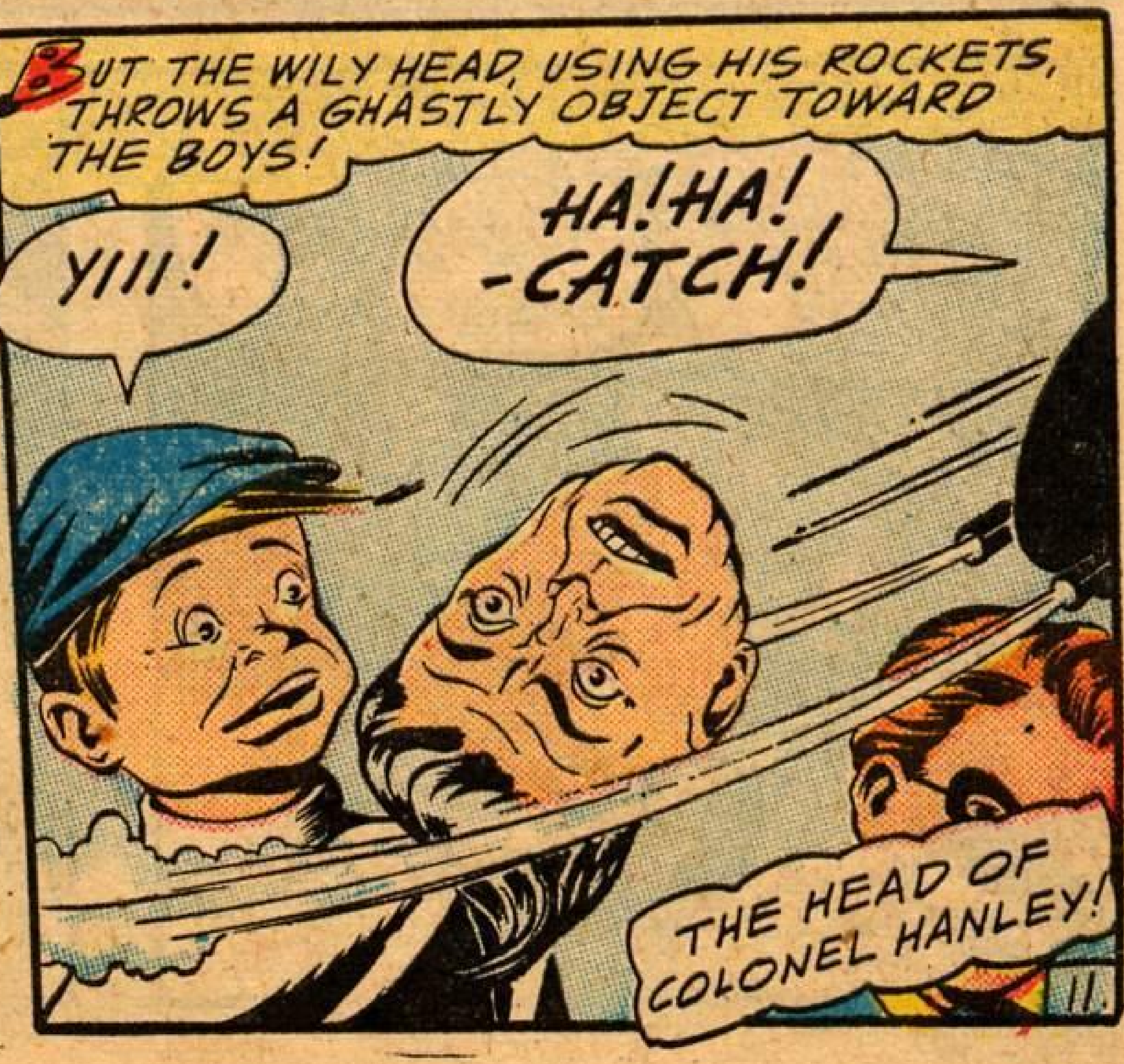

HURRY! BRING ME HIS HEAD!
YES, MASTER!

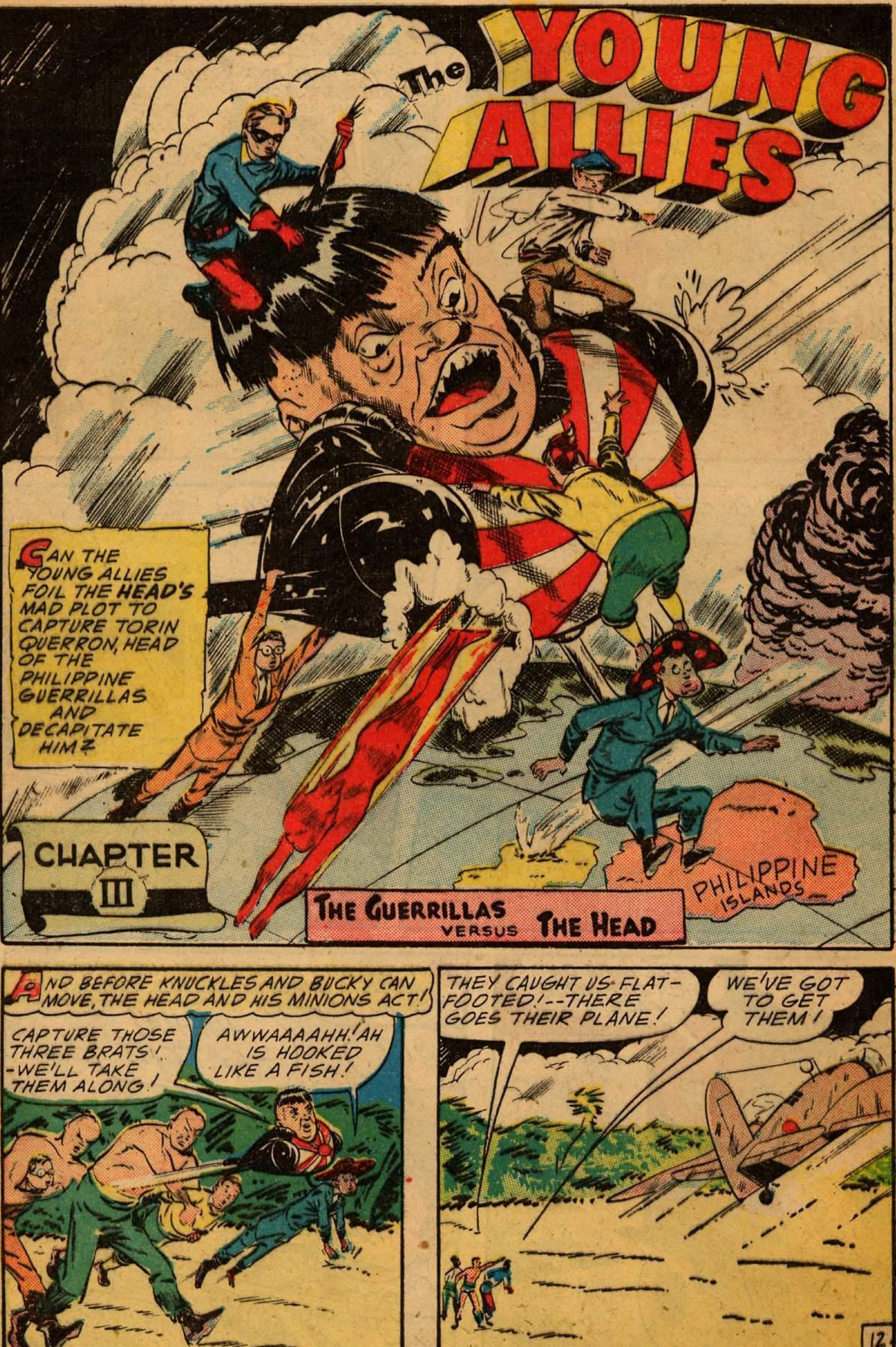

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, THE YOUNG ALLIES ARRIVE AT THE SCENE..
IT'S THE HEAD AND HIS BUTCHER BOYS AGAIN!
QUICK, INTO THE JEEP! I'VE GOT A PLAN!
I'LL DELAY THEM!

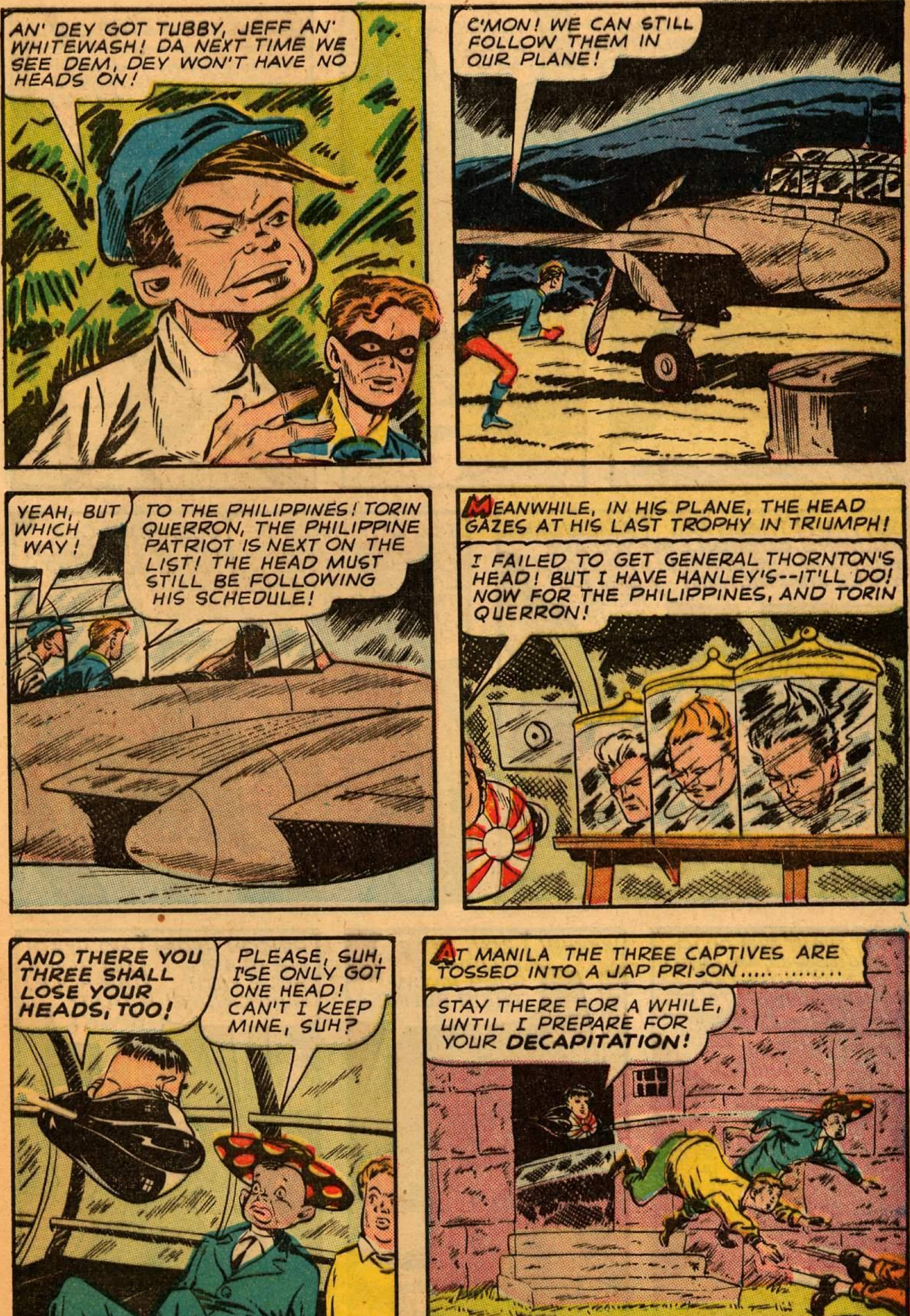

WHILE TORO DELAYS THE MAD KILLERS, BUCKY DRIVES THE JEEP FORWARD!
YIII!
U.S. ARMY

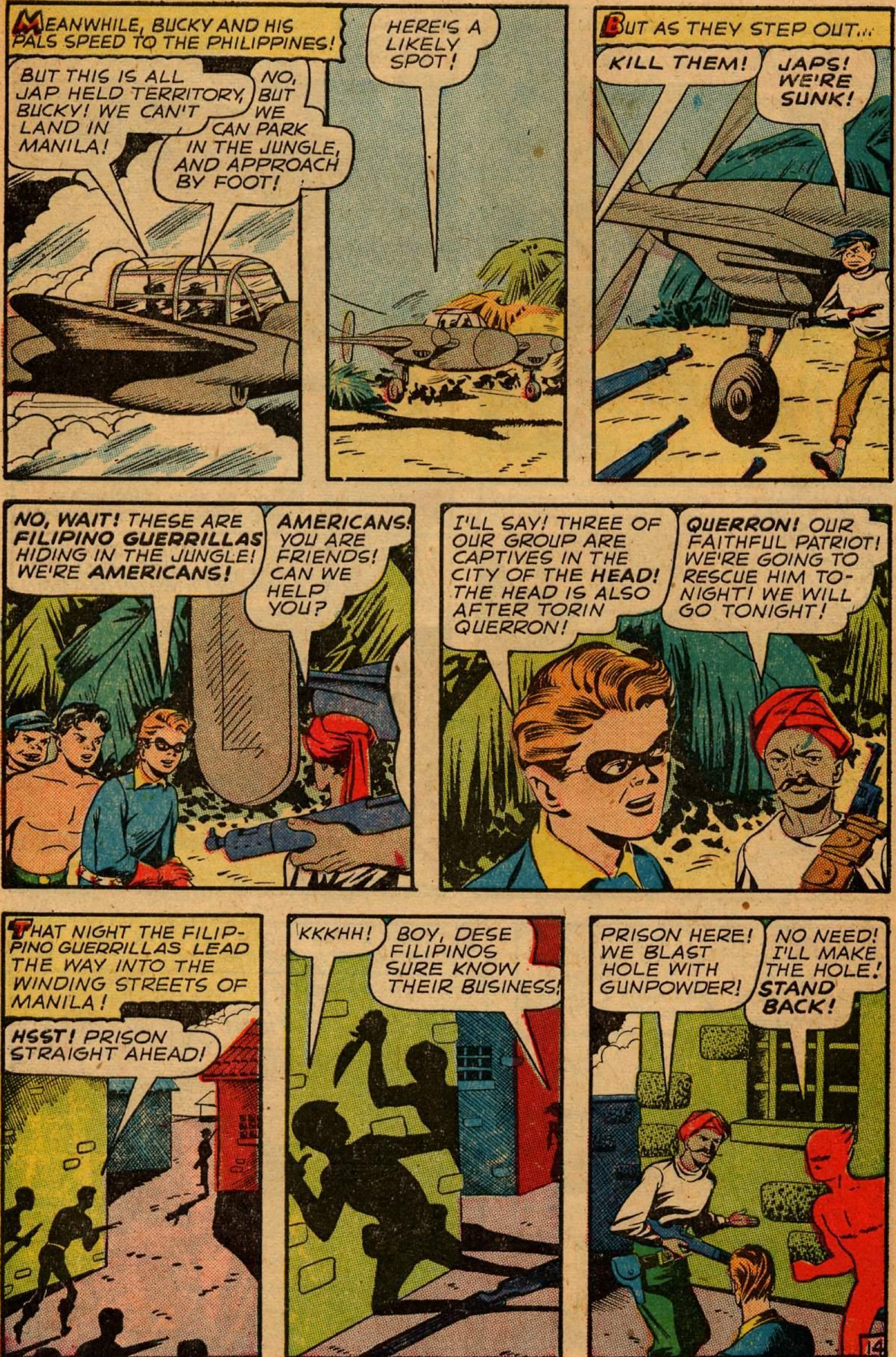

ATTA BOY, BUCKY!
ARMY

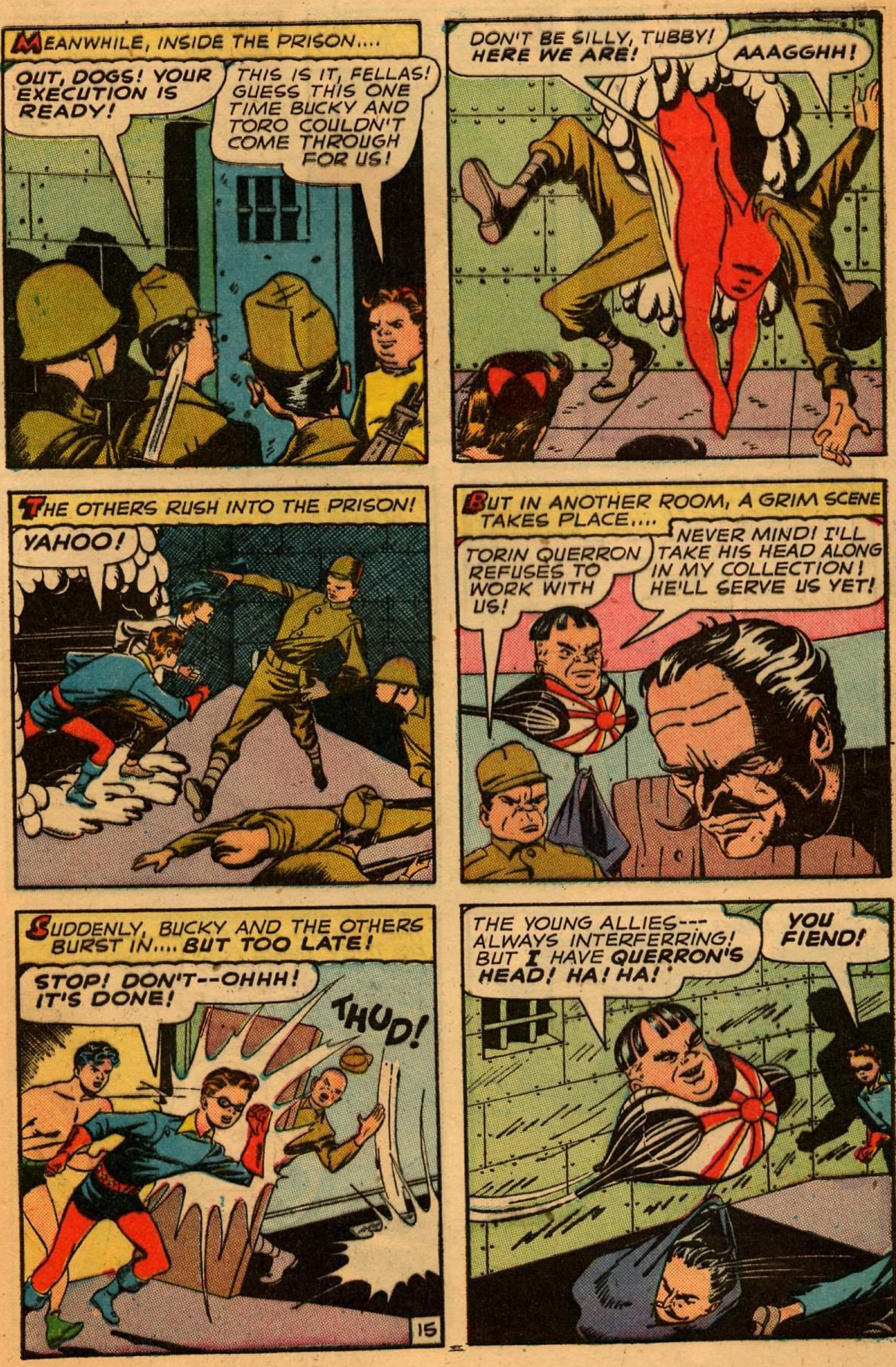

NOW TO GET THE HEAD!
WE'LL WIPE DAT GRIN OFF YOUR FACE!
U.S. ARMY

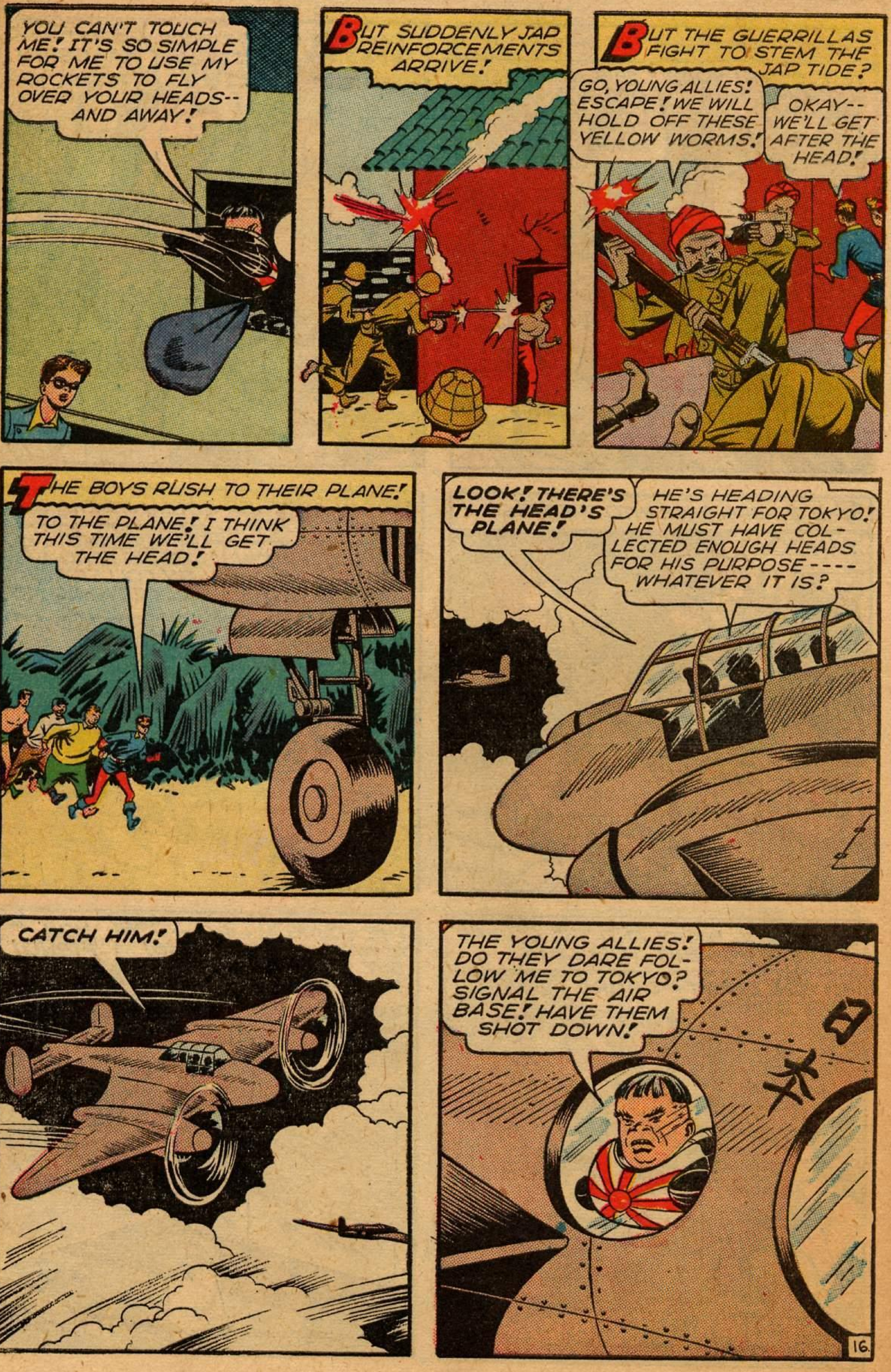

BUT THE WILY HEAD, USING HIS ROCKETS, THROWS A GHASTLY OBJECT TOWARD THE BOYS!
YIII!
HA! HA! -CATCH!
THE HEAD OF COLONEL HANLEY!

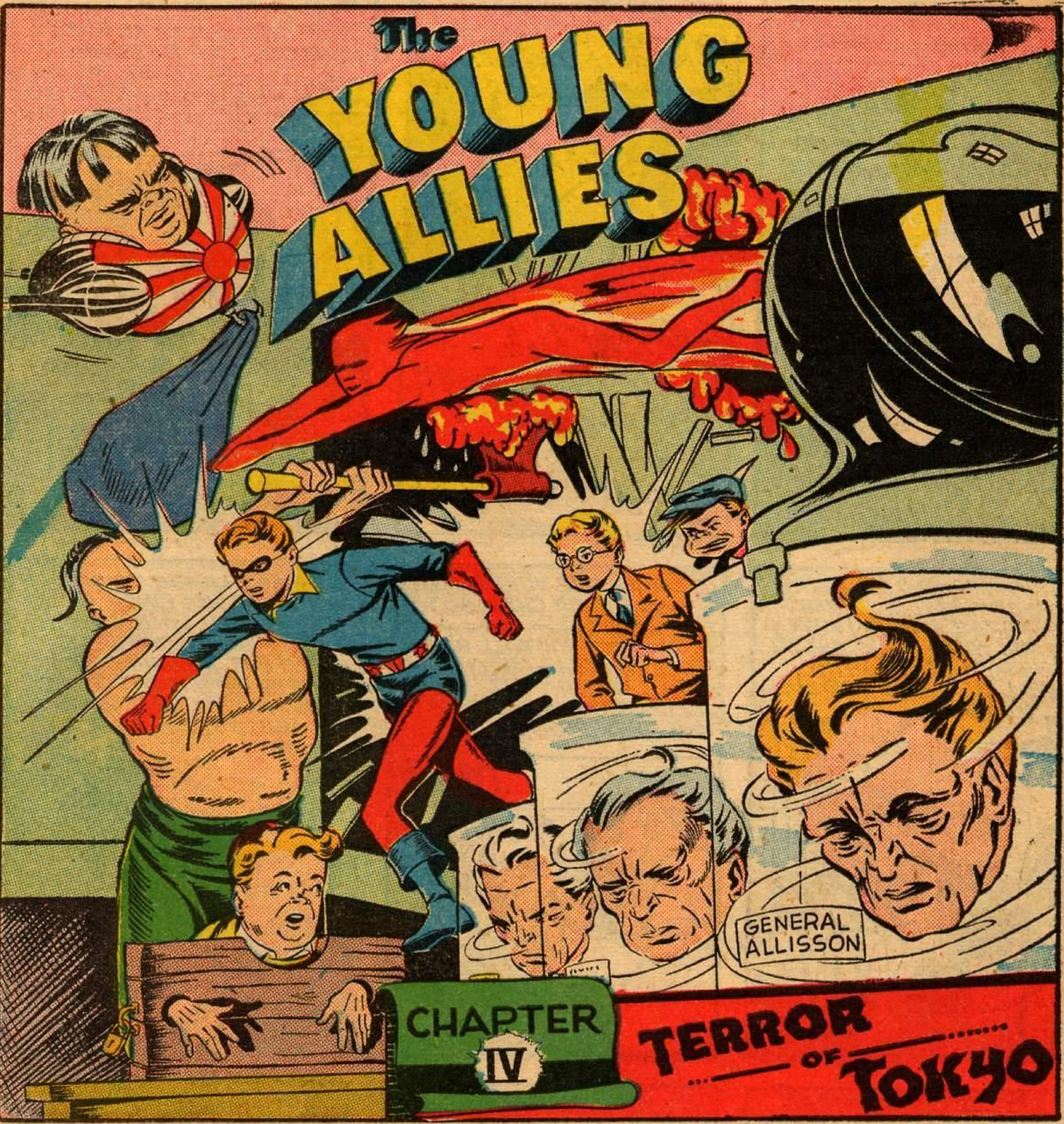

The YOUNG ALLIES
CAN THE YOUNG ALLIES FOIL THE HEAD'S MAD PLOT TO CAPTURE TORIN QUERRON, HEAD OF THE PHILIPPINE GUERRILLAS AND DECAPITATE HIM?
CHAPTER III
THE GUERRILLAS VERSUS THE HEAD
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
AND BEFORE KNUCKLES AND BUCKY CAN MOVE, THE HEAD AND HIS MINIONS ACT!
CAPTURE THOSE THREE BRATS! -WE'LL TAKE THEM ALONG!
AWWAAAAHH! AH IS HOOKED LIKE A FISH!
THEY CAUGHT US FLAT-FOOTED!--THERE GOES THEIR PLANE!
WE'VE GOT TO GET THEM!

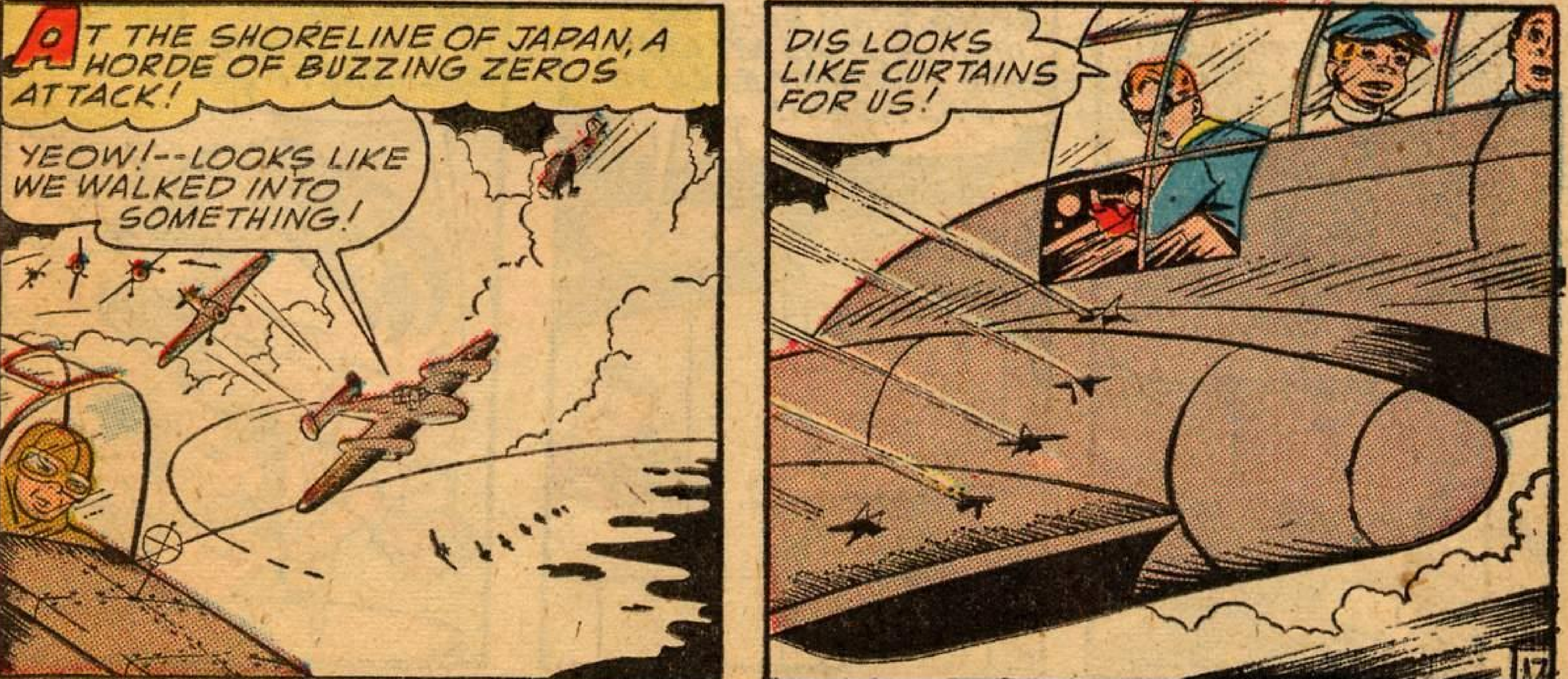

AN' DEY GOT TUBBY, JEFF AN' WHITEWASH! DA NEXT TIME WE SEE DEM, DEY WON'T HAVE NO HEADS ON!
C'MON! WE CAN STILL FOLLOW THEM IN OUR PLANE!
YEAH, BUT WHICH WAY!
TO THE PHILIPPINES! TORIN QUERRON, THE PHILIPPINE PATRIOT IS NEXT ON THE LIST! THE HEAD MUST STILL BE FOLLOWING HIS SCHEDULE!
MEANWHILE, IN HIS PLANE, THE HEAD GAZES AT HIS LAST TROPHY IN TRIUMPH!
I FAILED TO GET GENERAL THORNTON'S HEAD! BUT I HAVE HANLEY'S--IT'LL DO! NOW FOR THE PHILIPPINES, AND TORIN QUERRON!
AND THERE YOU THREE SHALL LOSE YOUR HEADS, TOO!
PLEASE, SUH, I'SE ONLY GOT ONE HEAD! CAN'T I KEEP MINE, SUH?
AT MANILA THE THREE CAPTIVES ARE TOSSED INTO A JAP PRISON..... ....
STAY THERE FOR A WHILE, UNTIL I PREPARE FOR YOUR DECAPITATION!

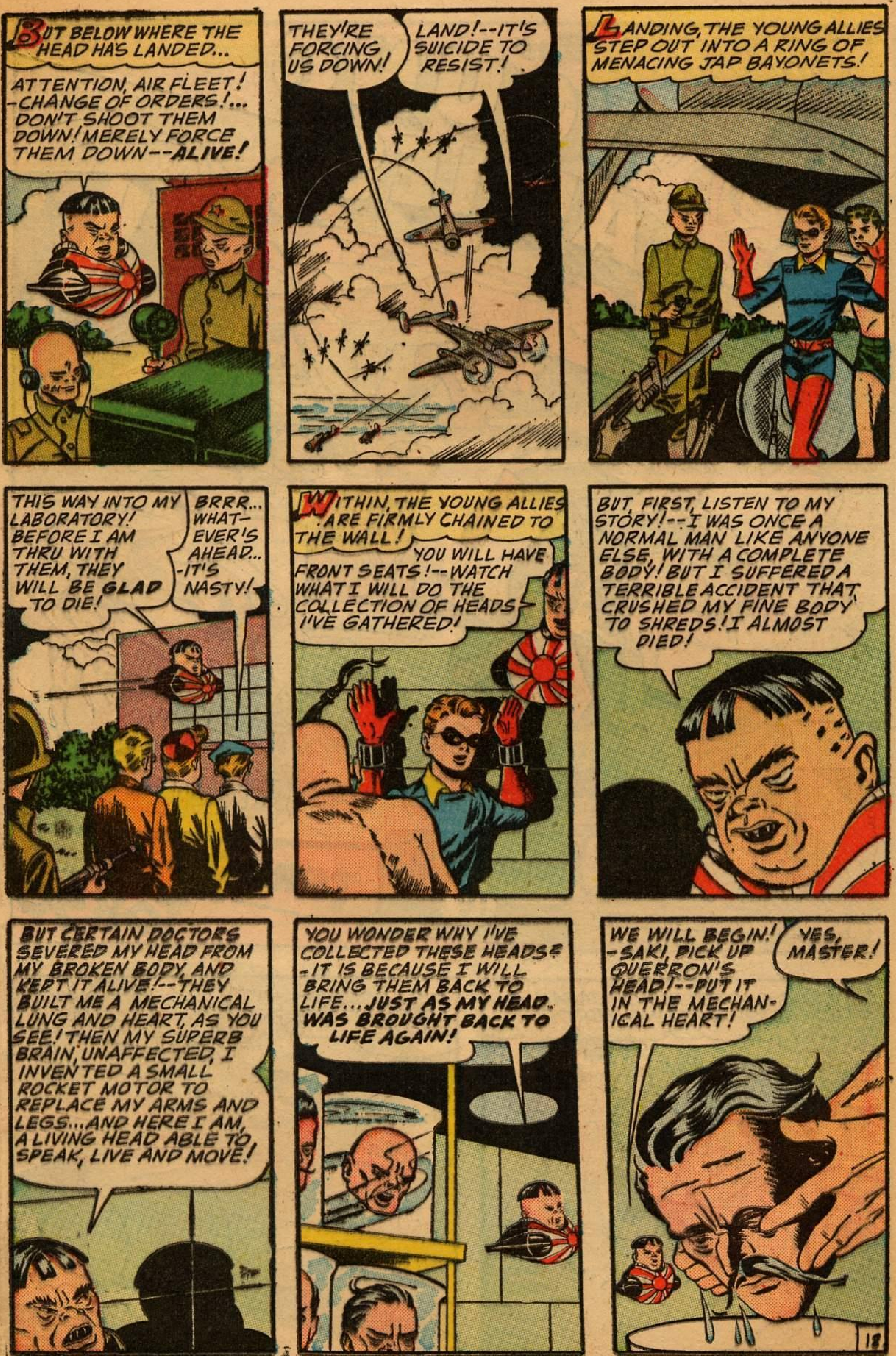

MEANWHILE, BUCKY AND HIS PALS SPEED TO THE PHILIPPINES!
BUT THIS IS ALL JAP HELD TERRITORY, BUCKY! WE CAN'T LAND IN MANILA!
NO, BUT WE CAN PARK IN THE JUNGLE, AND APPROACH BY FOOT!
HERE'S A LIKELY SPOT!
BUT AS THEY STEP OUT...
KILL THEM!
JAPS! WE'RE SUNK!
NO, WAIT! THESE ARE FILIPINO GUERRILLAS HIDING IN THE JUNGLE! WE'RE AMERICANS!
AMERICANS! YOU ARE FRIENDS! CAN WE HELP YOU?
I'LL SAY! THREE OF OUR GROUP ARE CAPTIVES IN THE CITY OF THE HEAD! THE HEAD IS ALSO AFTER TORIN QUERRON!
QUERRON! OUR FAITHFUL PATRIOT! WE'RE GOING TO RESCUE HIM TONIGHT! WE WILL GO TONIGHT!
THAT NIGHT THE FILIPINO GUERRILLAS LEAD THE WAY INTO THE WINDING STREETS OF MANILA!
HSST! PRISON STRAIGHT AHEAD!
KKKHH!
BOY, DESE FILIPINOS SURE KNOW THEIR BUSINESS!
PRISON HERE! WE BLAST HOLE WITH GUNPOWDER!
NO NEED! I'LL MAKE THE HOLE! STAND BACK!

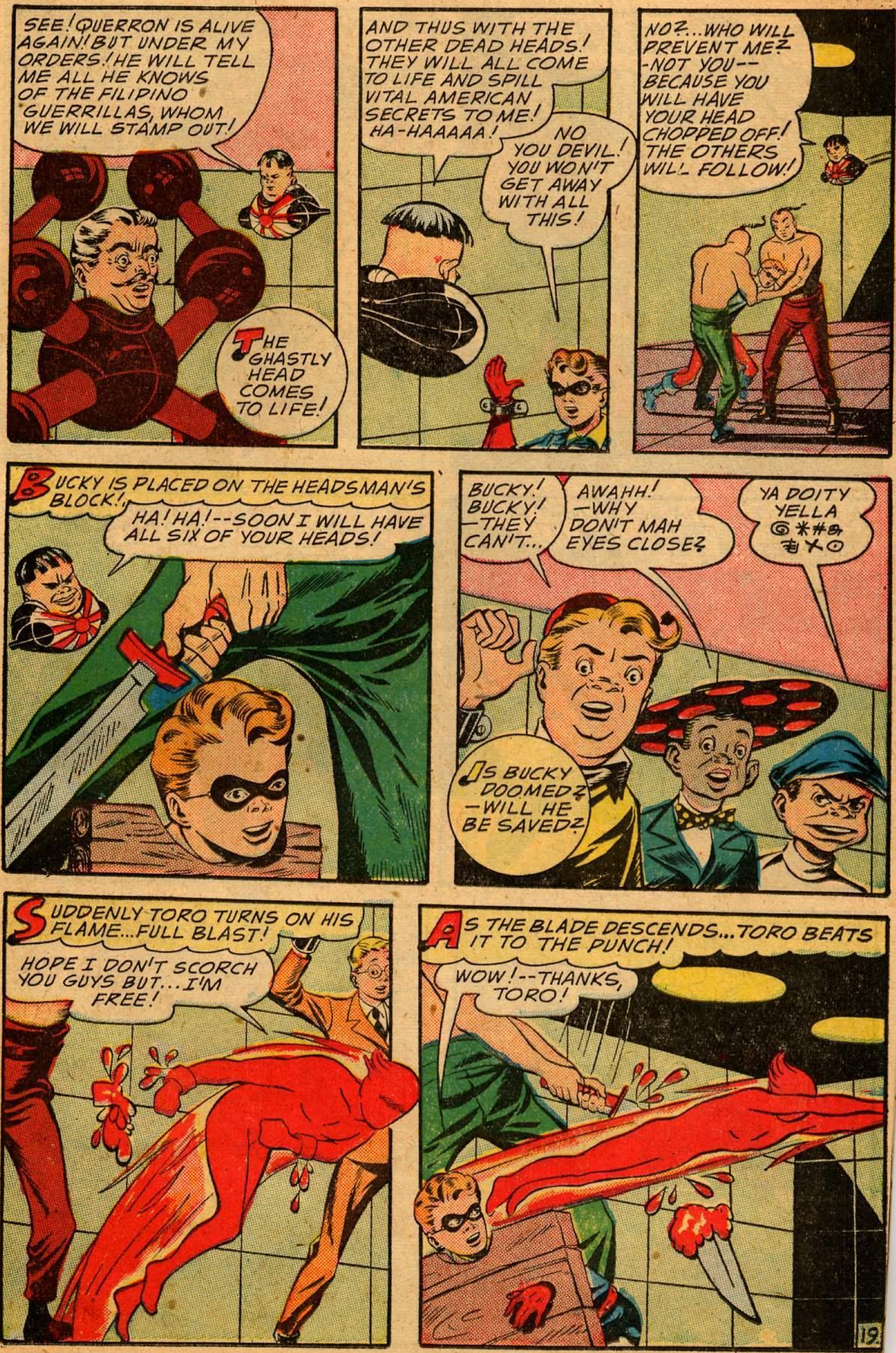

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE PRISON....
OUT, DOGS! YOUR EXECUTION IS READY!
THIS IS IT, FELLAS! GUESS THIS ONE TIME BUCKY AND TORO COULDN'T COME THROUGH FOR US!
DON'T BE SILLY, TUBBY! HERE WE ARE!
AAAGGHH!
THE OTHERS RUSH INTO THE PRISON!
YAHOO!
BUT IN ANOTHER ROOM, A GRIM SCENE TAKES PLACE....
TORIN QUERRON REFUSES TO WORK WITH US!
NEVER MIND! I'LL TAKE HIS HEAD ALONG IN MY COLLECTION! HE'LL SERVE US YET!
SUDDENLY, BUCKY AND THE OTHERS BURST IN.... BUT TOO LATE!
STOP! DON'T--OHHH! IT'S DONE!
THUD!
THE YOUNG ALLIES--- ALWAYS INTERFERRING! BUT I HAVE QUERRON'S HEAD! HA! HA!
YOU FIEND!

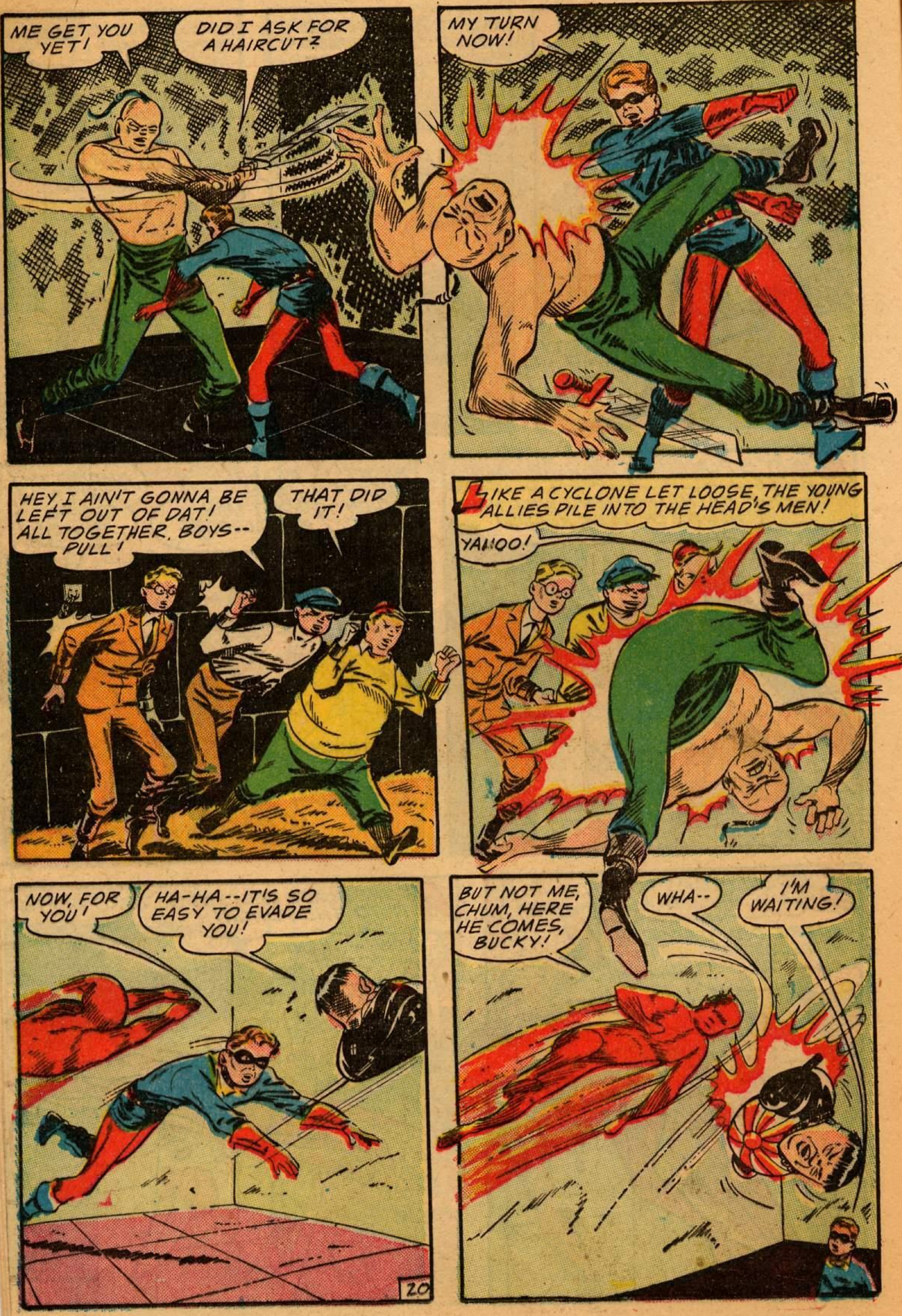

YOU CAN'T TOUCH ME! IT'S SO SIMPLE FOR ME TO USE MY ROCKETS TO FLY OVER YOUR HEADS--AND AWAY!
BUT SUDDENLY JAP REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE!
BUT THE GUERRILLAS FIGHT TO STEM THE JAP TIDE?
GO, YOUNG ALLIES! ESCAPE! WE WILL HOLD OFF THESE YELLOW WORMS!
OKAY--WE'LL GET AFTER THE HEAD!
THE BOYS RUSH TO THEIR PLANE!
TO THE PLANE! I THINK THIS TIME WE'LL GET THE HEAD!
LOOK! THERE'S THE HEAD'S PLANE!
HE'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR TOKYO! HE MUST HAVE COLLECTED ENOUGH HEADS FOR HIS PURPOSE----WHATEVER IT IS?
CATCH HIM!
THE YOUNG ALLIES! DO THEY DARE FOLLOW ME TO TOKYO? SIGNAL THE AIR BASE! HAVE THEM SHOT DOWN!
日本

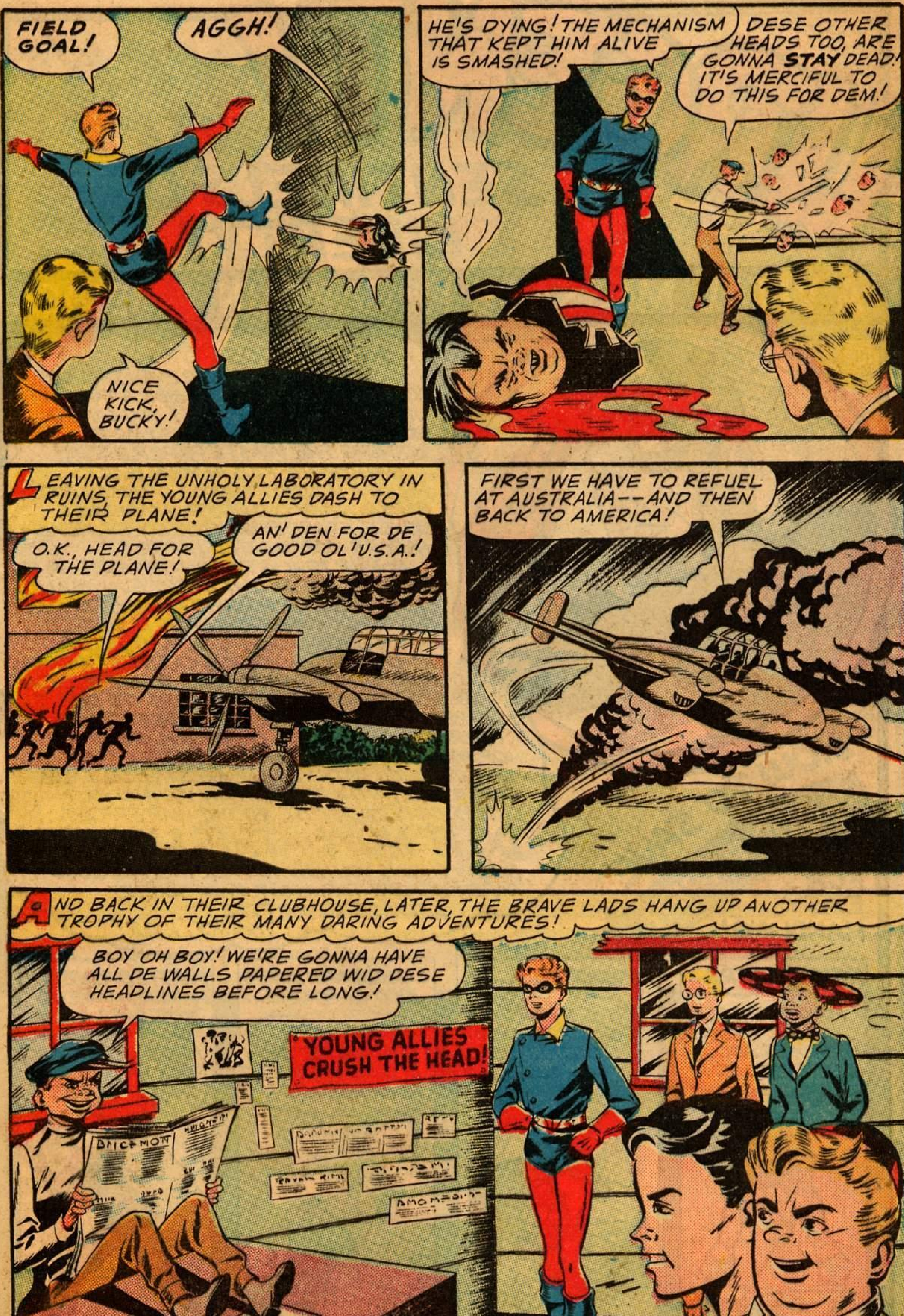

The YOUNG ALLIES
GENERAL ALLISSON
CHAPTER IV
TERROR OF TOKYO


AT THE SHORELINE OF JAPAN, A HORDE OF BUZZING ZEROS ATTACK!
YEOW!--LOOKS LIKE WE WALKED INTO SOMETHING!
'DIS LOOKS LIKE CURTAINS FOR US!


BUT BELOW WHERE THE HEAD HAS LANDED...
ATTENTION, AIR FLEET! -CHANGE OF ORDERS!... DON'T SHOOT THEM DOWN! MERELY FORCE THEM DOWN--ALIVE!
THEY'RE FORCING US DOWN!
LAND!--IT'S SUICIDE TO RESIST!
LANDING, THE YOUNG ALLIES STEP OUT INTO A RING OF MENACING JAP BAYONETS!
THIS WAY INTO MY LABORATORY! BEFORE I AM THRU WITH THEM, THEY WILL BE GLAD TO DIE!
BRRR... WHATEVER'S AHEAD... -IT'S NASTY!
WITHIN, THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE FIRMLY CHAINED TO THE WALL!
YOU WILL HAVE FRONT SEATS!--WATCH WHAT I WILL DO THE COLLECTION OF HEADS I'VE GATHERED!
BUT, FIRST, LISTEN TO MY STORY!--I WAS ONCE A NORMAL MAN LIKE ANYONE ELSE, WITH A COMPLETE BODY! BUT I SUFFERED A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT THAT CRUSHED MY FINE BODY TO SHREDS! I ALMOST DIED!
BUT CERTAIN DOCTORS SEVERED MY HEAD FROM MY BROKEN BODY, AND KEPT IT ALIVE!--THEY BUILT ME A MECHANICAL LUNG AND HEART, AS YOU SEE! THEN MY SUPERB BRAIN, UNAFFECTED, I INVENTED A SMALL ROCKET MOTOR TO REPLACE MY ARMS AND LEGS...AND HERE I AM, A LIVING HEAD ABLE TO SPEAK, LIVE AND MOVE!
YOU WONDER WHY I'VE COLLECTED THESE HEADS? -IT IS BECAUSE I WILL BRING THEM BACK TO LIFE... JUST AS MY HEAD WAS BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE AGAIN!
WE WILL BEGIN! -SAKI, PICK UP QUERRON'S HEAD!--PUT IT IN THE MECHANICAL HEART!
YES, MASTER!


SEE! QUERRON IS ALIVE AGAIN! BUT UNDER MY ORDERS! HE WILL TELL ME ALL HE KNOWS OF THE FILIPINO GUERRILLAS, WHOM WE WILL STAMP OUT!
THE GHASTLY HEAD COMES TO LIFE!
AND THUS WITH THE OTHER DEAD HEADS! THEY WILL ALL COME TO LIFE AND SPILL VITAL AMERICAN SECRETS TO ME! HA-HAAAAA!
NO YOU DEVIL! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH ALL THIS!
NO? ...WHO WILL PREVENT ME? -NOT YOU-- BECAUSE YOU WILL HAVE YOUR HEAD CHOPPED OFF! THE OTHERS WILL FOLLOW!
BUCKY IS PLACED ON THE HEADSMAN'S BLOCK!
HA! HA!--SOON I WILL HAVE ALL SIX OF YOUR HEADS!
BUCKY! BUCKY! -THEY CAN'T...
AWAHH! -WHY DON'T MAH EYES CLOSE?
YA DOITY YELLA @*#% &×⊙
IS BUCKY DOOMED? -WILL HE BE SAVED?
SUDDENLY TORO TURNS ON HIS FLAME...FULL BLAST!
HOPE I DON'T SCORCH YOU GUYS BUT... I'M FREE!
AS THE BLADE DESCENDS...TORO BEATS IT TO THE PUNCH!
WOW!--THANKS, TORO!

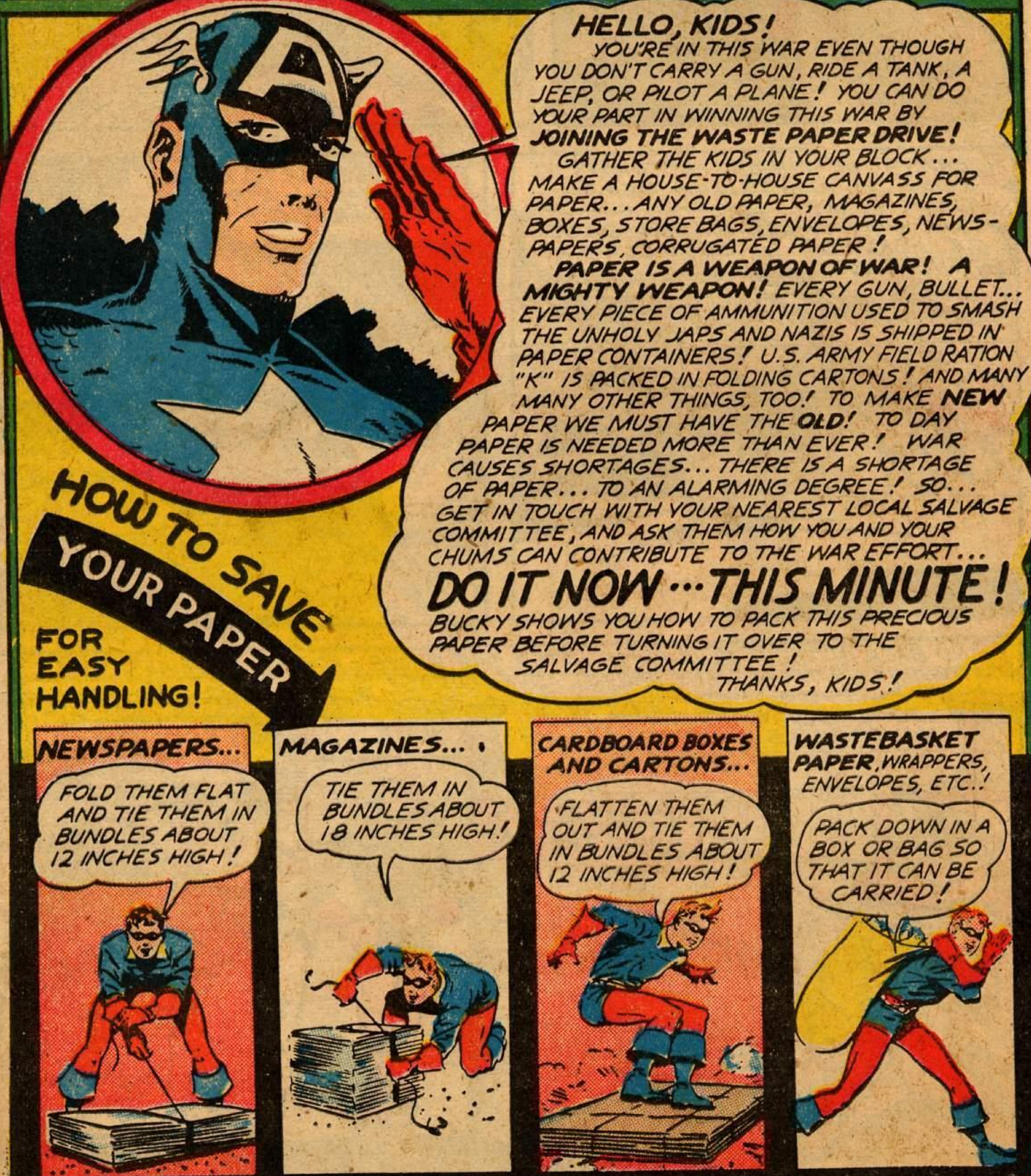

ME GET YOU YET!
DID I ASK FOR A HAIRCUT?
MY TURN NOW!
HEY, I AIN'T GONNA BE LEFT OUT OF DAT! ALL TOGETHER, BOYS-- PULL!
THAT DID IT!
LIKE A CYCLONE LET LOOSE, THE YOUNG ALLIES PILE INTO THE HEAD'S MEN!
YAHOO!
NOW, FOR YOU!
HA-HA--IT'S SO EASY TO EVADE YOU!
BUT NOT ME, CHUM, HERE HE COMES, BUCKY!
WHA--
I'M WAITING!


FIELD GOAL!
AGGH!
NICE KICK, BUCKY!
HE'S DYING! THE MECHANISM THAT KEPT HIM ALIVE IS SMASHED!
DESE OTHER HEADS TOO, ARE GONNA STAY DEAD! IT'S MERCIFUL TO DO THIS FOR DEM!
LEAVING THE UNHOLY LABORATORY IN RUINS, THE YOUNG ALLIES DASH TO THEIR PLANE!
O.K., HEAD FOR THE PLANE!
AN' DEN FOR DE GOOD OL' U.S.A.!
FIRST WE HAVE TO REFUEL AT AUSTRALIA--AND THEN BACK TO AMERICA!
AND BACK IN THEIR CLUBHOUSE, LATER, THE BRAVE LADS HANG UP ANOTHER TROPHY OF THEIR MANY DARING ADVENTURES!
BOY OH BOY! WE'RE GONNA HAVE ALL DE WALLS PAPERED WID DESE HEADLINES BEFORE LONG!
YOUNG ALLIES CRUSH THE HEAD!
THE END

URGENT!

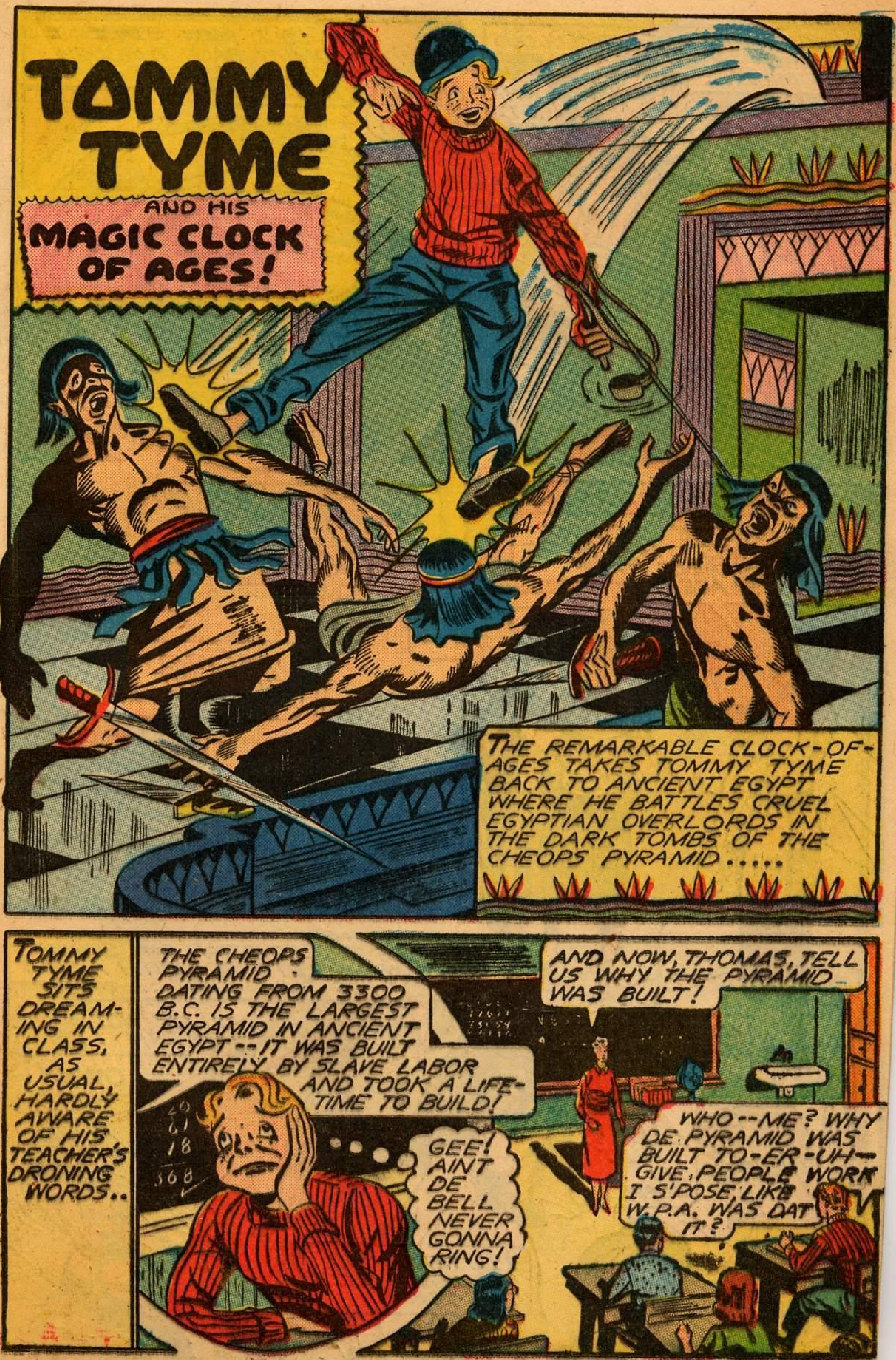
SENTINELS OF LIBERTY!

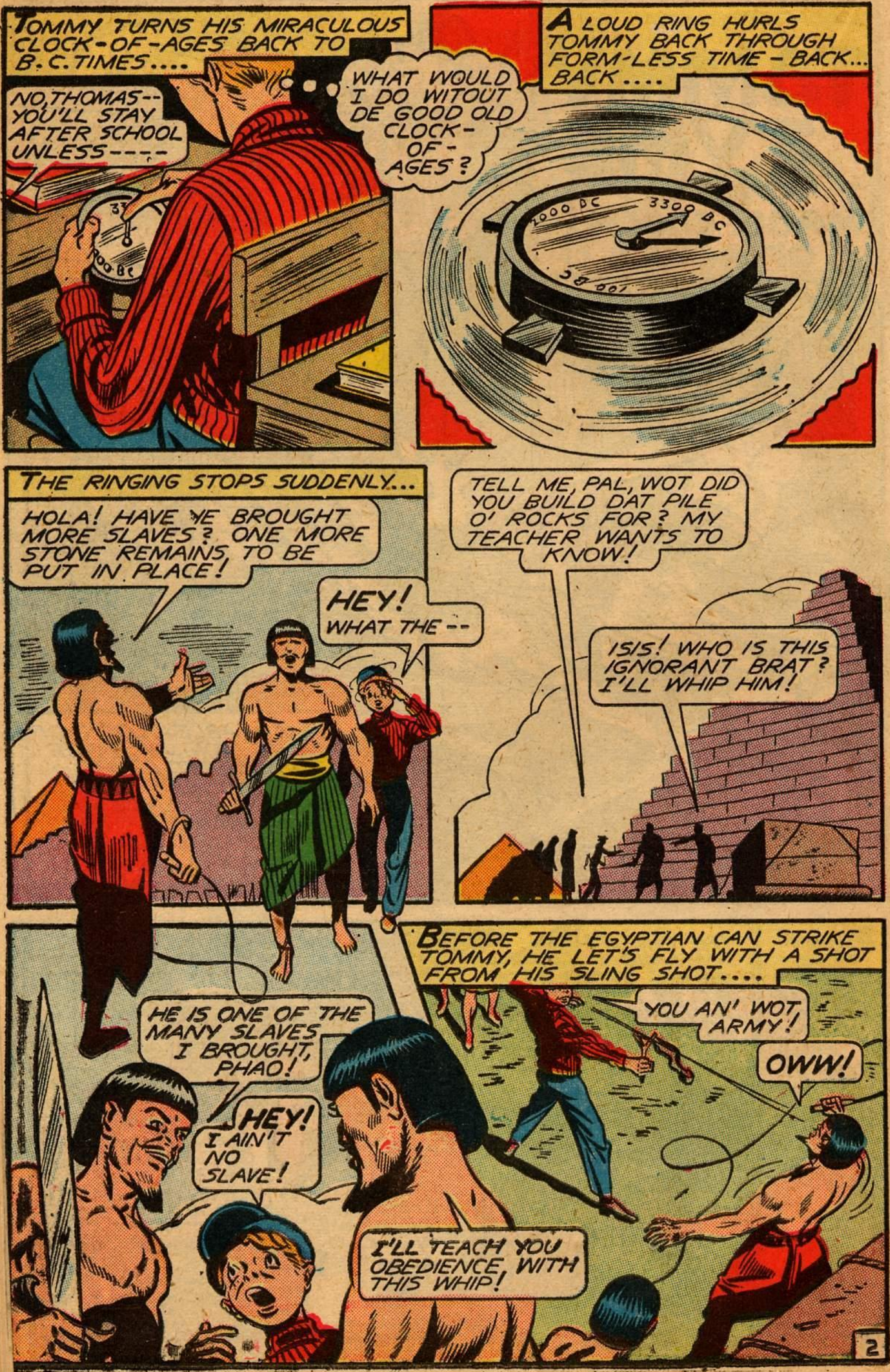
A VITAL MESSAGE from CAPTAIN AMERICA!

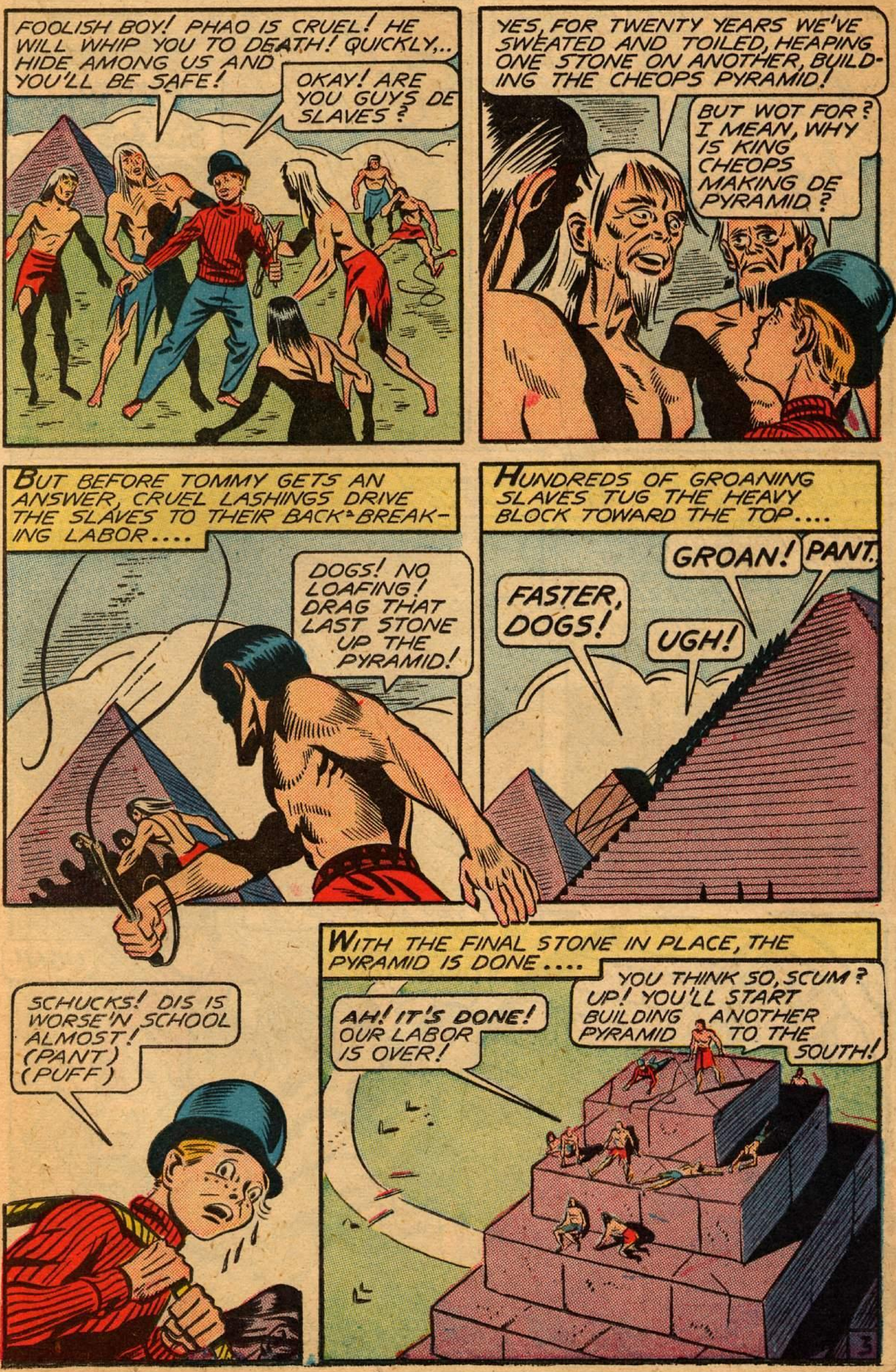

HELLO, KIDS! YOU'RE IN THIS WAR EVEN THOUGH YOU DON'T CARRY A GUN, RIDE A TANK, A JEEP, OR PILOT A PLANE! YOU CAN DO YOUR PART IN WINNING THIS WAR BY **JOINING THE WASTE PAPER DRIVE!** GATHER THE KIDS IN YOUR BLOCK... MAKE A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASS FOR PAPER... ANY OLD PAPER, MAGAZINES, BOXES, STORE BAGS, ENVELOPES, NEWSPAPERS, CORRUGATED PAPER! **PAPER IS A WEAPON OF WAR! A MIGHTY WEAPON!** EVERY GUN, BULLET... EVERY PIECE OF AMMUNITION USED TO SMASH THE UNHOLY JAPS AND NAZIS IS SHIPPED IN PAPER CONTAINERS! U.S. ARMY FIELD RATION "K" IS PACKED IN FOLDING CARTONS! AND MANY MANY OTHER THINGS, TOO! TO MAKE **NEW** PAPER WE MUST HAVE THE **OLD!** TO DAY PAPER IS NEEDED MORE THAN EVER! WAR CAUSES SHORTAGES... THERE IS A SHORTAGE OF PAPER... TO AN ALARMING DEGREE! SO... GET IN TOUCH WITH YOUR NEAREST LOCAL SALVAGE COMMITTEE, AND ASK THEM HOW YOU AND YOUR CHUMS CAN CONTRIBUTE TO THE WAR EFFORT... **DO IT NOW ... THIS MINUTE!** BUCKY SHOWS YOU HOW TO PACK THIS PRECIOUS PAPER BEFORE TURNING IT OVER TO THE SALVAGE COMMITTEE! THANKS, KIDS!
HOW TO SAVE YOUR PAPER
FOR EASY HANDLING!
NEWSPAPERS...
FOLD THEM FLAT AND TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 12 INCHES HIGH!
MAGAZINES...
TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 18 INCHES HIGH!
CARDBOARD BOXES AND CARTONS...
FLATTEN THEM OUT AND TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 12 INCHES HIGH!
WASTEBASKET PAPER, WRAPPERS, ENVELOPES, ETC.!
PACK DOWN IN A BOX OR BAG SO THAT IT CAN BE CARRIED!

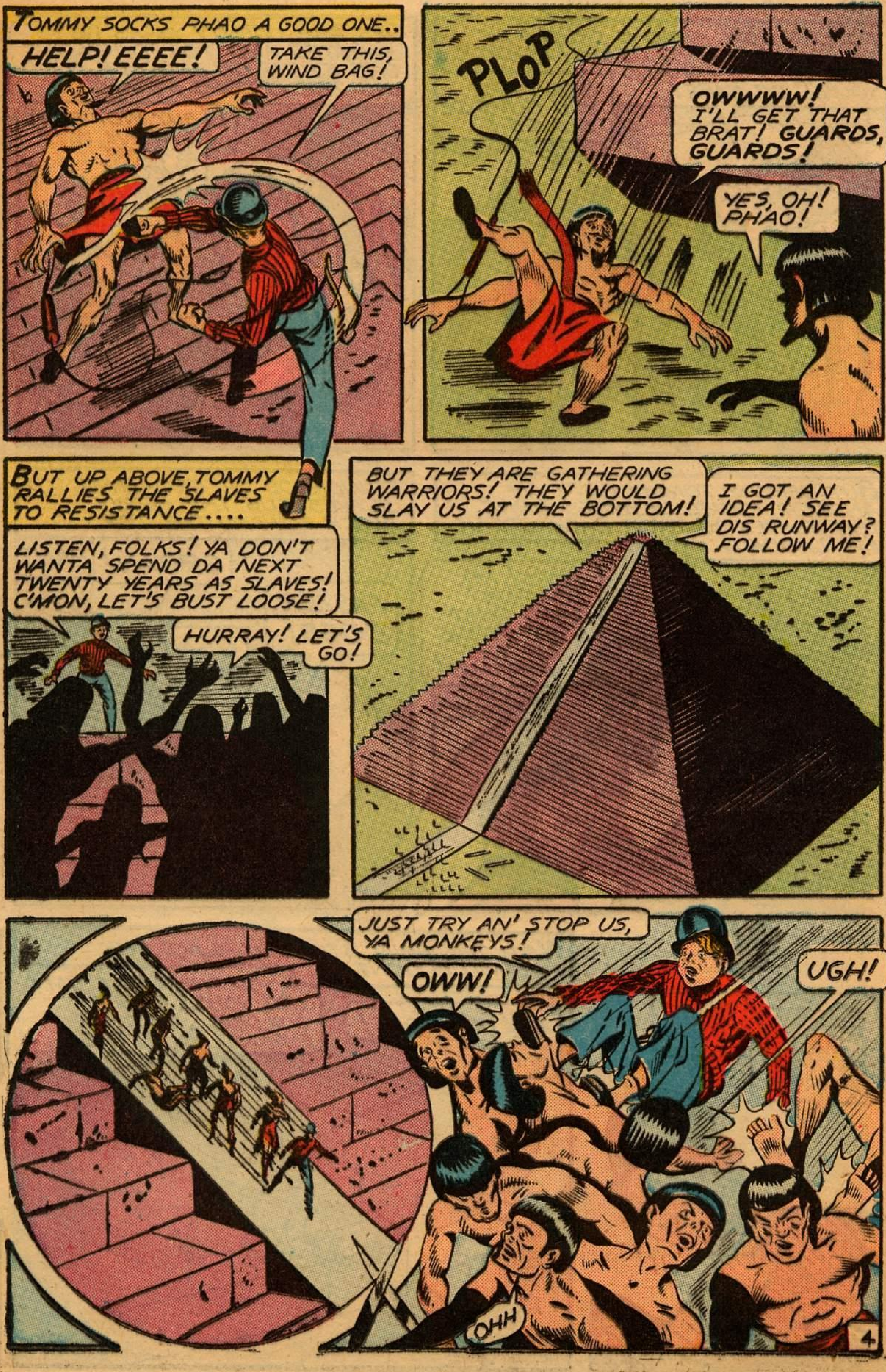
TOMMY TYME

AND HIS MAGIC CLOCK OF AGES!

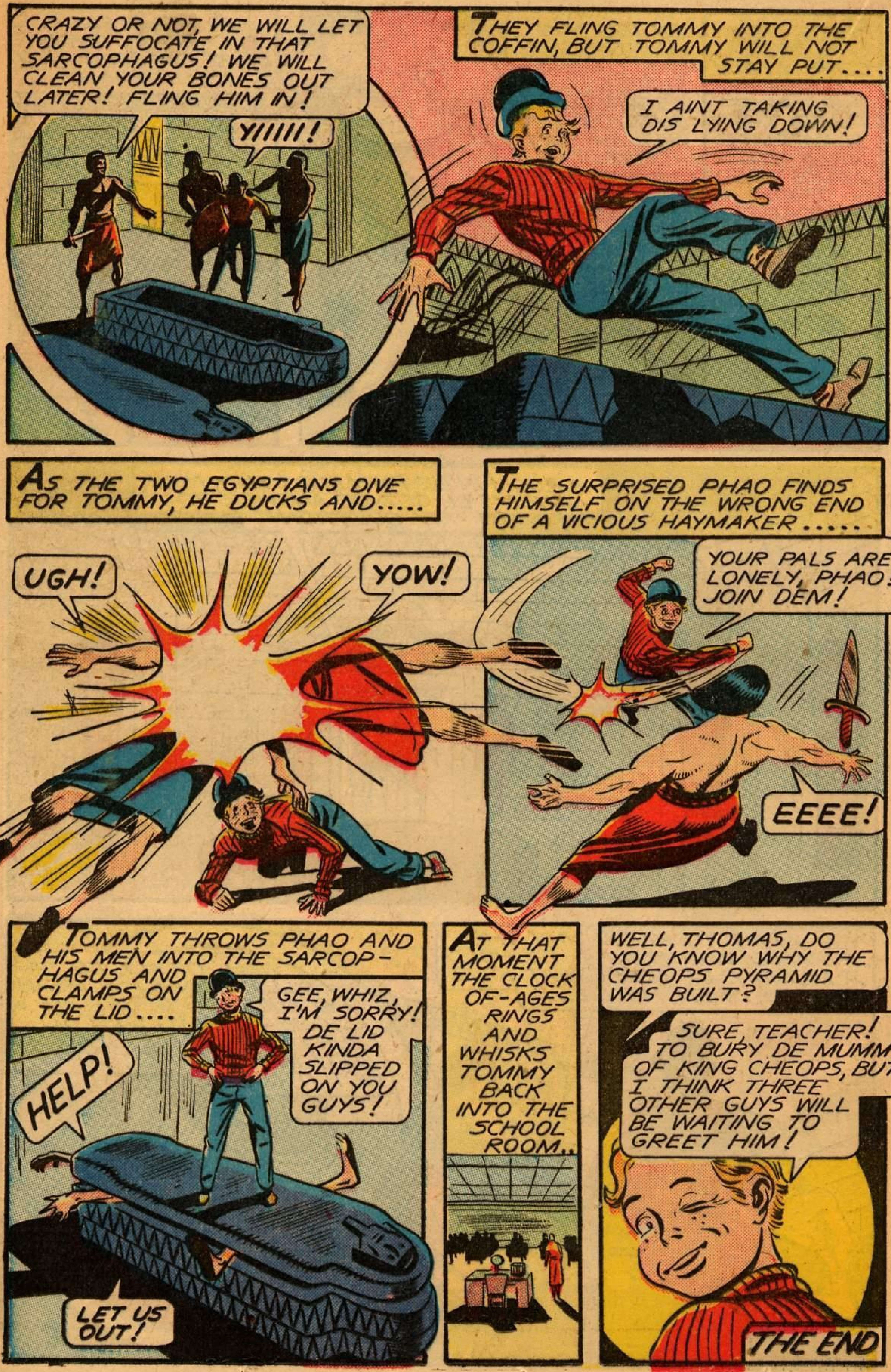

THE REMARKABLE CLOCK-OF-AGES TAKES TOMMY TYME BACK TO ANCIENT EGYPT WHERE HE BATTLES CRUEL EGYPTIAN OVERLORDS IN THE DARK TOMBS OF THE CHEOPS PYRAMID.....
TOMMY TYME SITS DREAMING IN CLASS, AS USUAL, HARDLY AWARE OF HIS TEACHER'S DRONING WORDS..
THE CHEOPS PYRAMID DATING FROM 3300 B.C. IS THE LARGEST PYRAMID IN ANCIENT EGYPT--IT WAS BUILT ENTIRELY BY SLAVE LABOR AND TOOK A LIFE-TIME TO BUILD!
GEE! AINT DE BELL NEVER GONNA RING!
AND NOW, THOMAS, TELL US WHY THE PYRAMID WAS BUILT!
WHO--ME? WHY DE PYRAMID WAS BUILT TO-ER-UH-GIVE PEOPLE WORK I S'POSE, LIKE W.P.A. WAS DAT IT?


TOMMY TURNS HIS MIRACULOUS CLOCK-OF-AGES BACK TO B.C. TIMES....
NO, THOMAS-- YOU'LL STAY AFTER SCHOOL UNLESS-----
WHAT WOULD I DO WITOUT DE GOOD OLD CLOCK-OF-AGES?
A LOUD RING HURLS TOMMY BACK THROUGH FORM-LESS TIME - BACK... BACK....
2000 BC
3300 BC
100 BC
THE RINGING STOPS SUDDENLY...
HOLA! HAVE YE BROUGHT MORE SLAVES? ONE MORE STONE REMAINS, TO BE PUT IN PLACE!
HEY! WHAT THE --
TELL ME, PAL, WOT DID YOU BUILD DAT PILE O' ROCKS FOR? MY TEACHER WANTS TO KNOW!
ISIS! WHO IS THIS IGNORANT BRAT? I'LL WHIP HIM!
HE IS ONE OF THE MANY SLAVES I BROUGHT, PHAO!
HEY! I AIN'T NO SLAVE!
I'LL TEACH YOU OBEDIENCE, WITH THIS WHIP!
BEFORE THE EGYPTIAN CAN STRIKE TOMMY, HE LET'S FLY WITH A SHOT FROM HIS SLING SHOT....
YOU AN' WOT ARMY!
OWW!


FOOLISH BOY! PHAO IS CRUEL! HE WILL WHIP YOU TO DEATH! QUICKLY,.. HIDE AMONG US AND YOU'LL BE SAFE!
OKAY! ARE YOU GUYS DE SLAVES?
YES, FOR TWENTY YEARS WE'VE SWEATED AND TOILED, HEAPING ONE STONE ON ANOTHER, BUILDING THE CHEOPS PYRAMID!
BUT WOT FOR? I MEAN, WHY IS KING CHEOPS MAKING DE PYRAMID?
BUT BEFORE TOMMY GETS AN ANSWER, CRUEL LASHINGS DRIVE THE SLAVES TO THEIR BACK-BREAKING LABOR....
DOGS! NO LOAFING! DRAG THAT LAST STONE UP THE PYRAMID!
HUNDREDS OF GROANING SLAVES TUG THE HEAVY BLOCK TOWARD THE TOP....
GROAN!
PANT.
FASTER, DOGS!
UGH!
SCHUCKS! DIS IS WORSE'N SCHOOL ALMOST! (PANT) (PUFF)
WITH THE FINAL STONE IN PLACE, THE PYRAMID IS DONE....
AH! IT'S DONE! OUR LABOR IS OVER!
YOU THINK SO, SCUM? UP! YOU'LL START BUILDING ANOTHER PYRAMID TO THE SOUTH!
3


TOMMY SOCKS PHAO A GOOD ONE..
HELP! EEEE!
TAKE THIS, WIND BAG!
PLOP
OWWWW! I'LL GET THAT BRAT! GUARDS, GUARDS!
YES, OH! PHAO!
BUT UP ABOVE, TOMMY RALLIES THE SLAVES TO RESISTANCE....
LISTEN, FOLKS! YA DON'T WANTA SPEND DA NEXT TWENTY YEARS AS SLAVES! C'MON, LET'S BUST LOOSE!
HURRAY! LET'S GO!
BUT THEY ARE GATHERING WARRIORS! THEY WOULD SLAY US AT THE BOTTOM!
I GOT AN IDEA! SEE DIS RUNWAY? FOLLOW ME!
JUST TRY AN' STOP US, YA MONKEYS!
OWW!
UGH!
OHH

PHAOS MEN ARE COMPLETELY TAKEN BY SURPRISE AND THE SLAVES ARE ABLE TO MAKE GOOD THEIR ESCAPE... ALL BUT TOMMY WHO IS GRABBED FROM BEHIND....
BY ISIS YOU ARE CAUGHT! THE OTHER SLAVES ESCAPED --- BUT, YOU WILL SUFFER FOR IT!
HEY!
A HELPLESS CAPTIVE, TOMMY IS DRAGGED INTO THE PYRAMID....
LEGGO! WHERE YA TAKIN' ME ANYHOW?
YOU SHALL SEE! HA, HA, HA!
A ROOM IN DE PYRAMID? HEY, NOW MAYBE I'LL GET DE ANSWER TO MY QUESTION!
YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY THE PYRAMID WAS BUILT? TO HOLD A MUMMY OF OUR GREAT KING CHEOPS, WHEN HE DIES!
WELL, OF ALL DE SILLY THINGS! YA MEAN YA BUILT DIS GREAT BIG STONE PYRAMID JUST TO BURY ONE LITTLE DEAD BODY IN IT? CRAZY, DOT'S WOT IT IS!


CRAZY OR NOT, WE WILL LET YOU SUFFOCATE IN THAT SARCOPHAGUS! WE WILL CLEAN YOUR BONES OUT LATER! FLING HIM IN!
YIIIII!
THEY FLING TOMMY INTO THE COFFIN, BUT TOMMY WILL NOT STAY PUT....
I AINT TAKING DIS LYING DOWN!
AS THE TWO EGYPTIANS DIVE FOR TOMMY, HE DUCKS AND.....
UGH!
YOW!
THE SURPRISED PHAO FINDS HIMSELF ON THE WRONG END OF A VICIOUS HAYMAKER.....
YOUR PALS ARE LONELY, PHAO! JOIN DEM!
EEEE!
TOMMY THROWS PHAO AND HIS MEN INTO THE SARCOPHAGUS AND CLAMPS ON THE LID....
GEE, WHIZ, I'M SORRY! DE LID KINDA SLIPPED ON YOU GUYS!
HELP!
LET US OUT!
AT THAT MOMENT THE CLOCK OF-AGES RINGS AND WHISKS TOMMY BACK INTO THE SCHOOL ROOM..
WELL, THOMAS, DO YOU KNOW WHY THE CHEOPS PYRAMID WAS BUILT?
SURE, TEACHER! TO BURY DE MUMMY OF KING CHEOPS, BUT I THINK THREE OTHER GUYS WILL BE WAITING TO GREET HIM!
THE END

Lost and found

IT was very quiet in the room, just the sound of Mark's big voice coming softly out of the depths of his huge body. Mark saying, "You're feeling better, eh, Zell?"

Mark laughed deep in his big chest. It sounded like the roll of thunder across the sky. Zell looked quickly at him. Sometimes he wondered about Mark, who seemed such a good friend and yet such a stranger. Back beyond a certain day, Zell couldn't remember Mark. Couldn't remember anything for that matter. Everything was blurred and indefinable, lost somewhere after something had happened.

Zell urged quickly, "I've gotta get out of here. I feel . . . cooped up. Doggone it, Mark I—I've got no *right* to be here. Can't you see?"

Mark nodded his shaggy head. His grey eyes were careful, "Yes. You have something to do. Something important. I have that something, Zell. You are to leave immediately!"

Briefly Zell waited, thinking about the past few days. A couple of weeks now in fact, while he'd been shut up in this room, almost as if he were a carefully guarded prisoner. Not once had he talked to anyone except big Mark, who with his hearty laugh and good natured eyes had made fairly good companionship. There had been others. Zell remembered them carefully, but they were back near the beginning of these odd weeks, beyond which everything was obscured by that strange uncertainty and shadow.

There had been the nurse . . . he recalled the day she'd said something strange. He hadn't been able to understand her, because perhaps he hadn't been well enough. They'd hustled her right out of the room.

Mark was standing. On the bed before him lay a bundle. Zell hadn't noticed it before. Now he waited eagerly as Mark untied it. Slowly he was bringing forth a flying suit. He exhibited them carefully, almost jealously. "You put them on," he explained, grey eyes watching every shade on Zell's face. "Then—"

"Yeah, I know. Then *if* I feel good, I can do something else. What is this, a trained animal act? Where's the audience?"

Mark waited quietly while Zell quickly got into the togs. They fitted just right, surprising him a little. It was almost as if he had worn them sometime in the past. They seemed familiar, a part of something that had happened once.

"A plane is ready," Mark explained softly. "And instructions. A map also, Zell. You will follow instructions, *and* the map very carefully. You will fly a bomber over a certain spot on that map, Zell. And at that exact spot you will release your bombs. There are people there. Men who are planning our destruction. Military leaders, Zell. With them out of the way—"

Zell finished dressing. He was trembling a little and the place on the back of his head hurt, and he felt confused and even a little scared but was careful not to let Mark see.

"The idea being," he finished for Mark, "that I blow them into the middle of next week, throw their armies out of kilter, and save your neck!"

"Ah. Yes. *And you must not fail!*"

ZELL felt the tug of the props. The engines had been warmed. He'd seen the attendants scurrying away from the front of the ship when he and Mark drove up to the field. It wasn't much of a field and from the air, it would have been hard to spot. It was back in the hills and as Zell looked the map over, he fixed the position carefully in his mind.

"You will return," Mark concluded before Zell slid into the pilot's seat. "And we will have other missions for you. Ones just as important—"

"What if they get me before I unload?"

Mark's round face peered up. "They will recognize their own plane, Zell. You will make it appear as if you were friendly, were coming in to land. But you won't. You will dive over their camp. You know the location. You will drop your bombs right where they are most needed. You understand?"

Zell gunned the motors gently. He felt more and more at home and within him was a surge of pride. Mark had merged with the darkness. The field was open and Zell released the brakes, opened the throttle. The big ship moved forward swiftly, lifted and hurtled into the sky.

Zell knew his location, knew the route he must follow. The instruments checked okay and the bomb release was just below his hand. It all seemed familiar, but that didn't matter now.

There were clouds below and he lifted the ship, watched the unending carpet far below, frosted by the moon. Later uneasiness gripped him for he realized that he would soon be over his objective. The moon was going down. He would have to get in under the clouds sometime.

Zell headed the big ship down. The clouds closed and he dropped lower, watching for an opening, tenseness gripping him tightly, clamping his hands about the controls till the muscles hurt. At last he saw an opening and went in. Daylight was coming through the over-cast across the turbulent breast of the ocean—

He saw the vessel below and to his right, and for a moment Zell hesitated, peering at her, trying to make out her identity. A second later he saw the flame leap from her forward gun and almost simultaneously the shell struck. Zell found the controls ripped from his hands and the ship was smashed over violently. He was hurled to the side and his head struck savagely, bringing a nauseating roll of pain washing up out of his stomach. Blackness closed in about him and for a moment he forgot his mission, the attacking ship below, the bomber hurtling down toward destruction.

Desperately Zell pulled himself out of his slump. Blood was washing over his neck and shoulders. He caught the controls frantically, righting the ship, bringing her up out of her dive just in time to skin the surface of the water, and lift drunkenly . . .

THE plane was back in the clouds now, and Zell steadied himself, peering about at the interior of the cabin. Something was wrong. Badly wrong. For one thing he was alone. His head hurt terrifically.

Something was wrong. He couldn't remember what had happened, couldn't remember anything beyond a few moments ago. Slowly his mind righted itself and he recalled that he and the crew had been out on a bombing mission. They'd been shot down over enemy territory. That was all. Or . . . was it?

There was a map before him and Zell studied it intently. It was a simple map, with notations at the bottom and several on the side, in a hand he could never remember having seen before. There was a particular spot marked out. A notation indicated it was the one to which he must return. Carefully Zell lifted the big ship. Her motors were operating smoothly. The single hit had damaged her left wing, had ripped through the upper part of the cabin.

The air was cold as it rushed in. Cold and damp and it helped cool the heat of Zell's forehead. He lifted the ship above the clouds and turned her back, toward that spot on the map with the notation. Something was wrong, he knew. Something had happened to him. Where had he been going with the bomber and a full load of bombs? He'd been headed . . . toward headquarters where the military brains behind the allied offensive were concentrated. He'd been headed there with a full load of bombs . . .

It wasn't far back to the place on the map. Zell felt deadly calm as he came in finally, over the rim of the hills. It would be hard to locate unless . . . you knew beforehand it was there. Unless you had a map marked carefully, telling where the field was.

As Zell came in swiftly he saw a signal light below. It would have been odd they didn't use anti-aircraft to drive him off. But there was a reason for it, Zell knew. Later he'd figure it out . . .

Right now he lined the installation up swiftly. The hangar, the buildings back of it, and all so carefully concealed. But they were there now. Zell came in swiftly, came in low.

It was a very nice string of bombs. Zell's hand pulled the release and he gunned the motors for all they'd take, zooming the ship in close and then up. Yes, they were all square hits.

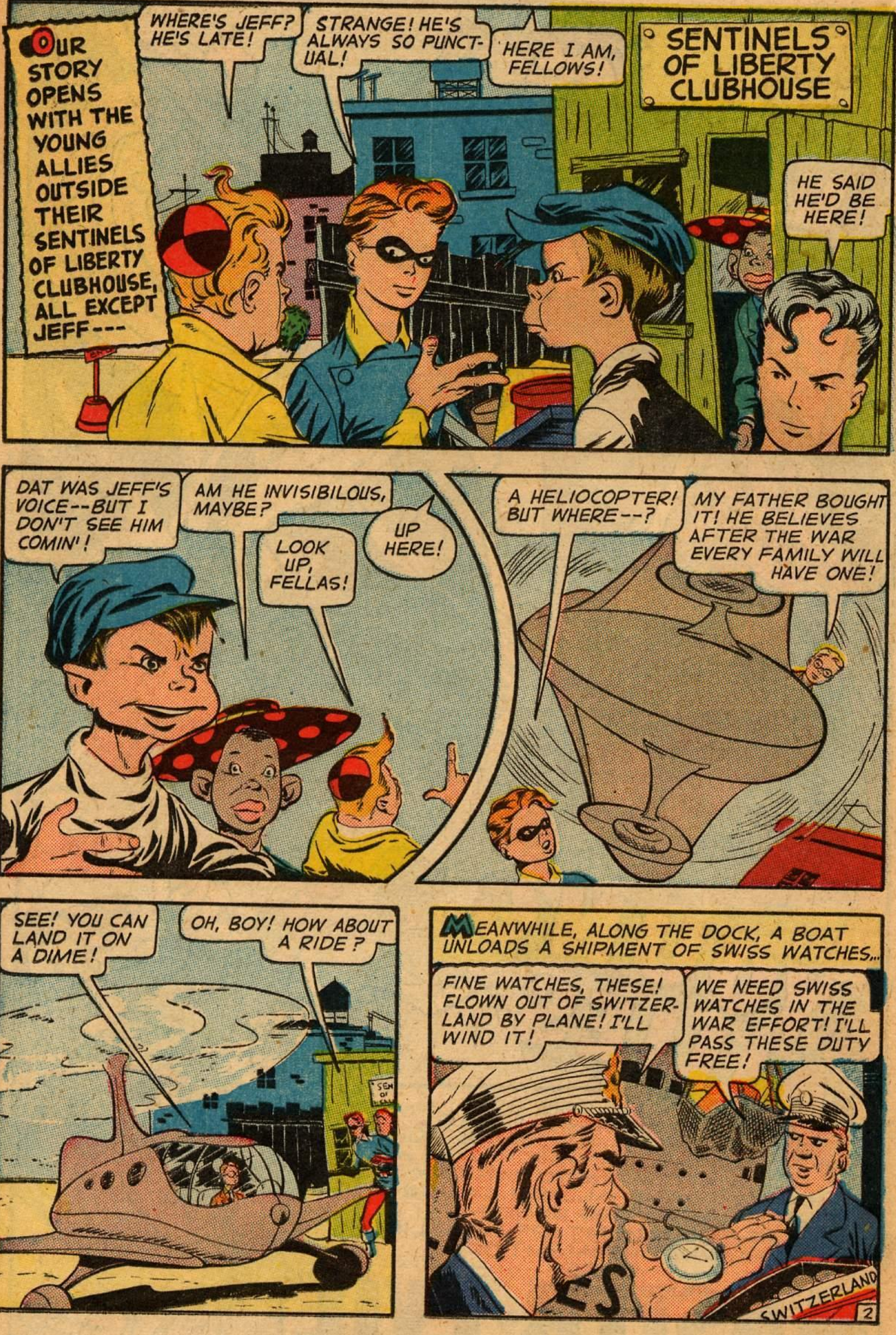
Looking back he saw the flames licking up from the buildings, realized they were goners. As were the people in them. Evidently they hadn't been expecting him. Or . . . had they?

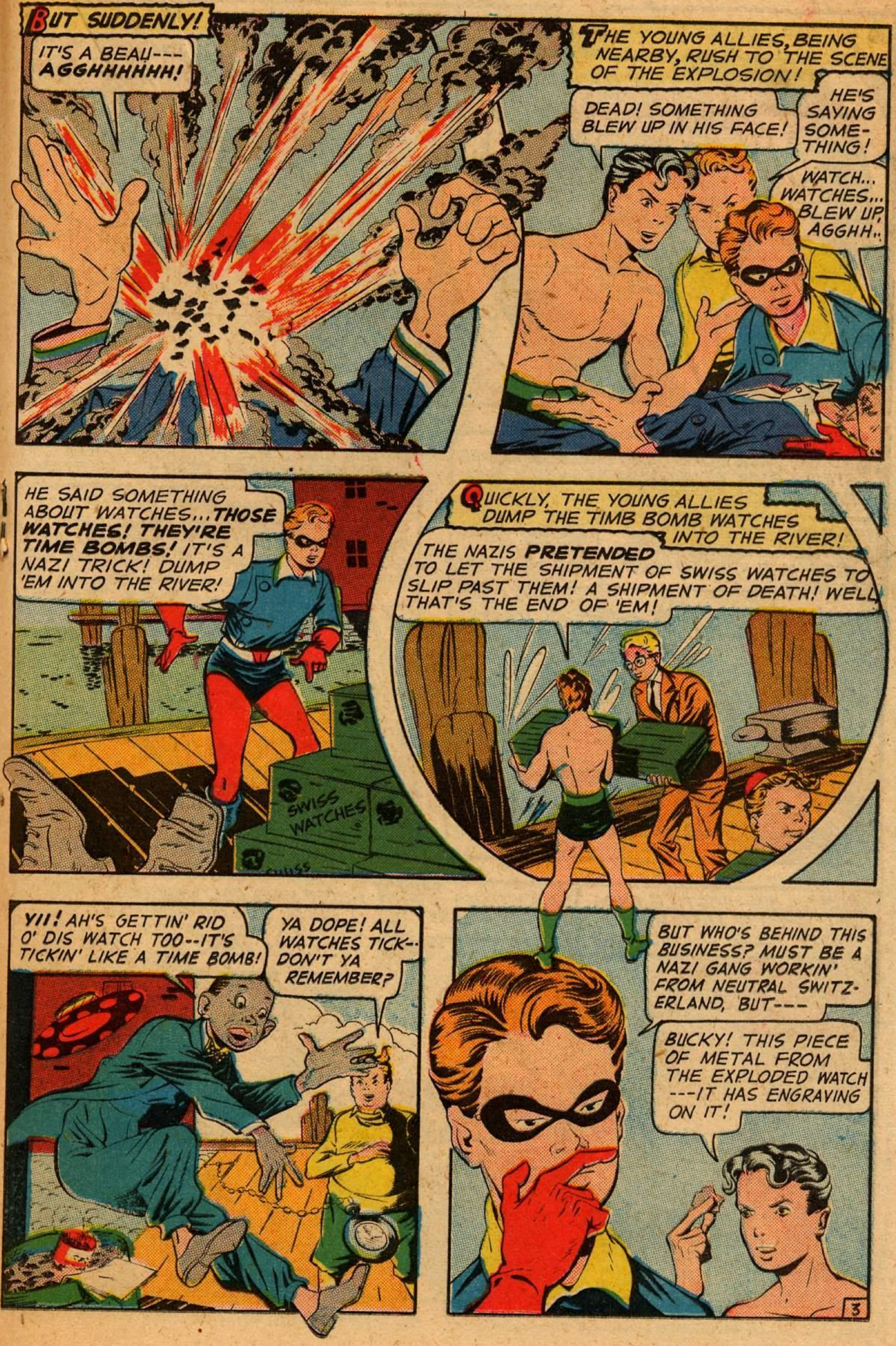
He still felt a little bewildered and, looking back at the red glow suffusing the sky, he felt very uneasy. There was something familiar about it.

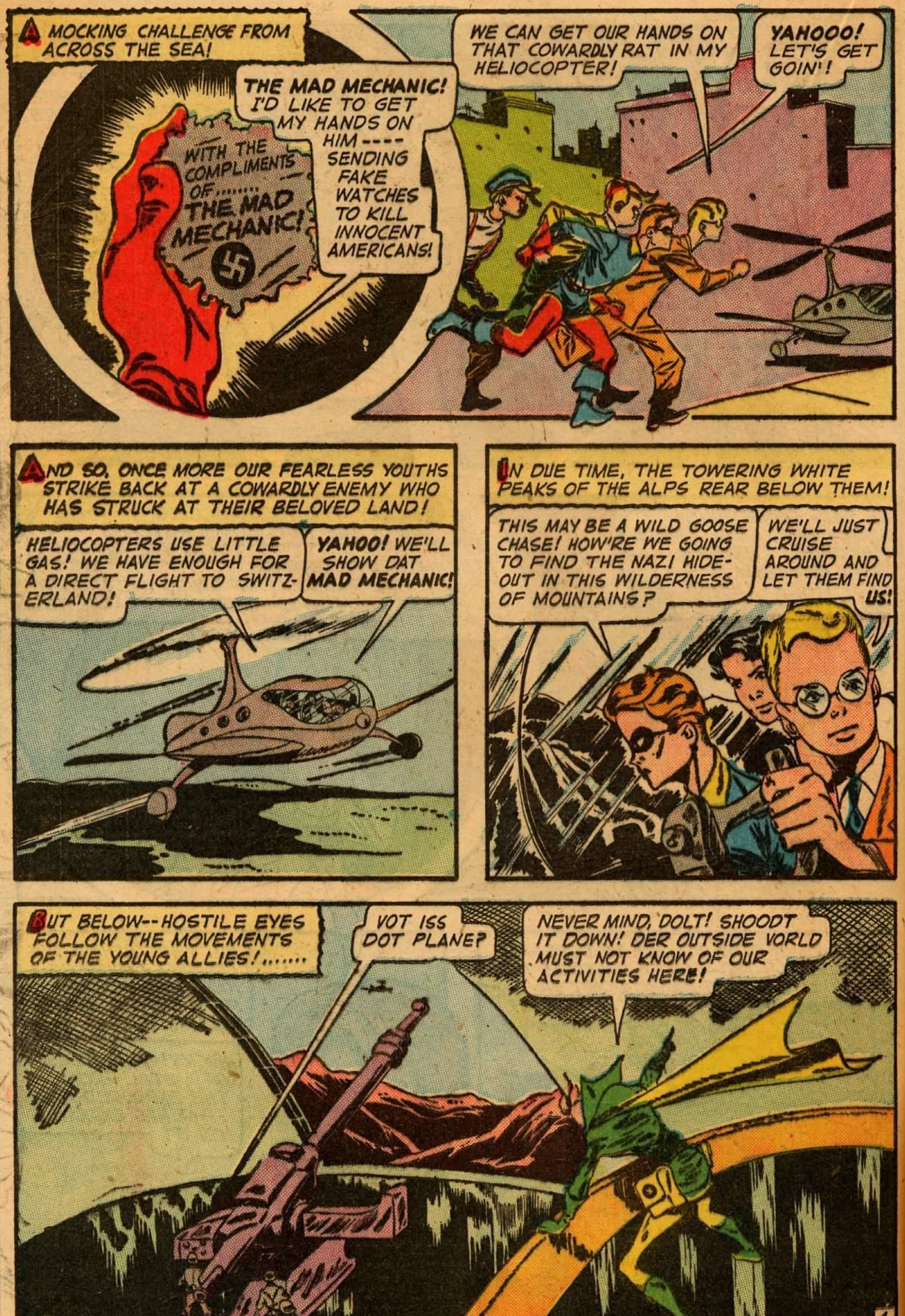
He grinned faintly even though it hurt his face. Perhaps he'd been a prisoner there. Perhaps they had been sending him back to destroy his own leaders. His own buddies. Only that fight, the shell hitting the plane and then the blow on his head . . . he felt like a wanderer who has just found his way out of the forest. And was at last headed home.

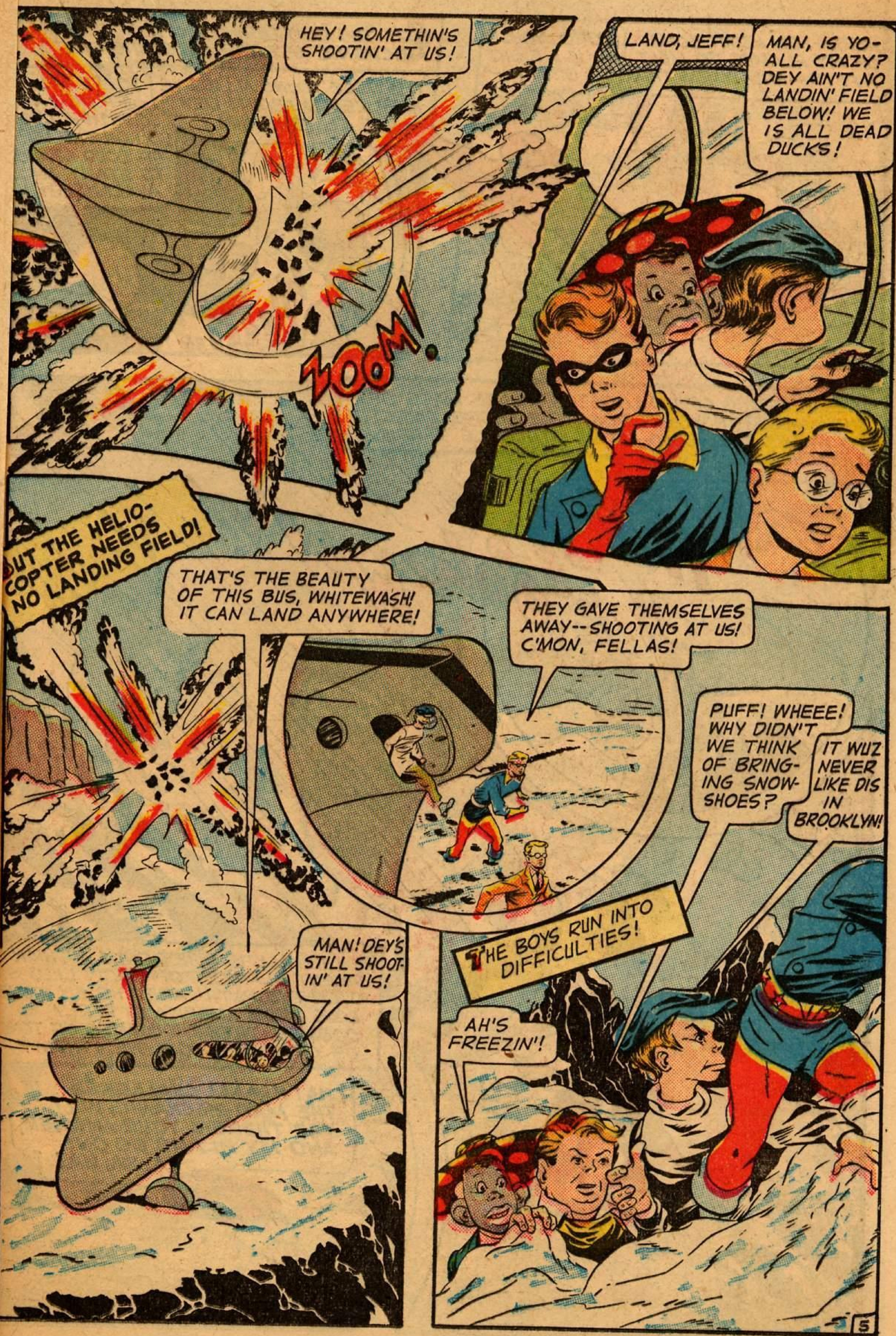
THE END

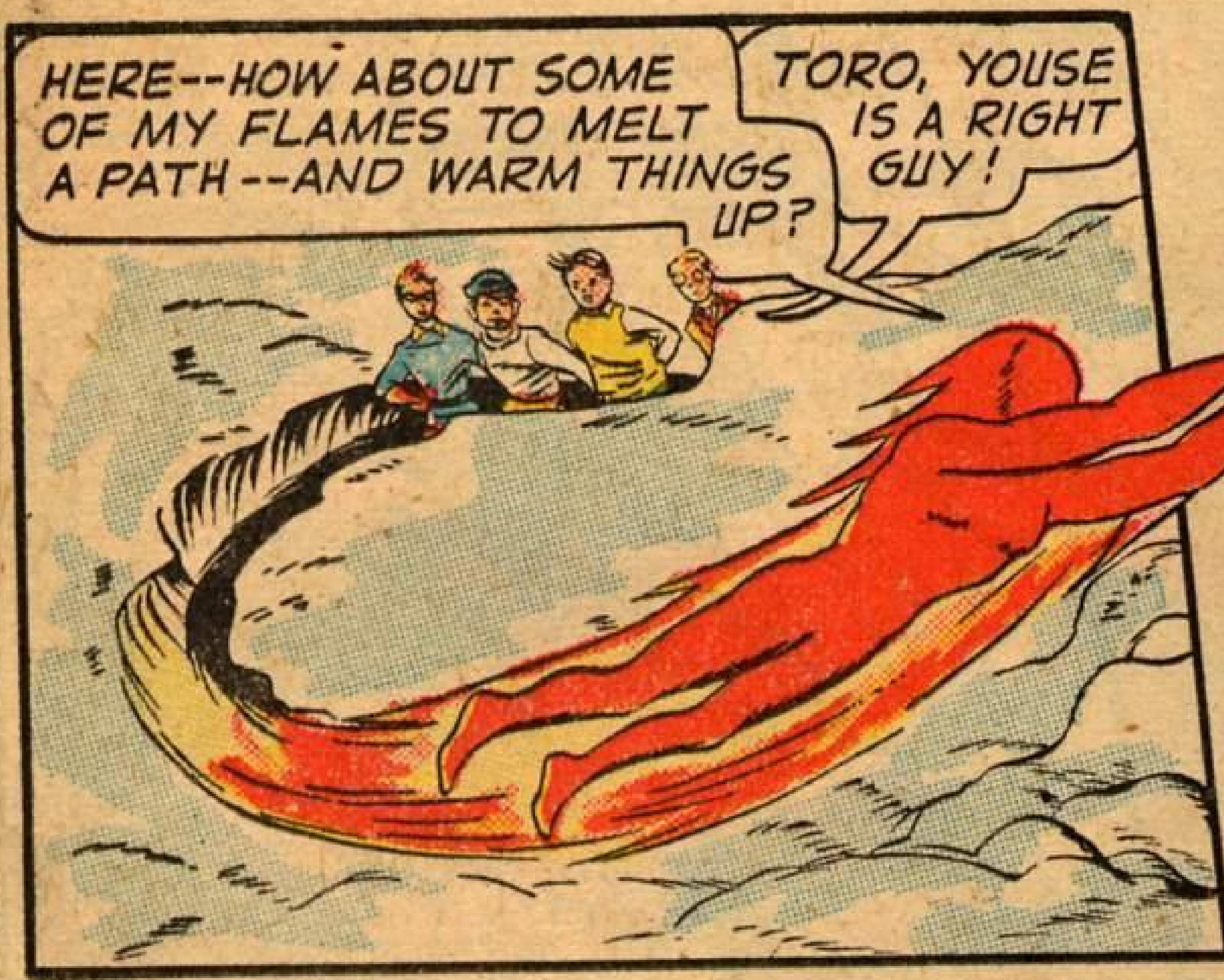
The YOUNG ALLIES
... CAN THE YOUNG ALLIES STOP THE MURDEROUS MIND OF THE MAD MECHANIC AS HE ATTEMPTS TO WREAK HAVOC TO THE ALLIED CAUSE? READ THIS EXCITING TALE AS THE RIGHT OF THE ALLIES IS PITTED AGAINST THE MIGHT OF..
"THE MASTER of EVIL"

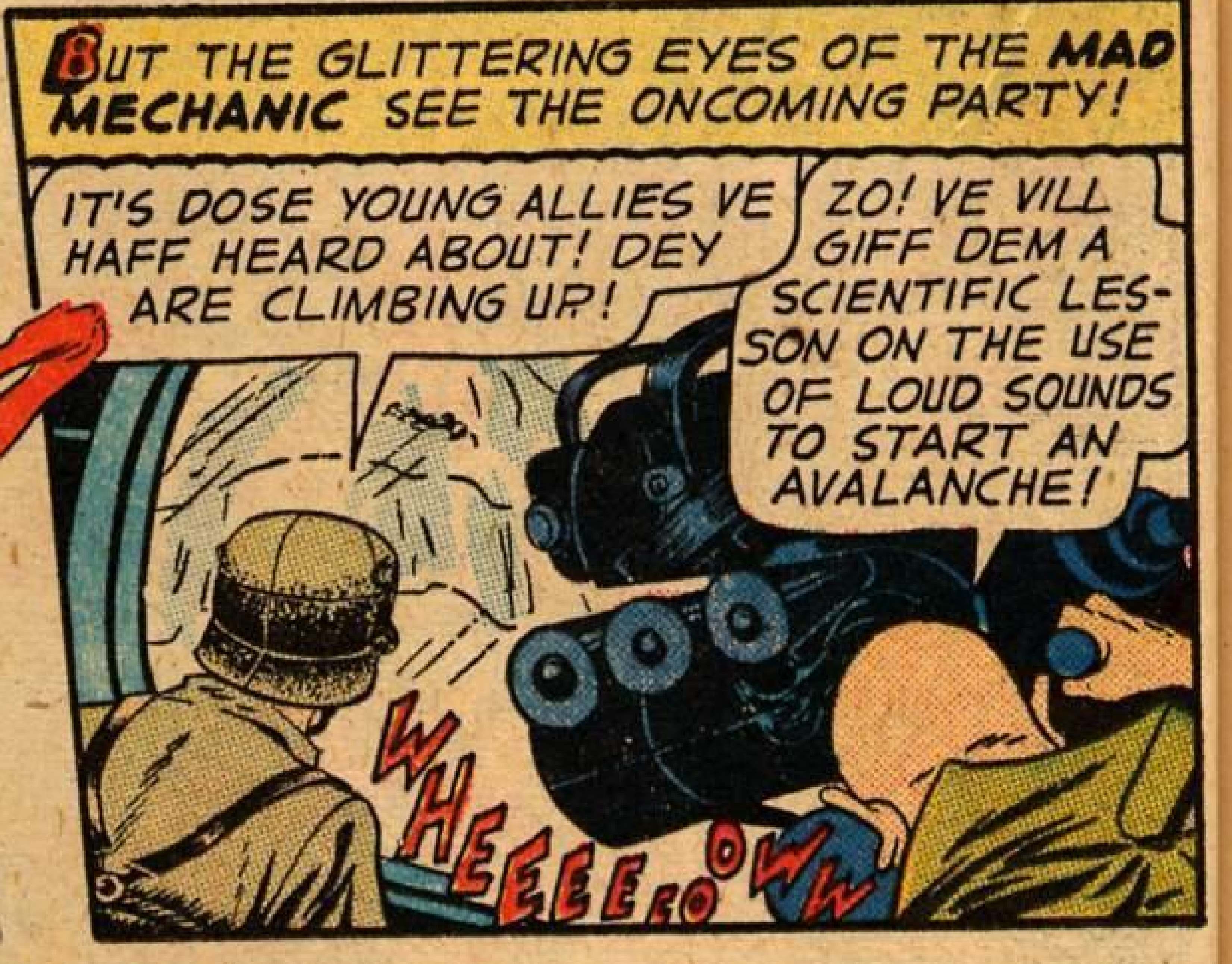

OUR STORY OPENS WITH THE YOUNG ALLIES OUTSIDE THEIR SENTINELS OF LIBERTY CLUBHOUSE, ALL EXCEPT JEFF---
WHERE'S JEFF? HE'S LATE!
STRANGE! HE'S ALWAYS SO PUNCTUAL!
HERE I AM, FELLOWS!
SENTINELS OF LIBERTY CLUBHOUSE
HE SAID HE'D BE HERE!
DAT WAS JEFF'S VOICE--BUT I DON'T SEE HIM COMIN'!
AM HE INVISIBILOUS, MAYBE?
LOOK UP, FELLAS!
UP HERE!
A HELIOCOPTER! BUT WHERE--?
MY FATHER BOUGHT IT! HE BELIEVES AFTER THE WAR EVERY FAMILY WILL HAVE ONE!
SEE! YOU CAN LAND IT ON A DIME!
OH, BOY! HOW ABOUT A RIDE?
MEANWHILE, ALONG THE DOCK, A BOAT UNLOADS A SHIPMENT OF SWISS WATCHES...
FINE WATCHES, THESE! FLOWN OUT OF SWITZERLAND BY PLANE! I'LL WIND IT!
WE NEED SWISS WATCHES IN THE WAR EFFORT! I'LL PASS THESE DUTY FREE!
SWITZERLAND

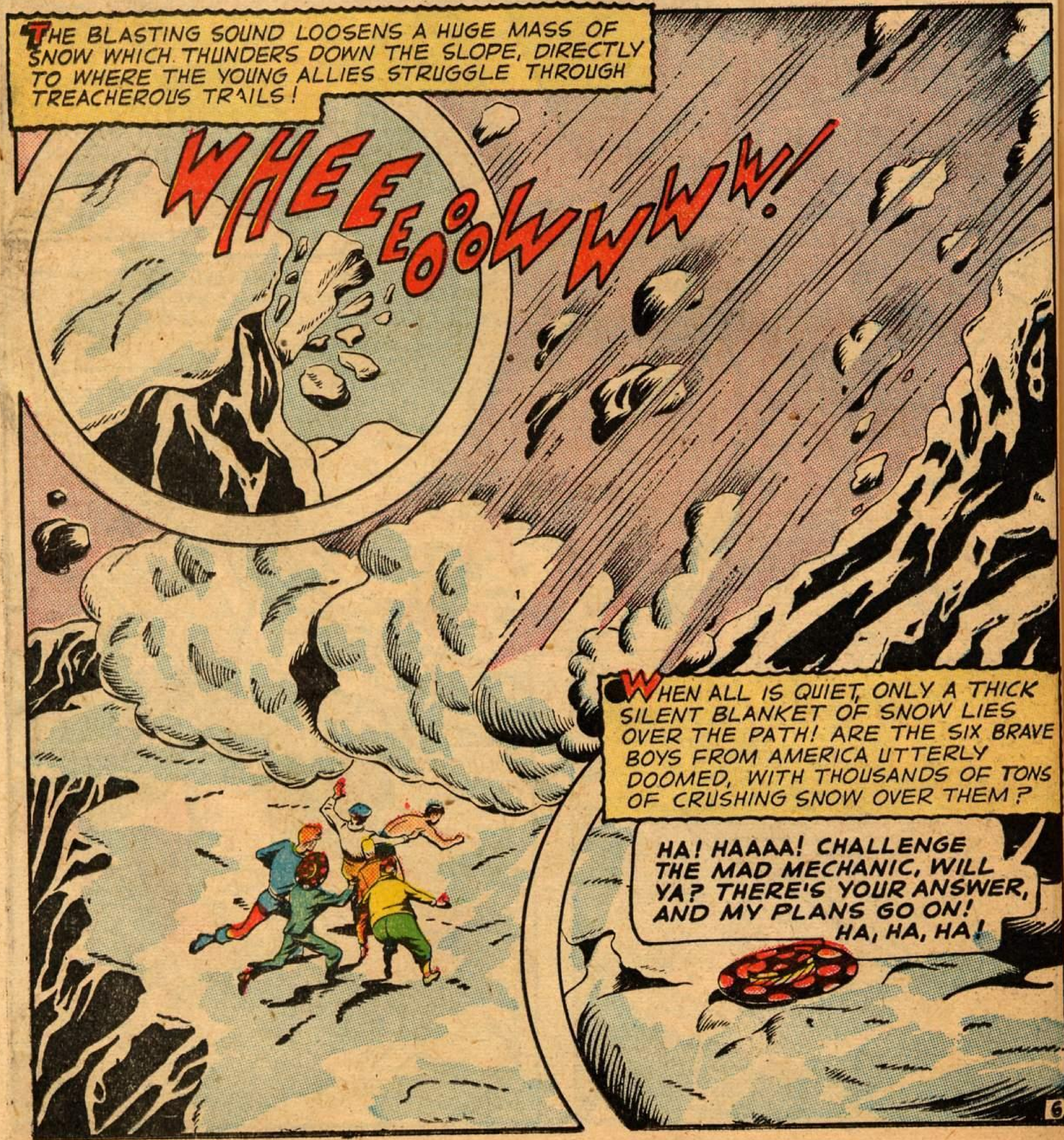

BUT SUDDENLY!
IT'S A BEAU--- AGGHHHHHH!
THE YOUNG ALLIES, BEING NEARBY, RUSH TO THE SCENE OF THE EXPLOSION!
DEAD! SOMETHING BLEW UP IN HIS FACE!
HE'S SAYING SOMETHING!
WATCH... WATCHES... BLEW UP, AGGHH..
HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT WATCHES... THOSE WATCHES! THEY'RE TIME BOMBS! IT'S A NAZI TRICK! DUMP 'EM INTO THE RIVER!
SWISS WATCHES
QUICKLY, THE YOUNG ALLIES DUMP THE TIMB BOMB WATCHES INTO THE RIVER!
THE NAZIS PRETENDED TO LET THE SHIPMENT OF SWISS WATCHES TO SLIP PAST THEM! A SHIPMENT OF DEATH! WELL THAT'S THE END OF 'EM!
YII! AH'S GETTIN' RID O' DIS WATCH TOO--IT'S TICKIN' LIKE A TIME BOMB!
YA DOPE! ALL WATCHES TICK--DON'T YA REMEMBER?
BUT WHO'S BEHIND THIS BUSINESS? MUST BE A NAZI GANG WORKIN' FROM NEUTRAL SWITZERLAND, BUT---
BUCKY! THIS PIECE OF METAL FROM THE EXPLODED WATCH---IT HAS ENGRAVING ON IT!

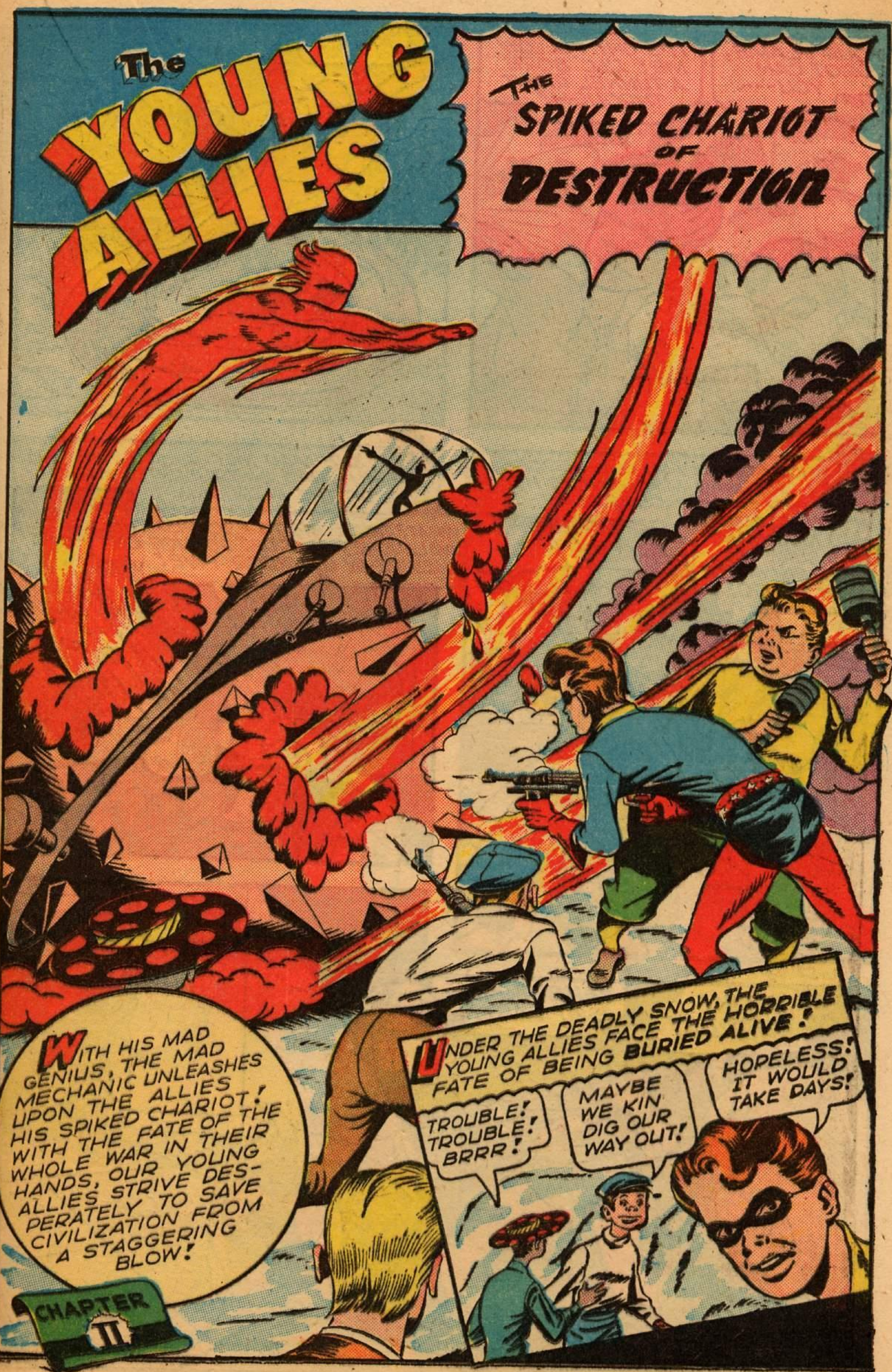

A MOCKING CHALLENGE FROM ACROSS THE SEA!
WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF........ THE MAD MECHANIC!
THE MAD MECHANIC! I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON HIM ---- SENDING FAKE WATCHES TO KILL INNOCENT AMERICANS!
WE CAN GET OUR HANDS ON THAT COWARDLY RAT IN MY HELIOCOPTER!
YAHOOO! LET'S GET GOIN'!
AND SO, ONCE MORE OUR FEARLESS YOUTHS STRIKE BACK AT A COWARDLY ENEMY WHO HAS STRUCK AT THEIR BELOVED LAND!
HELIOCOPTERS USE LITTLE GAS! WE HAVE ENOUGH FOR A DIRECT FLIGHT TO SWITZERLAND!
YAHOO! WE'LL SHOW DAT MAD MECHANIC!
IN DUE TIME, THE TOWERING WHITE PEAKS OF THE ALPS REAR BELOW THEM!
THIS MAY BE A WILD GOOSE CHASE! HOW'RE WE GOING TO FIND THE NAZI HIDEOUT IN THIS WILDERNESS OF MOUNTAINS?
WE'LL JUST CRUISE AROUND AND LET THEM FIND US!
BUT BELOW--HOSTILE EYES FOLLOW THE MOVEMENTS OF THE YOUNG ALLIES!.......
VOT ISS DOT PLANE?
NEVER MIND, DOLT! SHOODT IT DOWN! DER OUTSIDE VORLD MUST NOT KNOW OF OUR ACTIVITIES HERE!

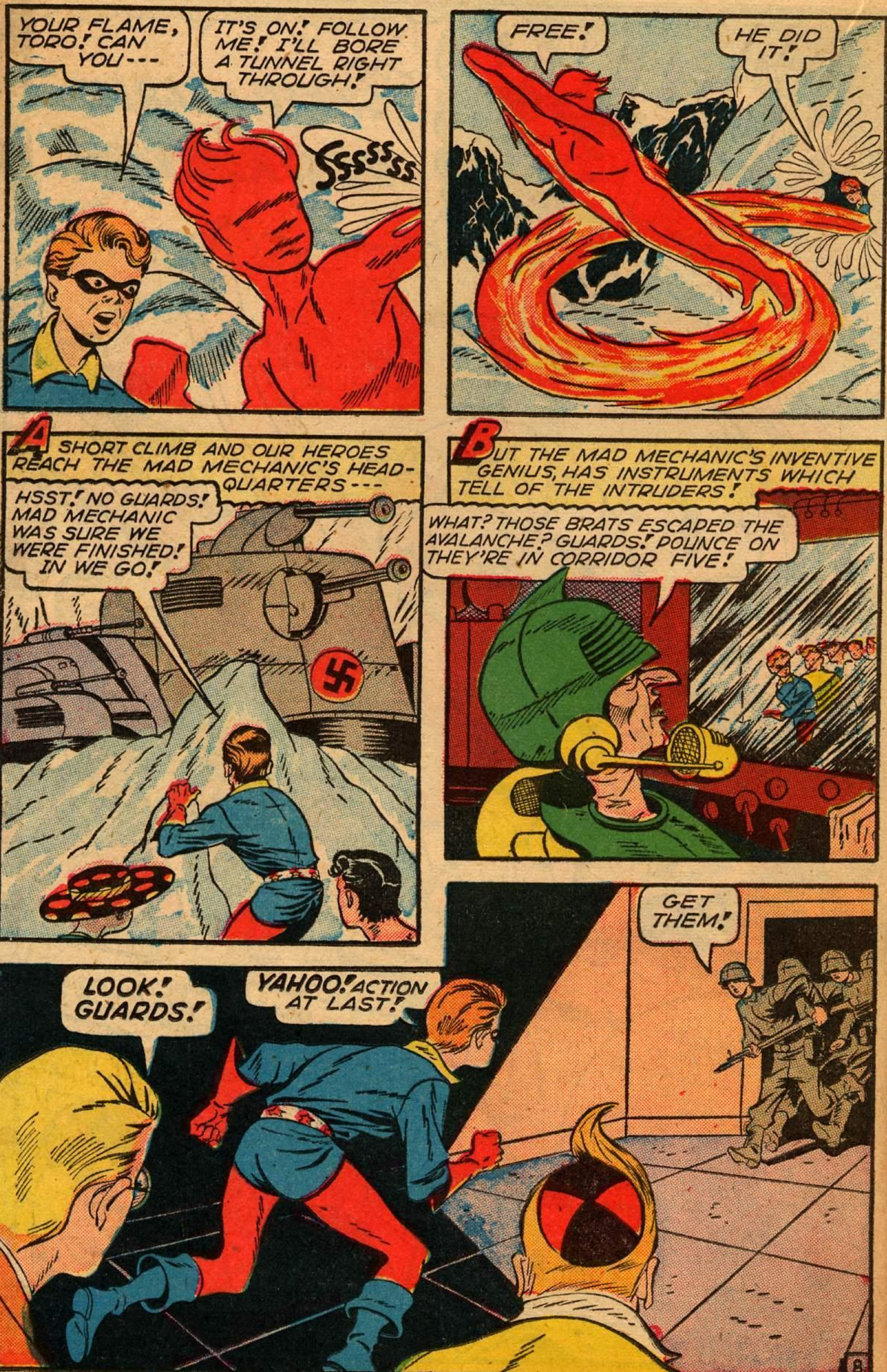

HEY! SOMETHIN'S SHOOTIN' AT US!
ZOOM!
LAND, JEFF!
MAN, IS YO-ALL CRAZY? DEY AIN'T NO LANDIN' FIELD BELOW! WE IS ALL DEAD DUCKS!
BUT THE HELICOPTER NEEDS NO LANDING FIELD!
THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF THIS BUS, WHITEWASH! IT CAN LAND ANYWHERE!
MAN! DEY'S STILL SHOOTIN' AT US!
THEY GAVE THEMSELVES AWAY--SHOOTING AT US! C'MON, FELLAS!
PUFF! WHEEE! WHY DIDN'T WE THINK OF BRINGING SNOWSHOES?
IT WUZ NEVER LIKE DIS IN BROOKLYN!
THE BOYS RUN INTO DIFFICULTIES!
AH'S FREEZIN'!

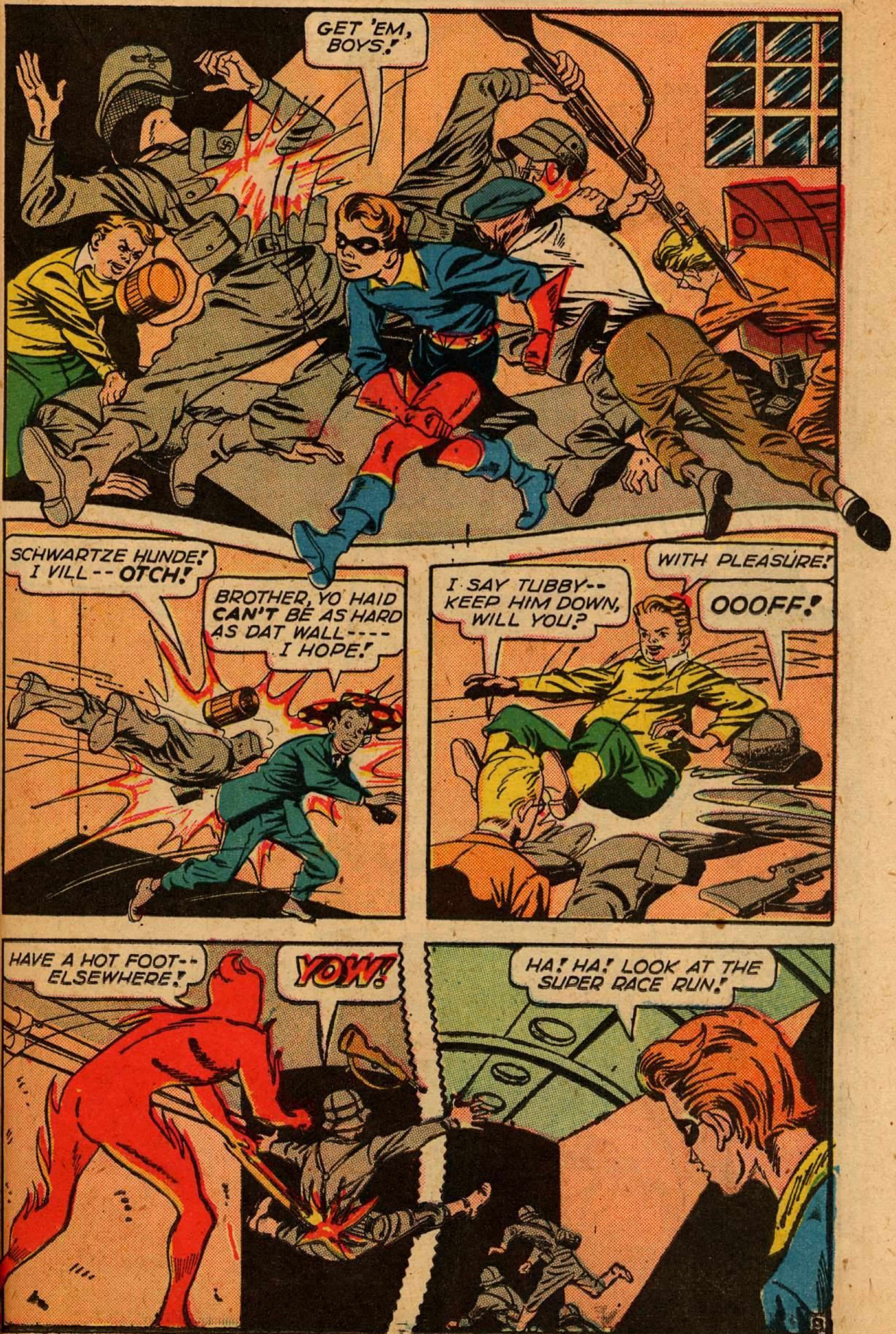

HERE--HOW ABOUT SOME OF MY FLAMES TO MELT A PATH--AND WARM THINGS UP?
TORO, YOUSE IS A RIGHT GUY!


BUT THE GLITTERING EYES OF THE MAD MECHANIC SEE THE ONCOMING PARTY!
IT'S DOSE YOUNG ALLIES VE HAFF HEARD ABOUT! DEY ARE CLIMBING UP!
ZO! VE VILL GIFF DEM A SCIENTIFIC LESSON ON THE USE OF LOUD SOUNDS TO START AN AVALANCHE!
WHEEEEEOOWW


THE BLASTING SOUND LOOSENS A HUGE MASS OF SNOW WHICH THUNDERS DOWN THE SLOPE, DIRECTLY TO WHERE THE YOUNG ALLIES STRUGGLE THROUGH TREACHEROUS TRAILS!
WHEEEOOOWWWW!
WHEN ALL IS QUIET, ONLY A THICK SILENT BLANKET OF SNOW LIES OVER THE PATH! ARE THE SIX BRAVE BOYS FROM AMERICA UTTERLY DOOMED, WITH THOUSANDS OF TONS OF CRUSHING SNOW OVER THEM?
HA! HAAAA! CHALLENGE THE MAD MECHANIC, WILL YA? THERE'S YOUR ANSWER, AND MY PLANS GO ON! HA, HA, HA!


The YOUNG ALLIES
THE SPIKED CHARIOT OF DESTRUCTION
WITH HIS MAD GENIUS, THE MAD MECHANIC UNLEASHES UPON THE ALLIES HIS SPIKED CHARIOT! WITH THE FATE OF THE WHOLE WAR IN THEIR HANDS, OUR YOUNG ALLIES STRIVE DESPERATELY TO SAVE CIVILIZATION FROM A STAGGERING BLOW!
CHAPTER II
UNDER THE DEADLY SNOW, THE YOUNG ALLIES FACE THE HORRIBLE FATE OF BEING BURIED ALIVE!
TROUBLE! TROUBLE! BRRR!
MAYBE WE KIN DIG OUR WAY OUT!
HOPELESS! IT WOULD TAKE DAYS!

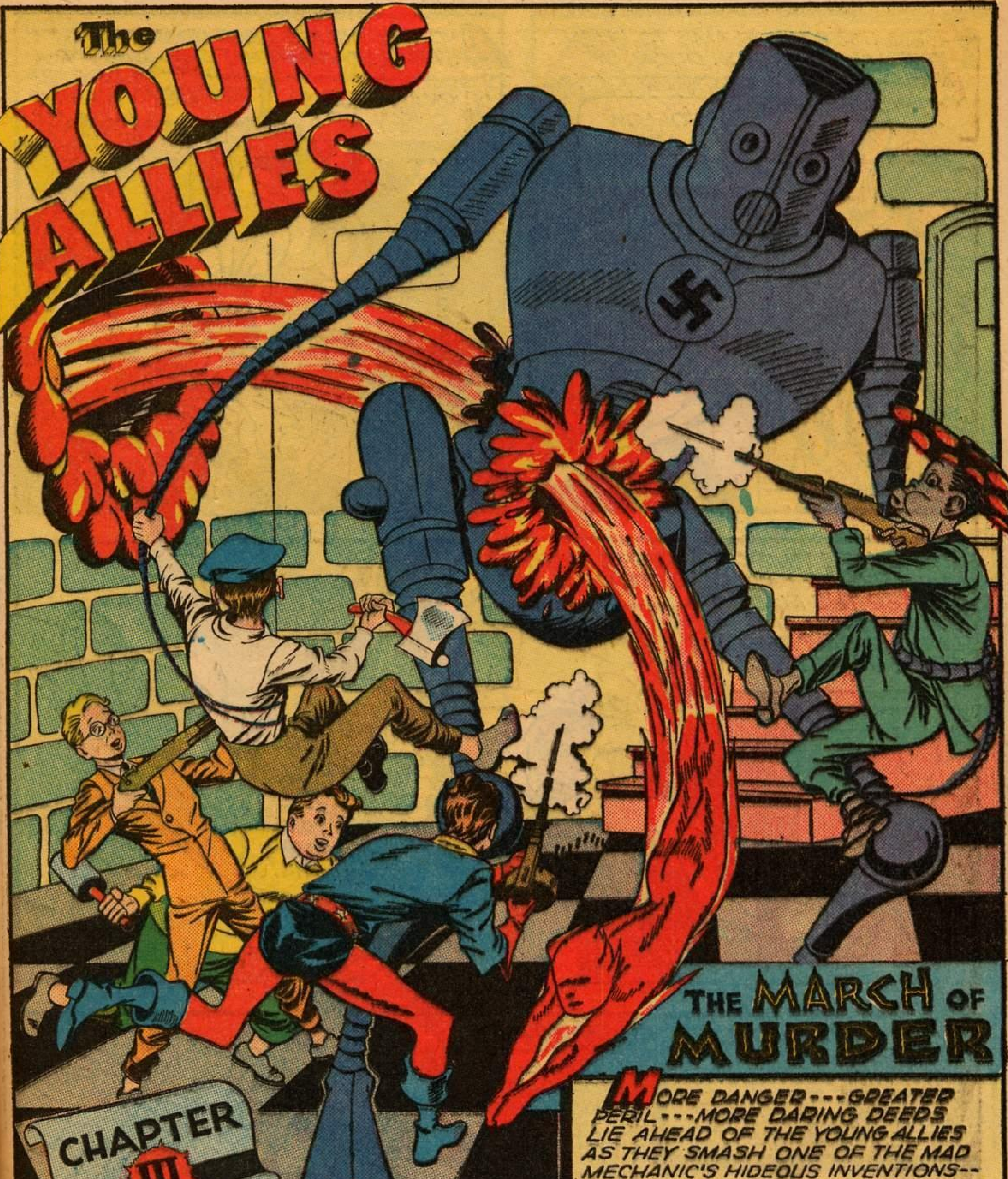

YOUR FLAME, TORO! CAN YOU---
IT'S ON! FOLLOW ME! I'LL BORE A TUNNEL RIGHT THROUGH!
SSSSSSS
FREE!
HE DID IT!
A SHORT CLIMB AND OUR HEROES REACH THE MAD MECHANIC'S HEADQUARTERS---
HSST! NO GUARDS! MAD MECHANIC WAS SURE WE WERE FINISHED! IN WE GO!
BUT THE MAD MECHANIC'S INVENTIVE GENIUS, HAS INSTRUMENTS WHICH TELL OF THE INTRUDERS!
WHAT? THOSE BRATS ESCAPED THE AVALANCHE? GUARDS! POUNCE ON THEY'RE IN CORRIDOR FIVE!
GET THEM!
LOOK! GUARDS!
YAHOO! ACTION AT LAST!

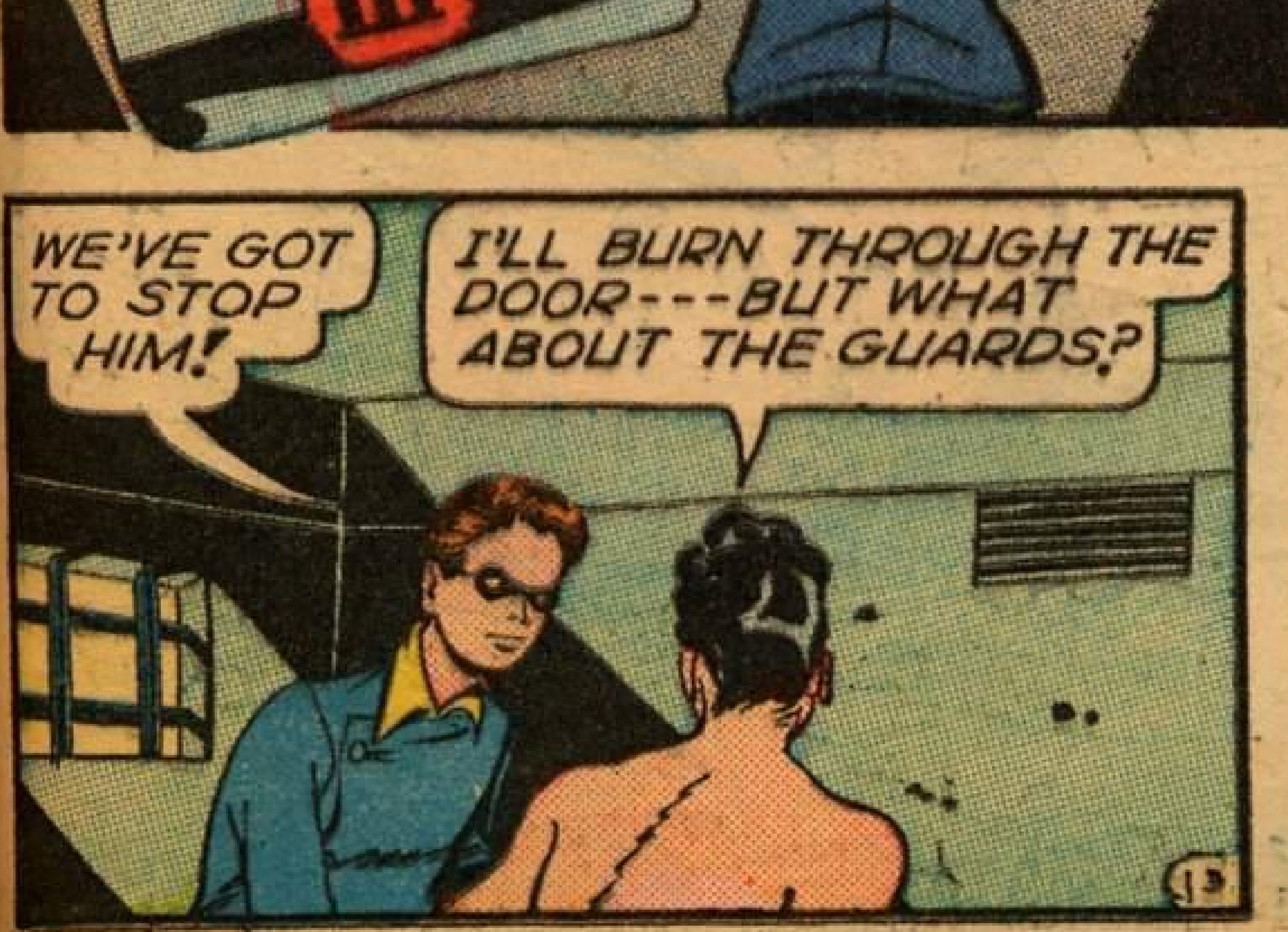

GET 'EM, BOYS!
SCHWARTZE HUNDE! I VILL -- **OTCH!**
BROTHER, YO HAID **CAN'T** BE AS HARD AS DAT WALL---- I HOPE!
I SAY TUBBY-- KEEP HIM DOWN, WILL YOU?
WITH PLEASURE!
OOOFF!
HAVE A HOT FOOT-- ELSEWHERE!
YOW!
HA! HA! LOOK AT THE SUPER RACE RUN!

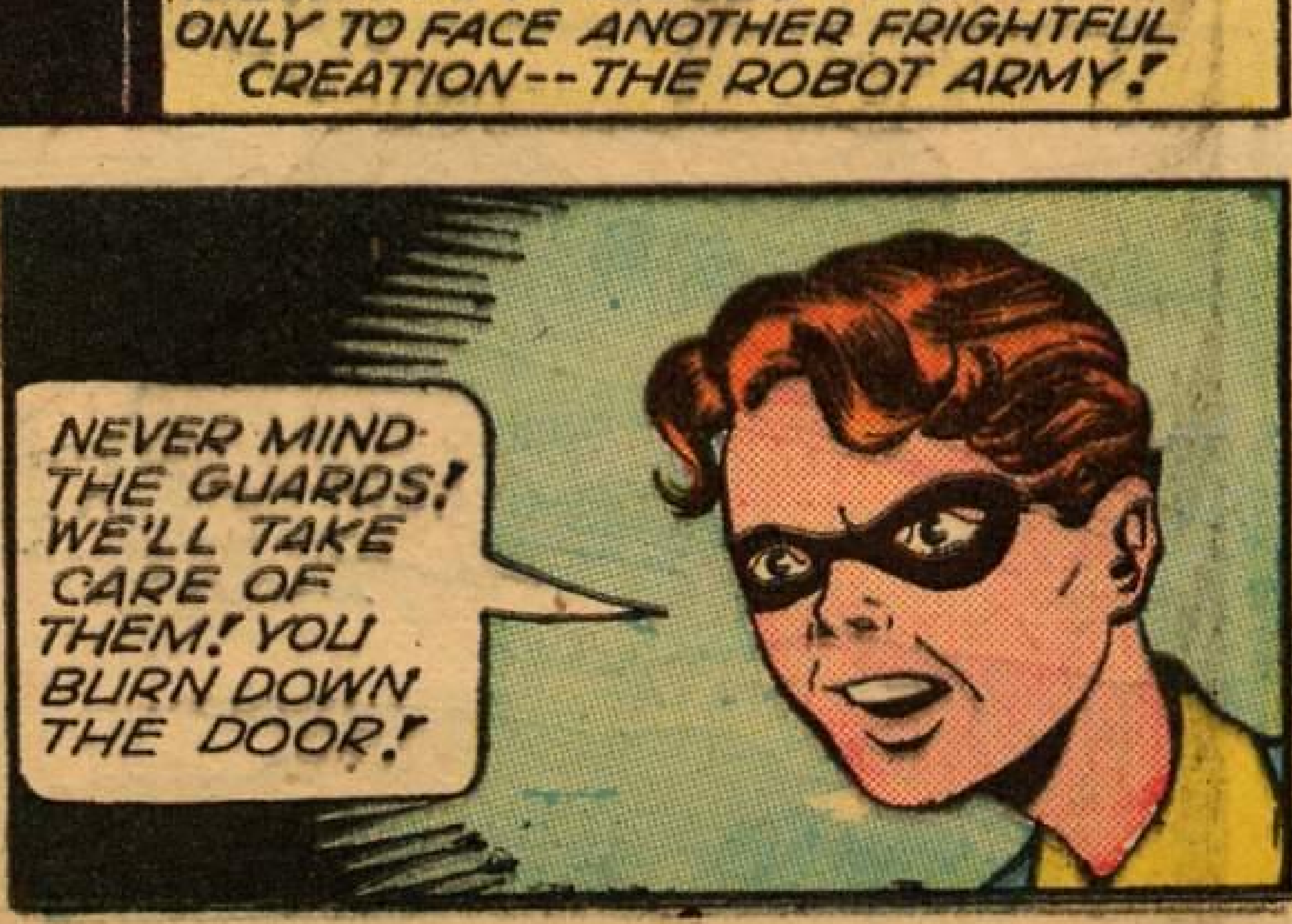
SUDDENLY--THE MAD MECHANIC APPEARS!
DERE'S DE MAD MECHANIC! GET IM!
AH, MY LITTLE FRIENDS-
A THOROUGH JOB! YOUR REPUTATION IS NOT OVEREXAGGERATED, BUT--
--NEITHER IS MINE! THE REICH'S MOST CLEVER INVENTOR! THIS GUN SHOOTS OUT WIRE--THAT MAKES YOU MY PRISONERS--SEE!
WHA--? HEY! DOGGONE!
TWANG!
NOW YOU WILL SEE MY WORK-SHOP! FROM HERE COME MY MIGHTY INVENTIONS THAT WILL CRUSH THE ALLIES!

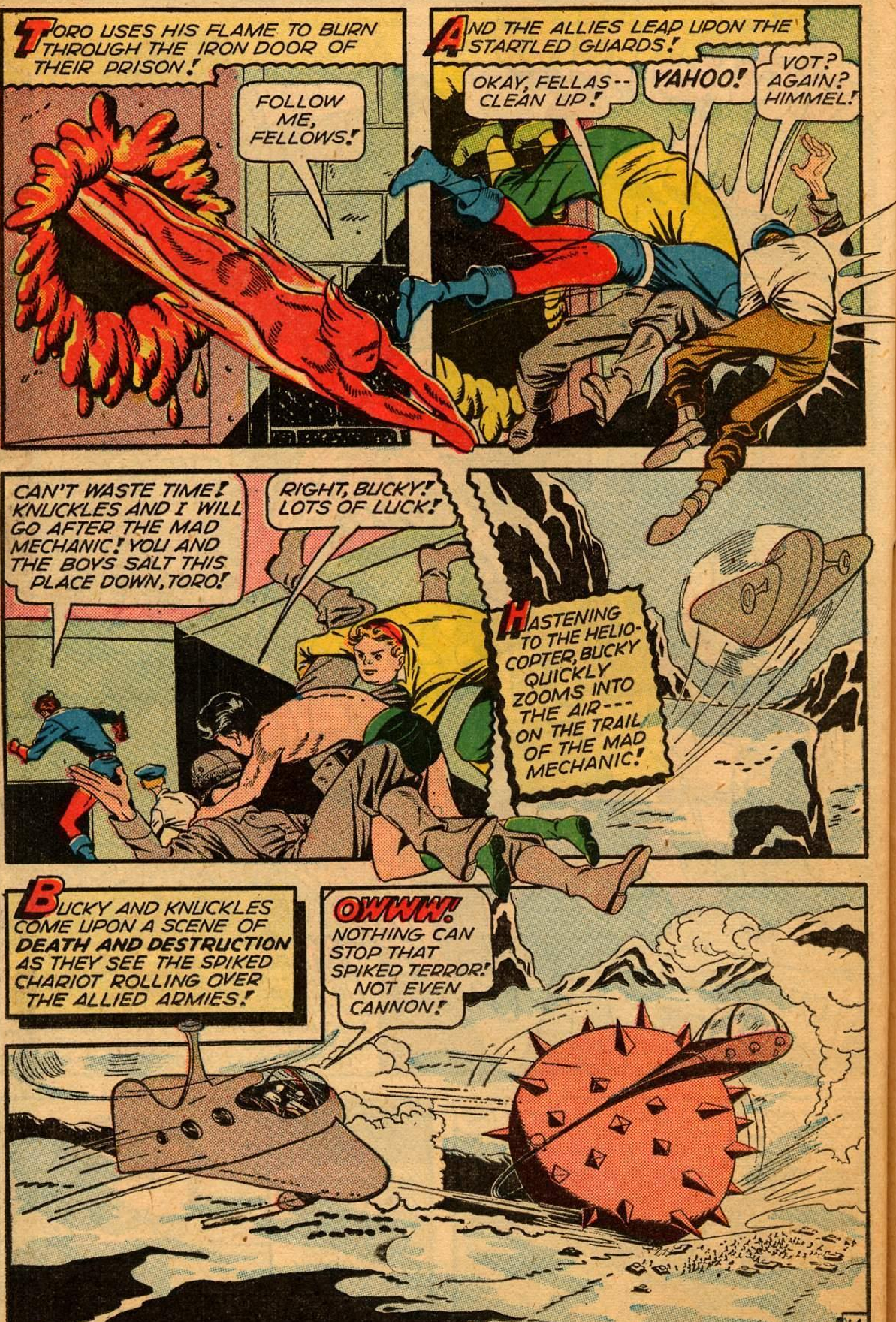
NOTICE! NEUTRAL SWITZERLAND IS THE HUB -- THE PIVOT -- OF THE BATTLEFIELD OF EUROPE! FROM HERE, I WILL STRIKE SOUTH --- AT THE ALLIES! EAST, AT THE SWINE RUSSIANS! AND ANYWHERE ELSE I CHOOSE!
YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO SEND THOSE FAKE TIME BOMB WATCHES ALL AROUND?
WATCHES -- BAH! THAT WAS BUT A LITTLE TRICK OF MY SPARE MOMENTS! NOW I AM READY TO STRIKE WITH BIG TERRIBLE THINGS!
AND THE FIRST IS THE SPIKED CHARIOT! IT IS READY TO GO!
LEAVING THE BOYS IN THEIR CELL, THE MAD MECHANIC RUSHES OUTSIDE AND LEAPS INTO A GIGANTIC METAL BALL!
MY CONTROL SEAT STAYS LEVEL, WHILE THIS HUGE SPIKED CHARIOT ROLLS FORWARD! THE SPIKES WILL CRUSH EVERYTHING IN THEIR PATH!
HUGE DOORS OPEN IN THE MOUNTAINSIDE AND THE GREAT SPIKED BALL ROLLS FORTH!

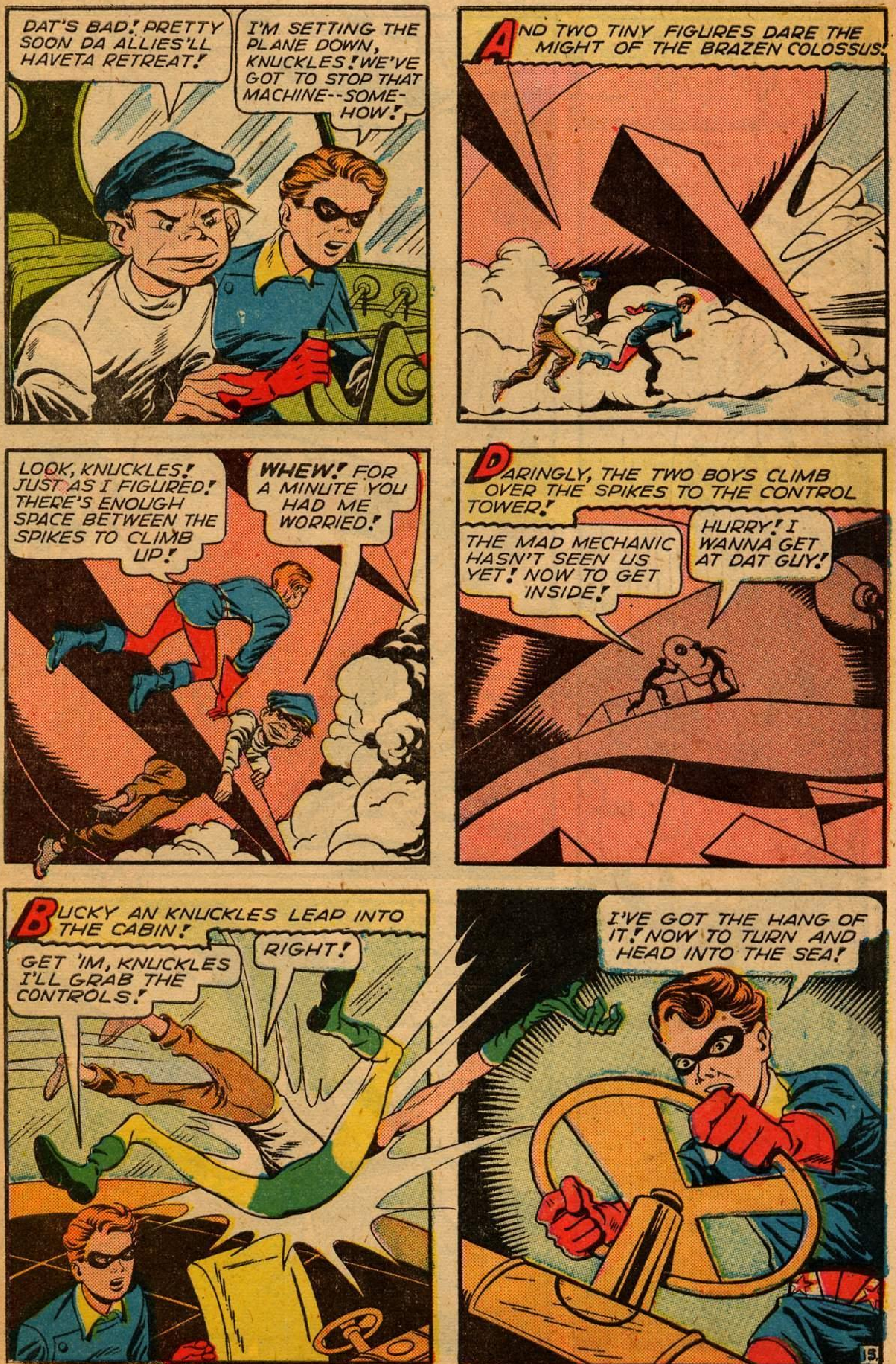
WITH A RUMBLE OF POWERFUL MACHINERY, THE GHASTLY SPIKED CHARIOT ROLLS DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SLOPES, RUTHLESSLY CUTTING THROUGH A PEACEFUL VILLAGE IN ITS PATH!
HAAHAA! DIE, YOU WORMS IN MY PATH! I'M OFF TO THE ITALIAN FRONT, TO CRUSH THE ALLIED ARMY FLAT! HA, HAHAA!
GOOD GRIEF! WITH THAT SPIKED CAR, HE CAN WIPE OUT THE WHOLE ALLIED ARMY!
WE'VE GOT TO ESCAPE-- AND STOP THIS SOMEHOW!

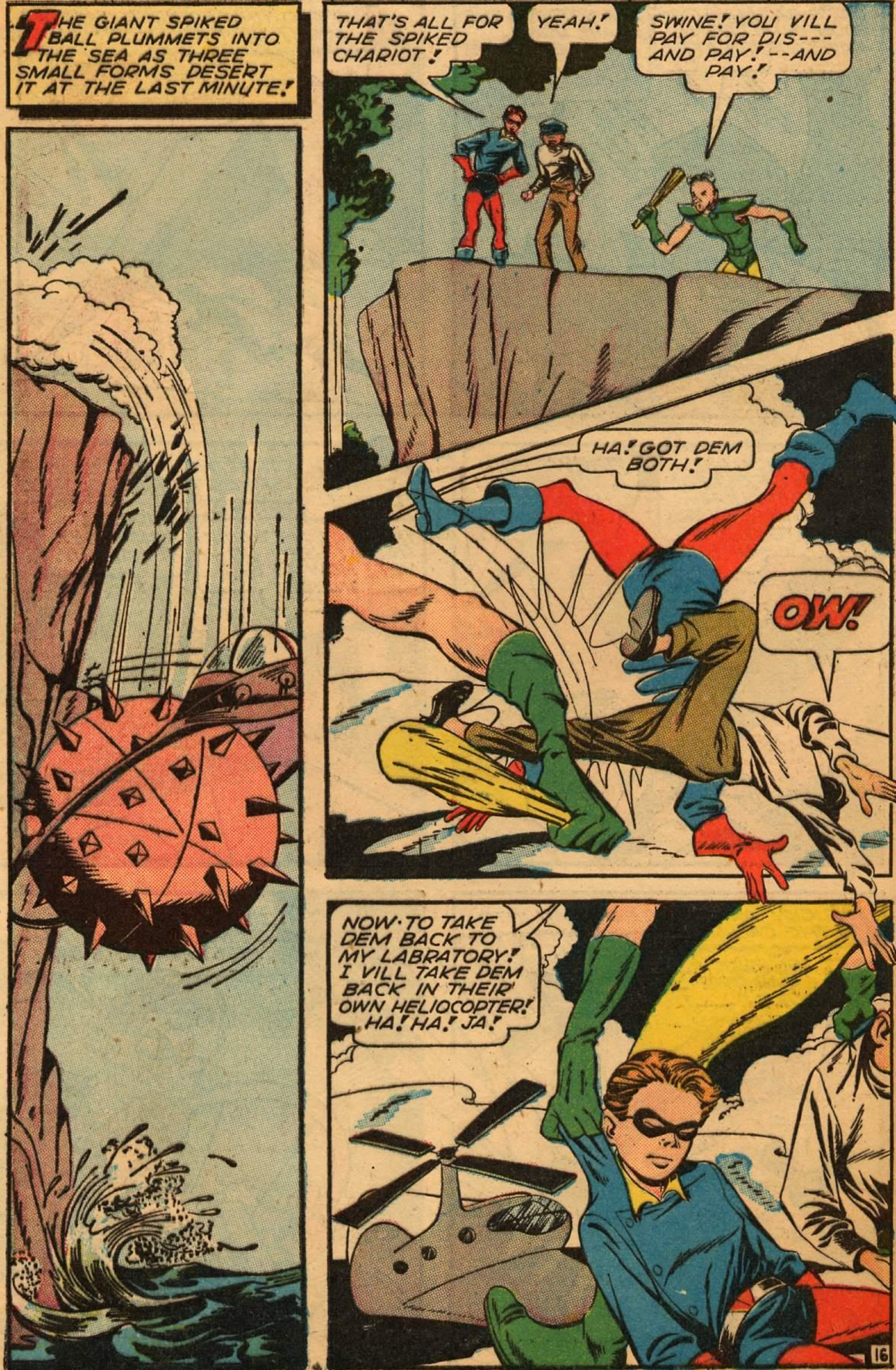

The
YOUNG ALLIES
THE MARCH OF MURDER
MORE DANGER---GREATER PERIL---MORE DARING DEEDS LIE AHEAD OF THE YOUNG ALLIES AS THEY SMASH ONE OF THE MAD MECHANIC'S HIDEOUS INVENTIONS--ONLY TO FACE ANOTHER FRIGHTFUL CREATION--THE ROBOT ARMY!
CHAPTER
III

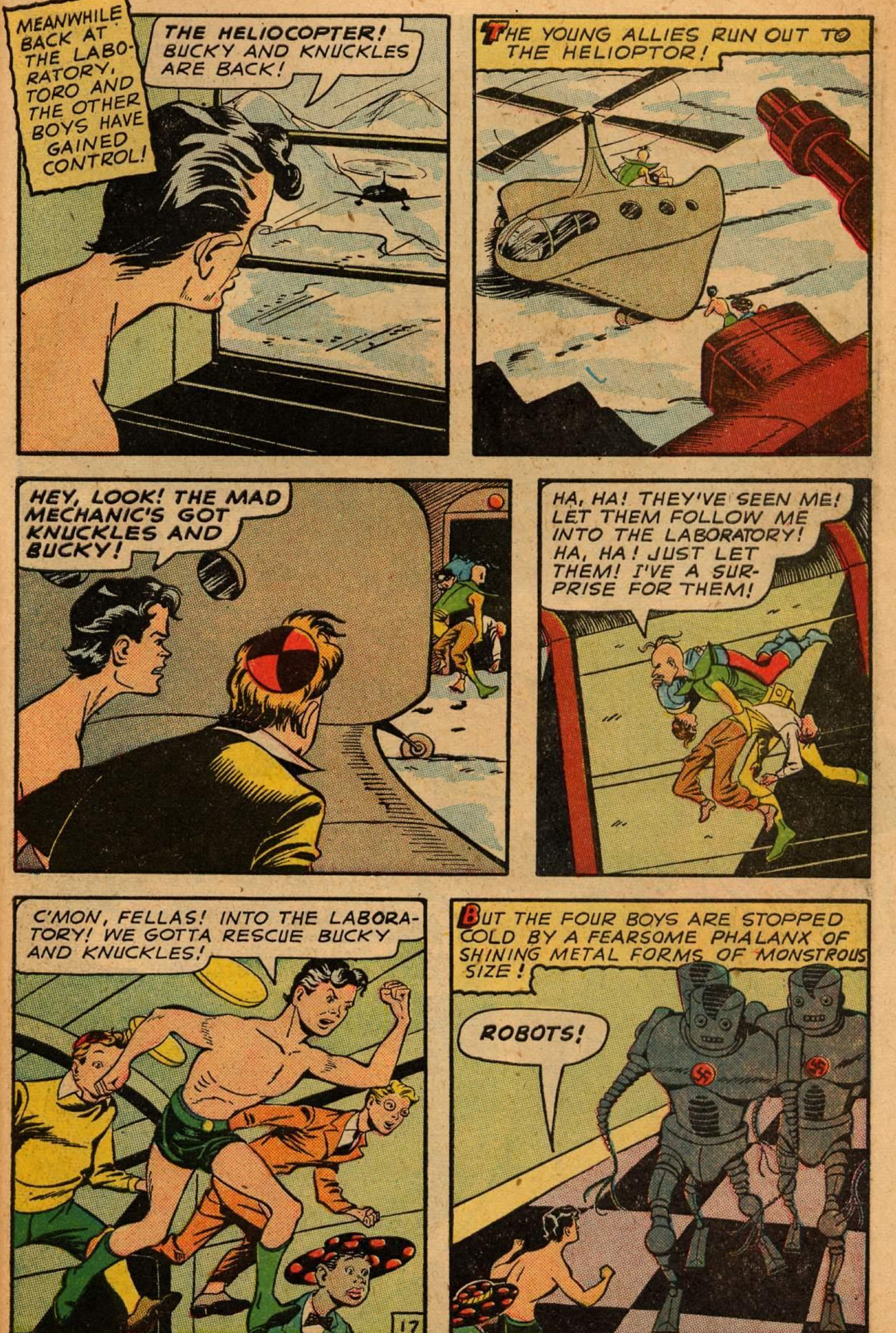

WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!
I'LL BURN THROUGH THE DOOR---BUT WHAT ABOUT THE GUARDS?

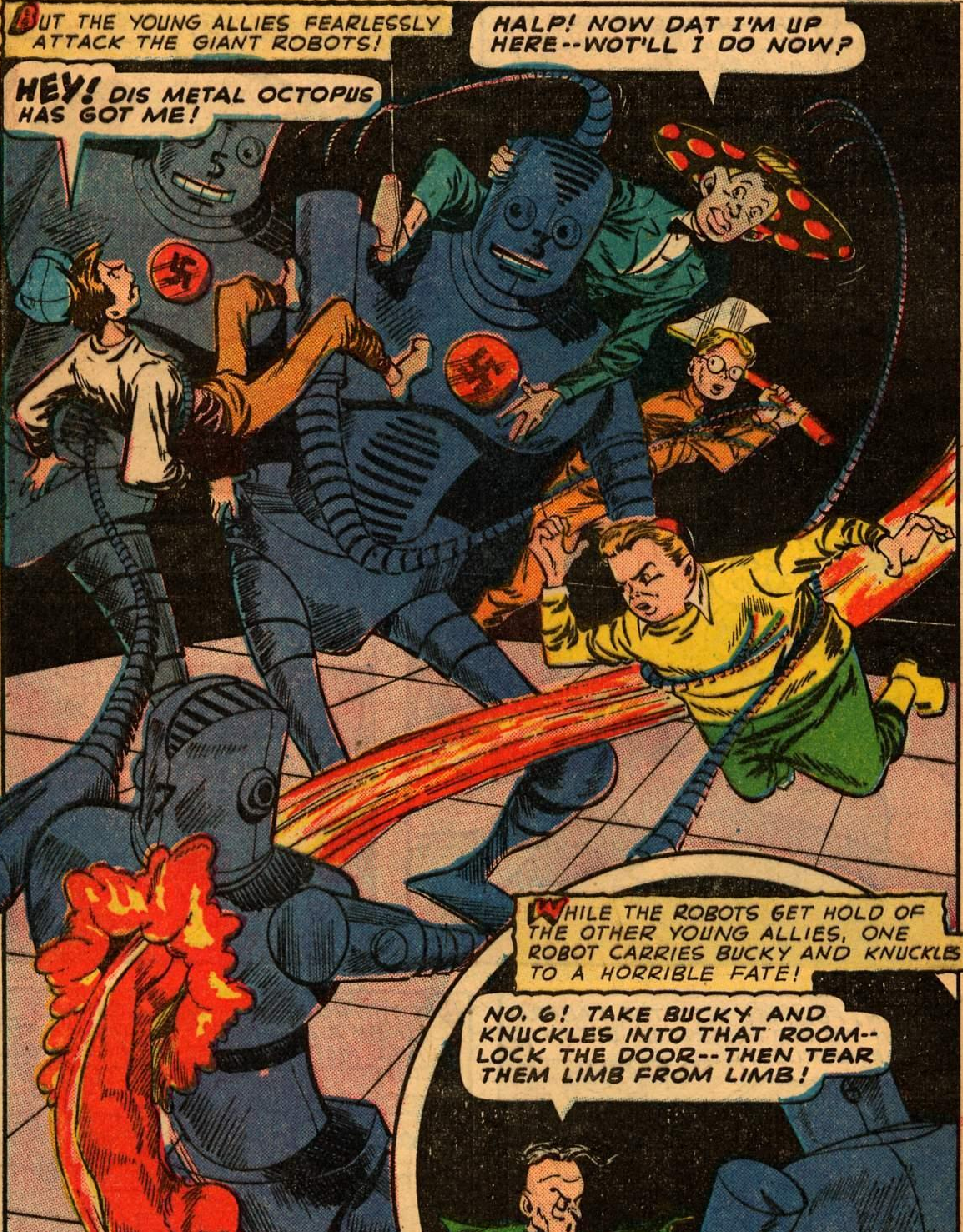

NEVER MIND THE GUARDS! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM! YOU BURN DOWN THE DOOR!


TORO USES HIS FLAME TO BURN THROUGH THE IRON DOOR OF THEIR PRISON!
FOLLOW ME, FELLOWS!
AND THE ALLIES LEAP UPON THE STARTLED GUARDS!
OKAY, FELLAS-- CLEAN UP!
YAHOO!
VOT? AGAIN? HIMMEL!
CAN'T WASTE TIME! KNUCKLES AND I WILL GO AFTER THE MAD MECHANIC! YOU AND THE BOYS SALT THIS PLACE DOWN, TORO!
RIGHT, BUCKY! LOTS OF LUCK!
HASTENING TO THE HELIOCOPTER, BUCKY QUICKLY ZOOMS INTO THE AIR--- ON THE TRAIL OF THE MAD MECHANIC!
BUCKY AND KNUCKLES COME UPON A SCENE OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION AS THEY SEE THE SPIKED CHARIOT ROLLING OVER THE ALLIED ARMIES!
OWWW! NOTHING CAN STOP THAT SPIKED TERROR! NOT EVEN CANNON!


DAT'S BAD! PRETTY SOON DA ALLIES'LL HAVETA RETREAT!
I'M SETTING THE PLANE DOWN, KNUCKLES! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT MACHINE--SOMEHOW!
AND TWO TINY FIGURES DARE THE MIGHT OF THE BRAZEN COLOSSUS!
LOOK, KNUCKLES! JUST AS I FIGURED! THERE'S ENOUGH SPACE BETWEEN THE SPIKES TO CLIMB UP!
WHEW! FOR A MINUTE YOU HAD ME WORRIED!
DARINGLY, THE TWO BOYS CLIMB OVER THE SPIKES TO THE CONTROL TOWER!
THE MAD MECHANIC HASN'T SEEN US YET! NOW TO GET INSIDE!
HURRY! I WANNA GET AT DAT GUY!
BUCKY AN KNUCKLES LEAP INTO THE CABIN!
GET 'IM, KNUCKLES I'LL GRAB THE CONTROLS!
RIGHT!
I'VE GOT THE HANG OF IT! NOW TO TURN AND HEAD INTO THE SEA!


THE GIANT SPIKED BALL PLUMMETS INTO THE SEA AS THREE SMALL FORMS DESERT IT AT THE LAST MINUTE!
THAT'S ALL FOR THE SPIKED CHARIOT!
YEAH!
SWINE! YOU VILL PAY FOR DIS--- AND PAY! --AND PAY!
HA! GOT DEM BOTH!
OW!
NOW·TO TAKE DEM BACK TO MY LABRATORY! I VILL TAKE DEM BACK IN THEIR OWN HELIOCOPTER! HA! HA! JA!

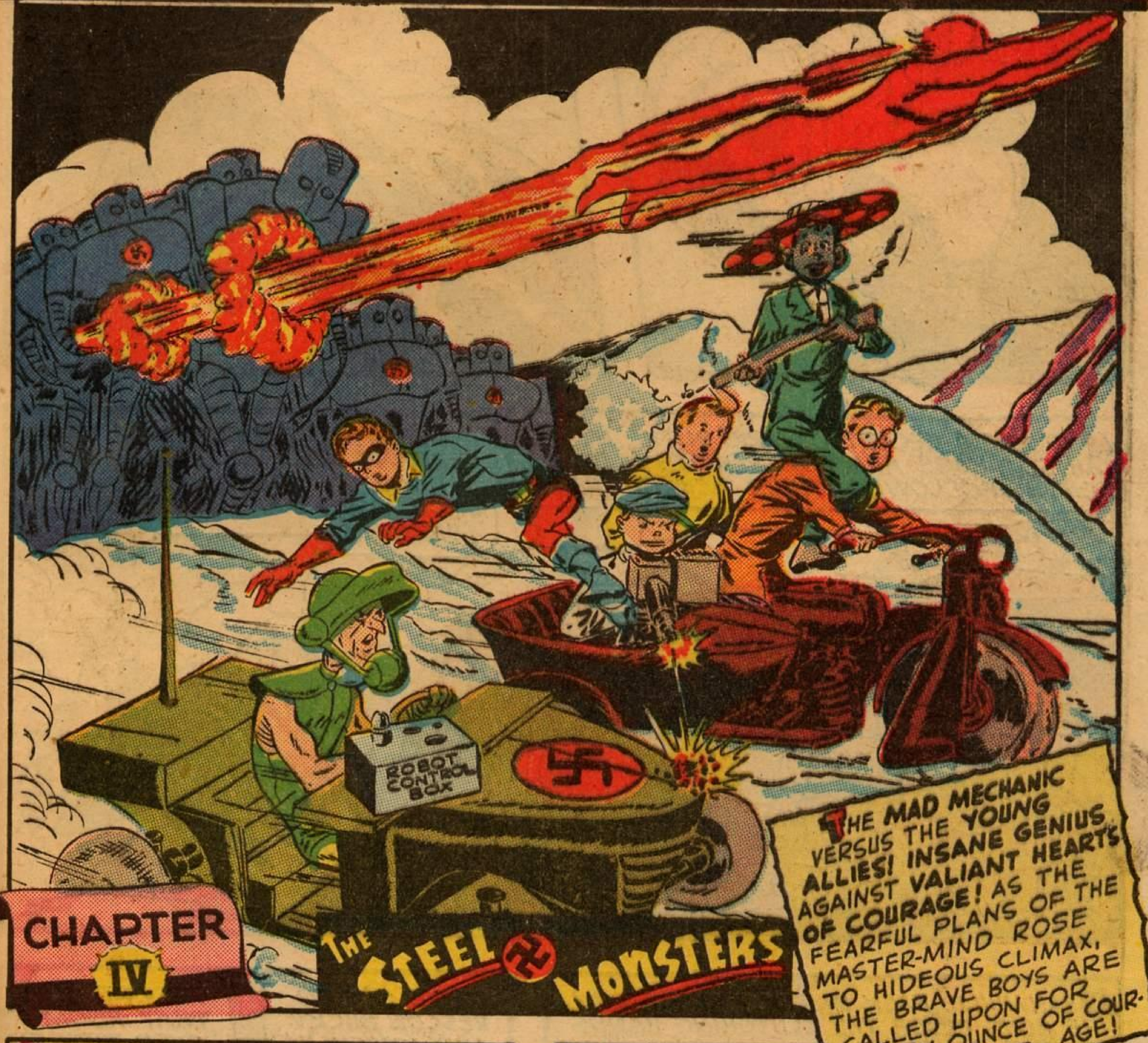

MEANWHILE BACK AT THE LABORATORY, TORO AND THE OTHER BOYS HAVE GAINED CONTROL!
THE HELIOCOPTER! BUCKY AND KNUCKLES ARE BACK!
THE YOUNG ALLIES RUN OUT TO THE HELIOPTOR!
HEY, LOOK! THE MAD MECHANIC'S GOT KNUCKLES AND BUCKY!
HA, HA! THEY'VE SEEN ME! LET THEM FOLLOW ME INTO THE LABORATORY! HA, HA! JUST LET THEM! I'VE A SURPRISE FOR THEM!
C'MON, FELLAS! INTO THE LABORATORY! WE GOTTA RESCUE BUCKY AND KNUCKLES!
BUT THE FOUR BOYS ARE STOPPED COLD BY A FEARSOME PHALANX OF SHINING METAL FORMS OF MONSTROUS SIZE!
ROBOTS!

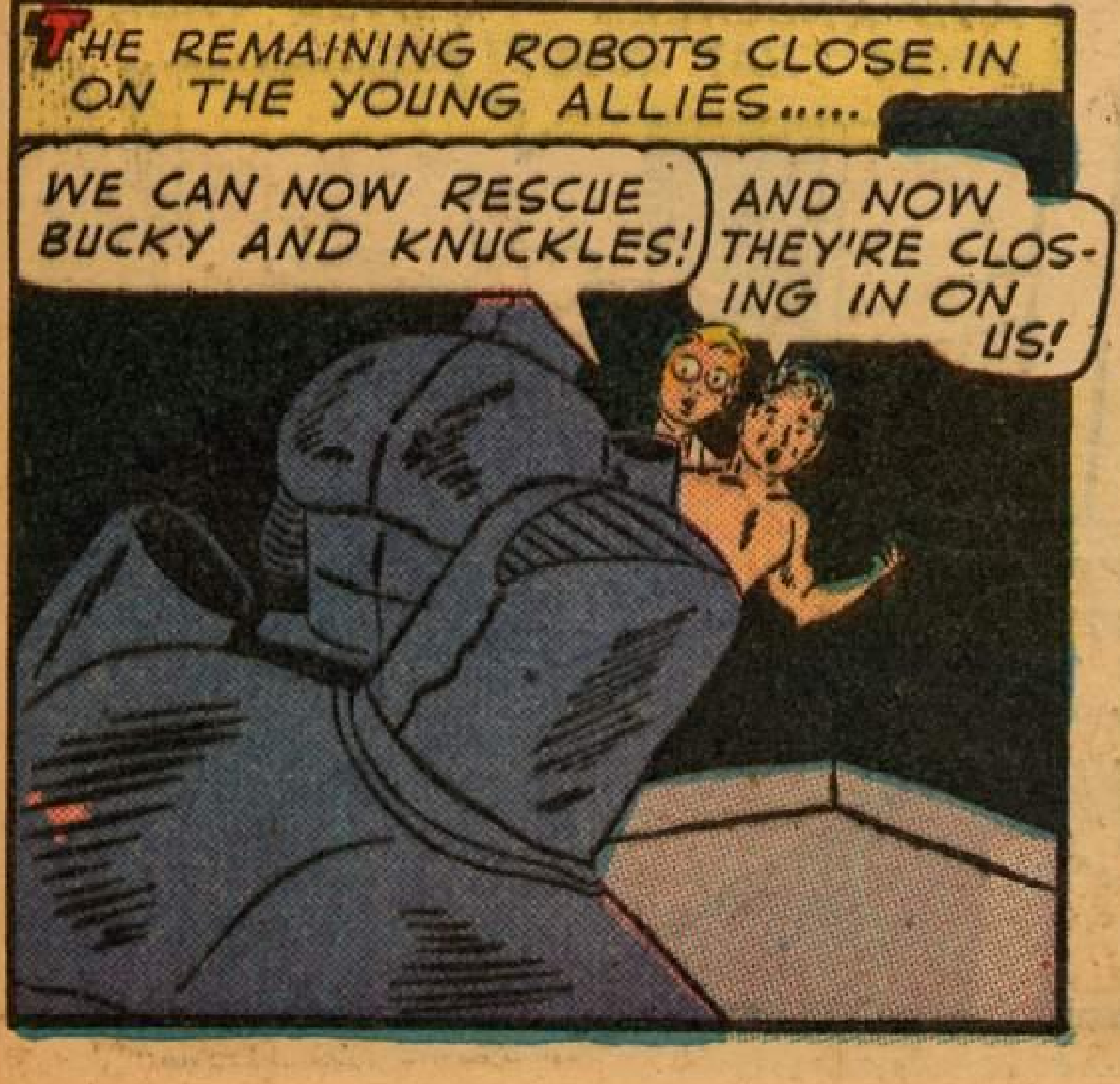

BUT THE YOUNG ALLIES FEARLESSLY ATTACK THE GIANT ROBOTS!
HALP! NOW DAT I'M UP HERE--WOT'LL I DO NOW?
HEY! DIS METAL OCTOPUS HAS GOT ME!
5
3
LET SEE METAL STOP FLAME!
WHILE THE ROBOTS GET HOLD OF THE OTHER YOUNG ALLIES, ONE ROBOT CARRIES BUCKY AND KNUCKLES TO A HORRIBLE FATE!
NO. 6! TAKE BUCKY AND KNUCKLES INTO THAT ROOM--LOCK THE DOOR--THEN TEAR THEM LIMB FROM LIMB!

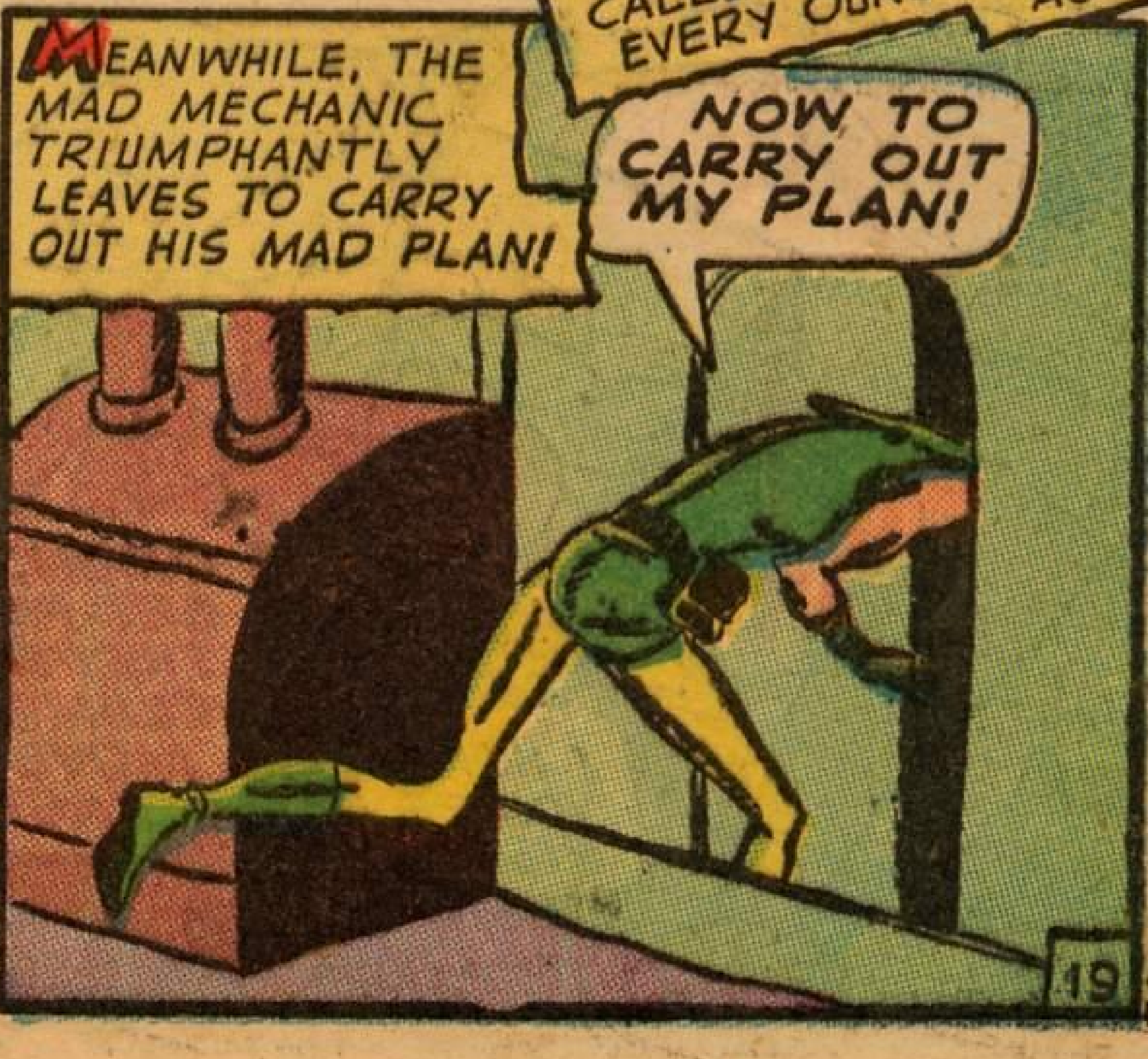
YOUNG ALLIES

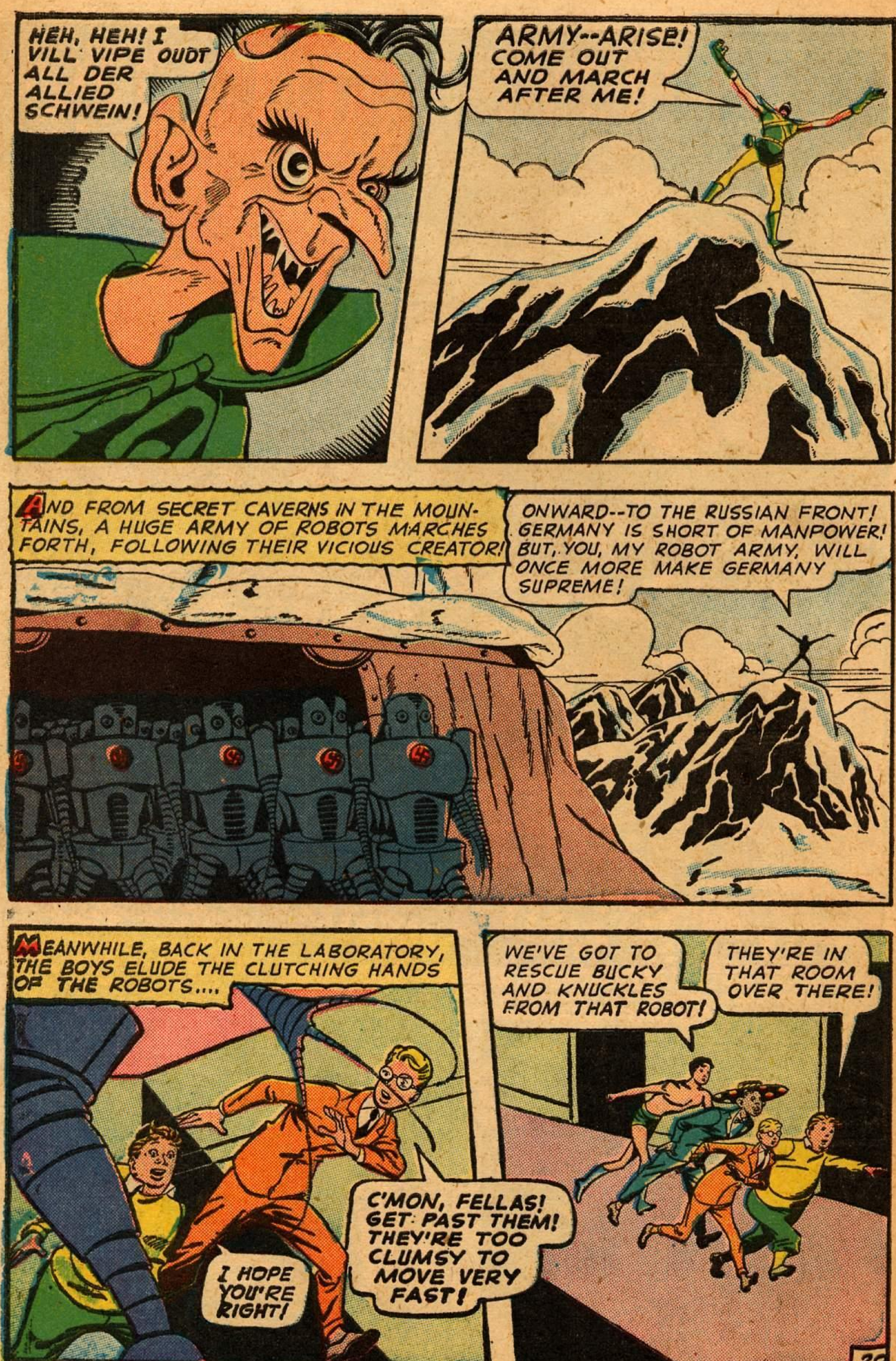
CHAPTER IV

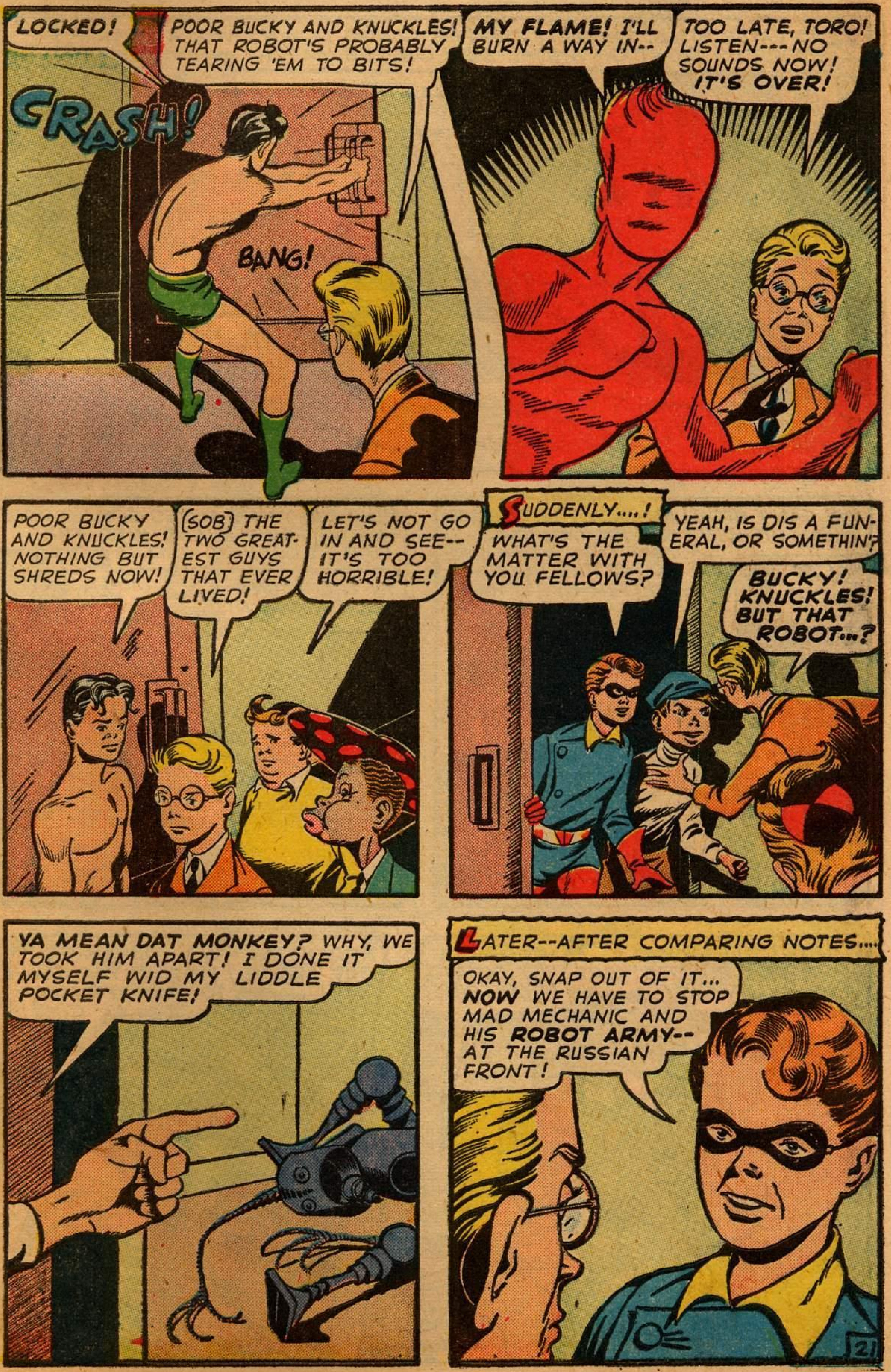
THE STEEL MONSTERS

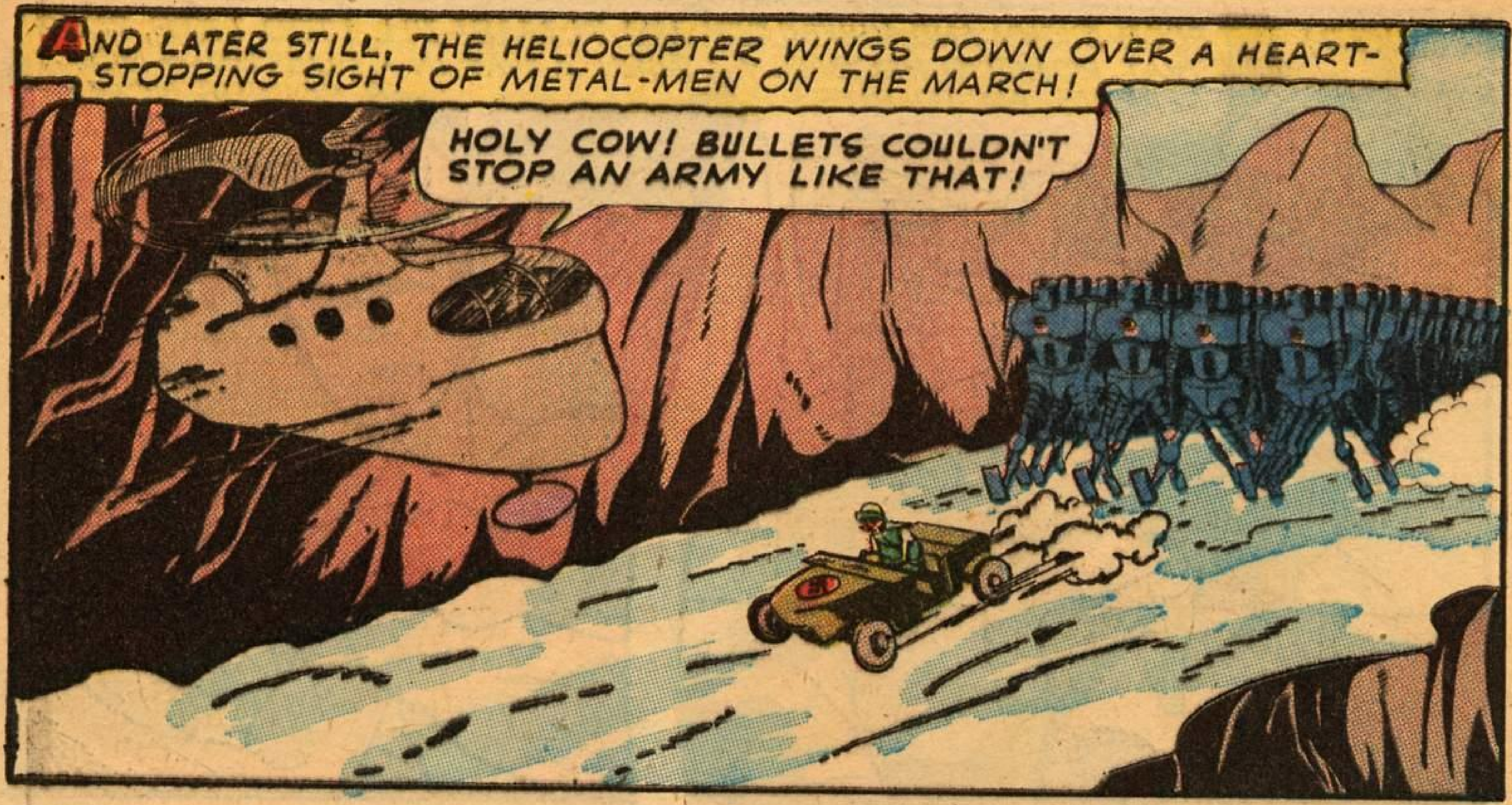

ROBOT CONTROL BOX
THE MAD MECHANIC VERSUS THE YOUNG ALLIES! INSANE GENIUS AGAINST VALIANT HEARTS OF COURAGE! AS THE FEARFUL PLANS OF THE MASTER-MIND ROSE TO HIDEOUS CLIMAX, THE BRAVE BOYS ARE CALLED UPON FOR EVERY OUNCE OF COURAGE!

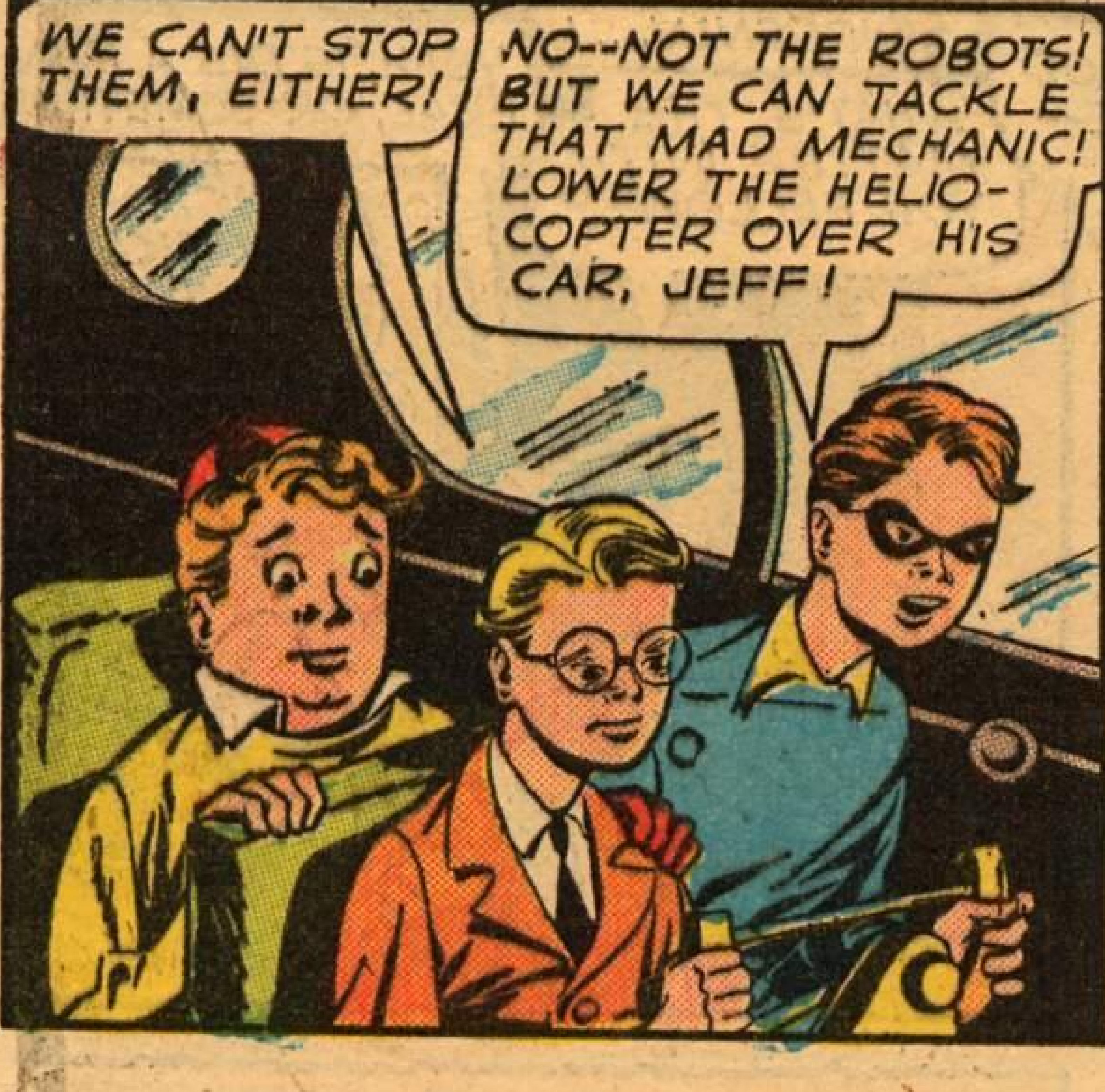

THE REMAINING ROBOTS CLOSE IN ON THE YOUNG ALLIES.....
WE CAN NOW RESCUE BUCKY AND KNUCKLES!
AND NOW THEY'RE CLOSING IN ON US!

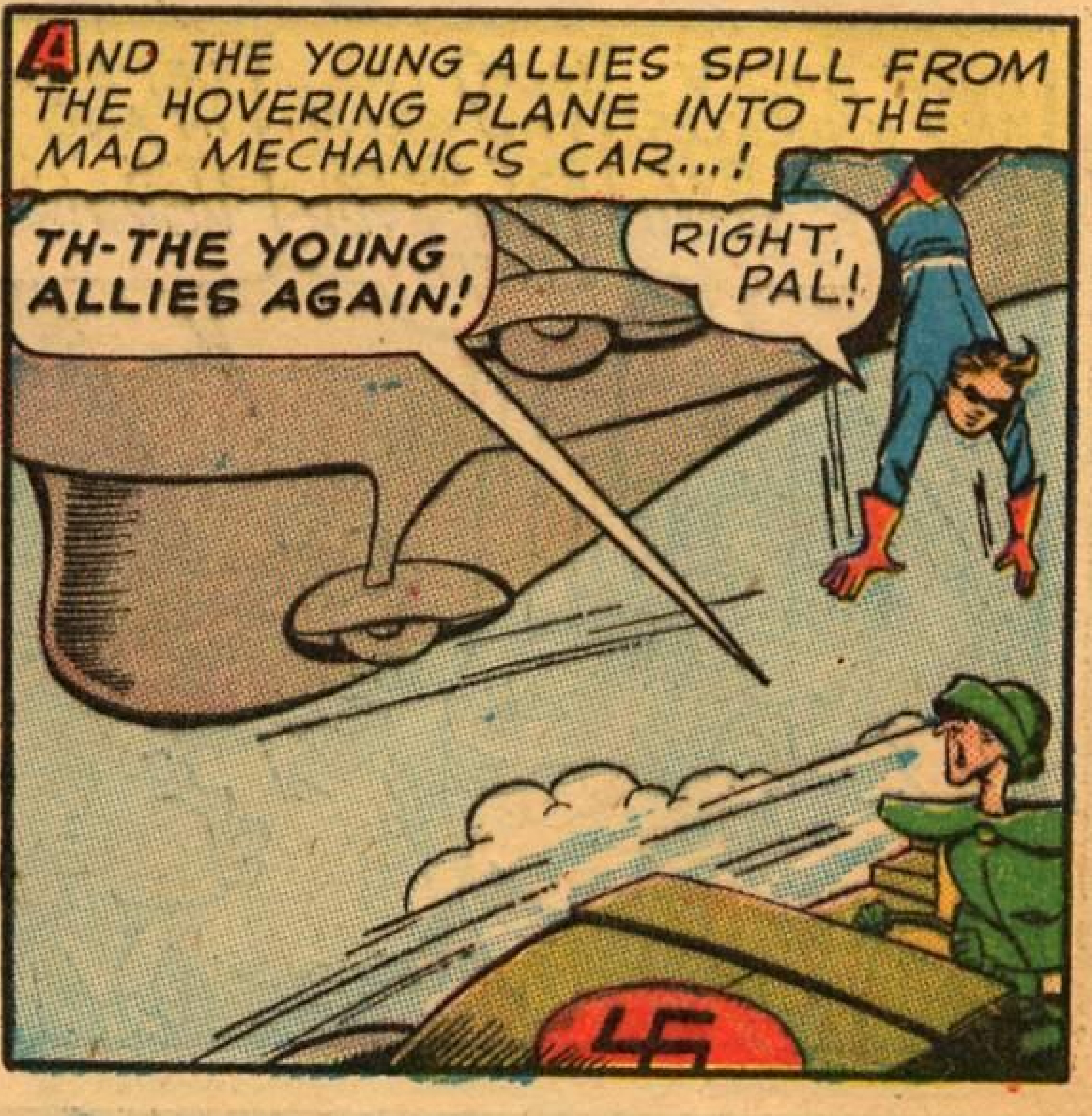

MEANWHILE, THE MAD MECHANIC TRIUMPHANTLY LEAVES TO CARRY OUT HIS MAD PLAN!
NOW TO CARRY OUT MY PLAN!

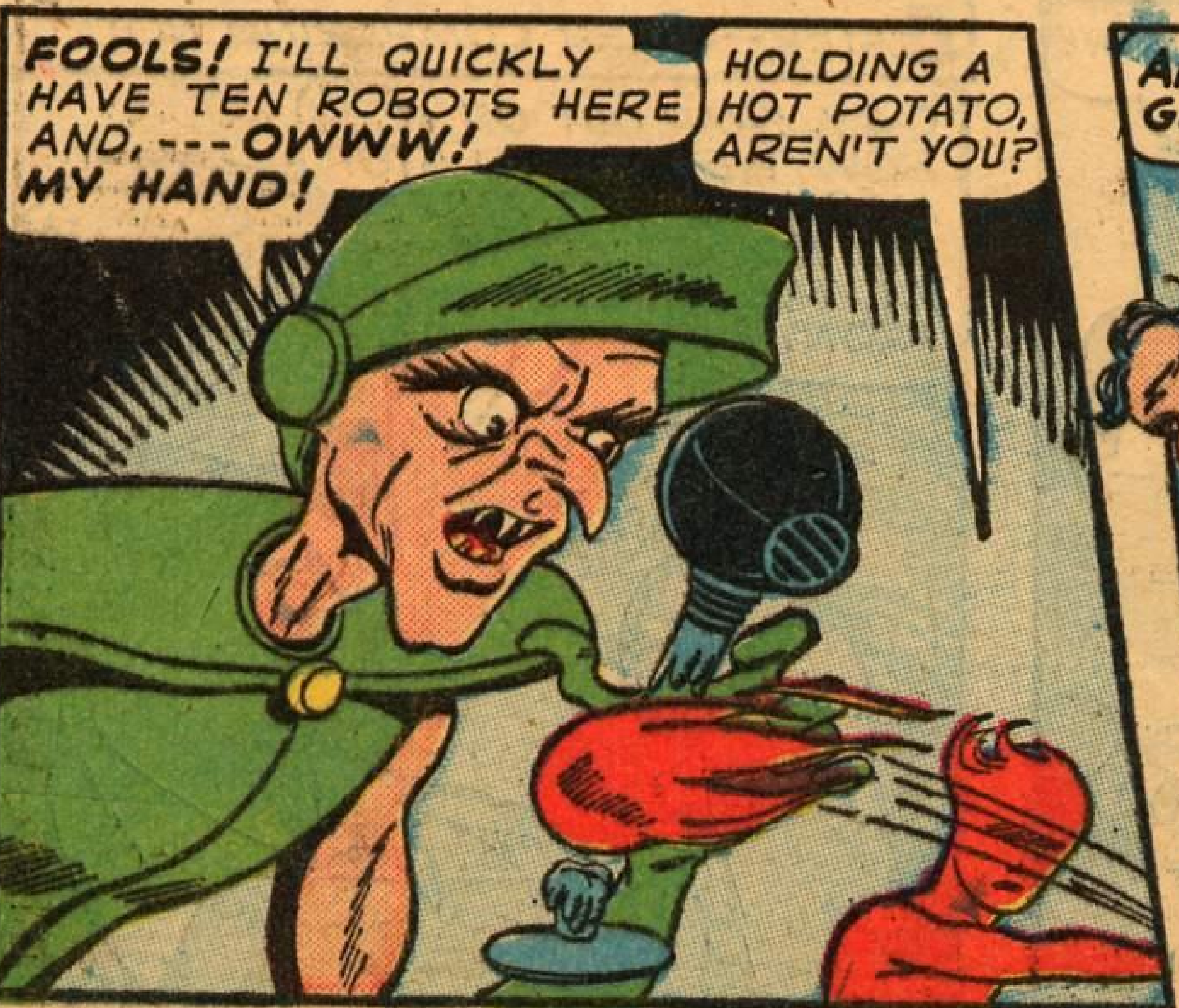

HEH, HEH! I VILL VIPE OUDT ALL DER ALLIED SCHWEIN!
ARMY--ARISE! COME OUT AND MARCH AFTER ME!
AND FROM SECRET CAVERNS IN THE MOUNTAINS, A HUGE ARMY OF ROBOTS MARCHES FORTH, FOLLOWING THEIR VICIOUS CREATOR!
ONWARD--TO THE RUSSIAN FRONT! GERMANY IS SHORT OF MANPOWER! BUT, YOU, MY ROBOT ARMY, WILL ONCE MORE MAKE GERMANY SUPREME!
MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE LABORATORY, THE BOYS ELUDE THE CLUTCHING HANDS OF THE ROBOTS....
C'MON, FELLAS! GET PAST THEM! THEY'RE TOO CLUMSY TO MOVE VERY FAST!
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT!
WE'VE GOT TO RESCUE BUCKY AND KNUCKLES FROM THAT ROBOT!
THEY'RE IN THAT ROOM OVER THERE!

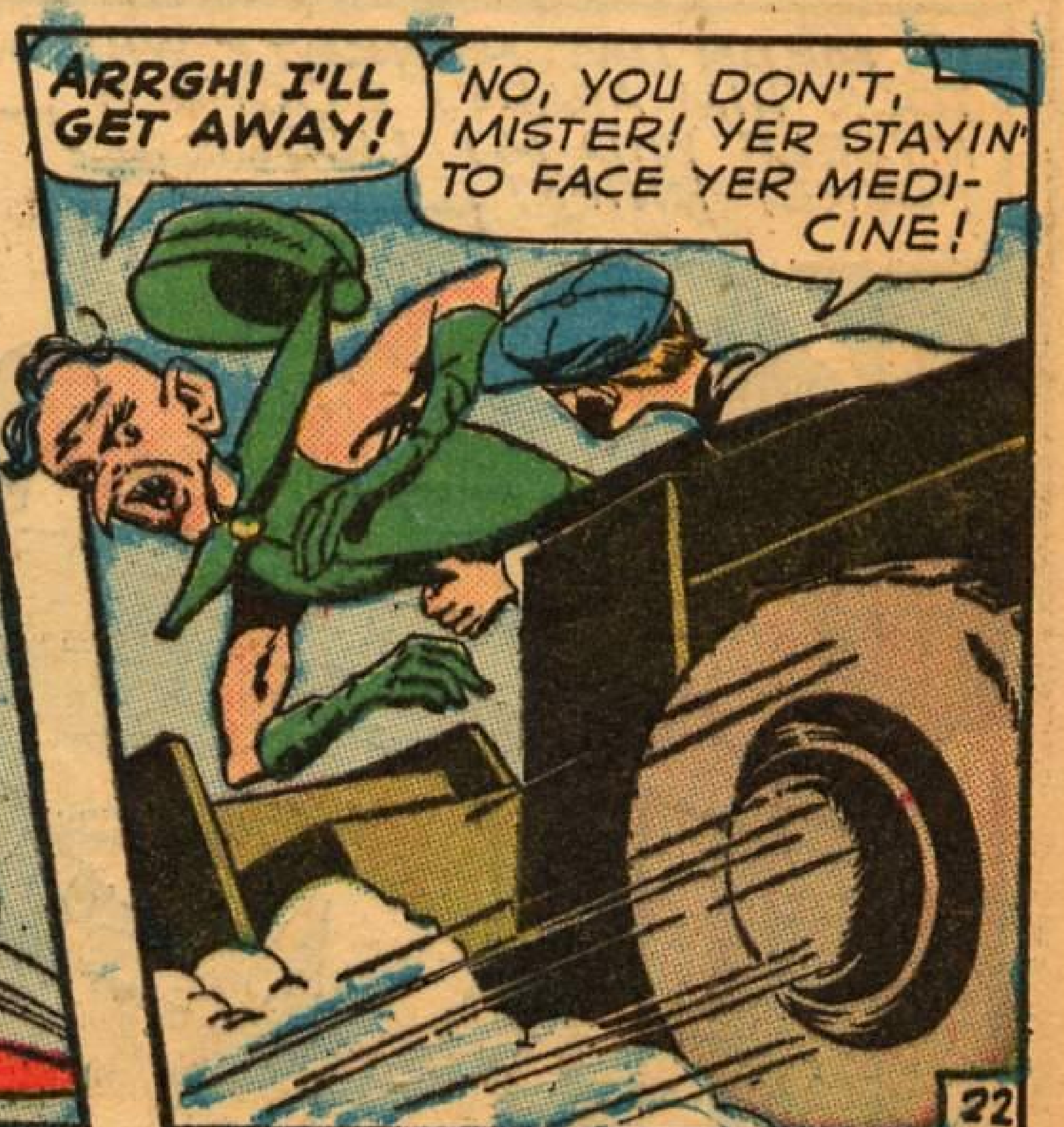

LOCKED!
POOR BUCKY AND KNUCKLES! THAT ROBOT'S PROBABLY TEARING 'EM TO BITS!
CRASH!
BANG!
MY FLAME! I'LL BURN A WAY IN--
TOO LATE, TORO! LISTEN---NO SOUNDS NOW! IT'S OVER!
POOR BUCKY AND KNUCKLES! NOTHING BUT SHREDS NOW!
(SOB) THE TWO GREATEST GUYS THAT EVER LIVED!
LET'S NOT GO IN AND SEE-- IT'S TOO HORRIBLE!
SUDDENLY....!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU FELLOWS?
YEAH, IS DIS A FUNERAL, OR SOMETHIN'?
BUCKY! KNUCKLES! BUT THAT ROBOT...?
YA MEAN DAT MONKEY? WHY, WE TOOK HIM APART! I DONE IT MYSELF WID MY LIDDLE POCKET KNIFE!
LATER--AFTER COMPARING NOTES....
OKAY, SNAP OUT OF IT... NOW WE HAVE TO STOP MAD MECHANIC AND HIS ROBOT ARMY-- AT THE RUSSIAN FRONT!

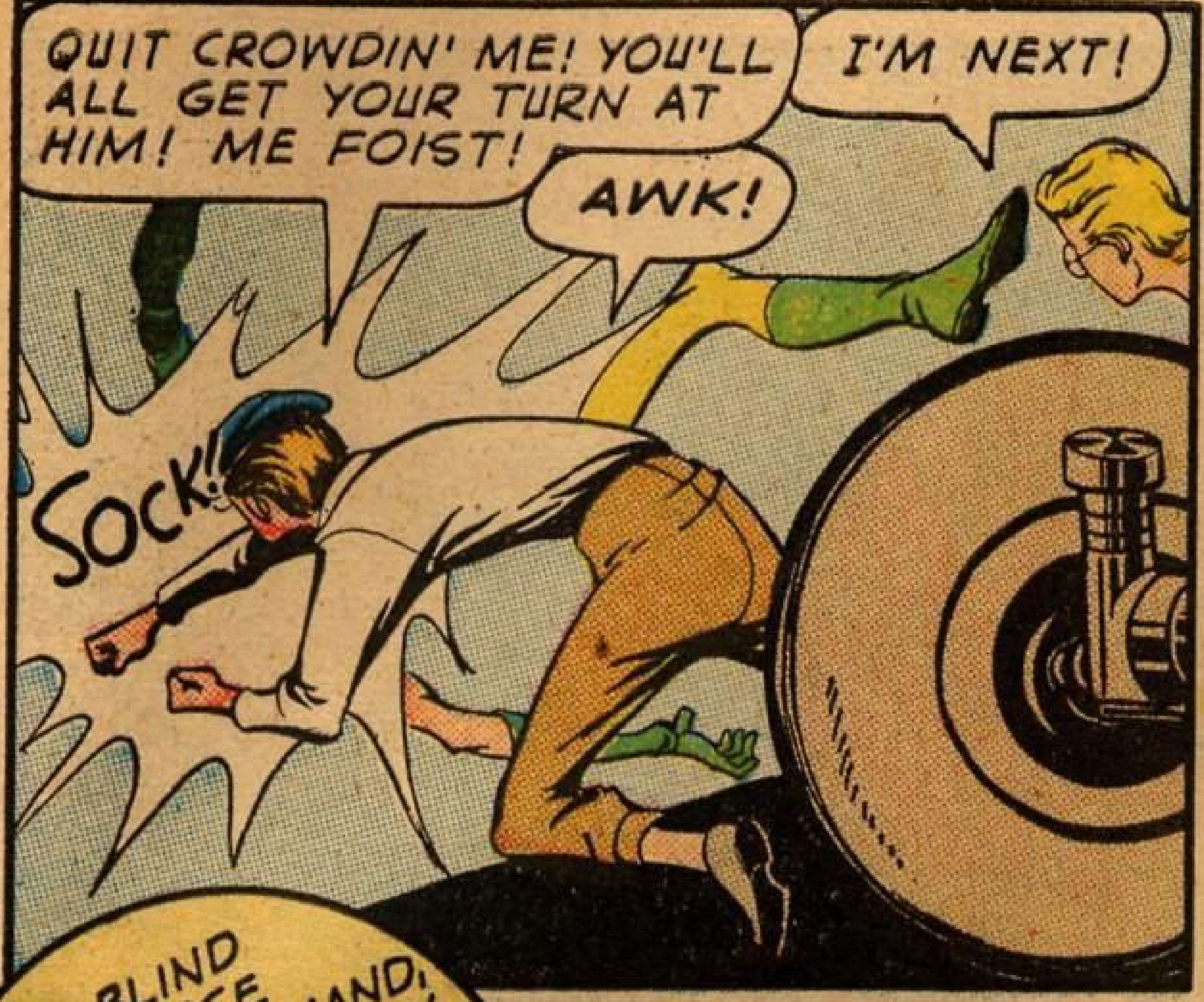

AND LATER STILL, THE HELIOCOPTER WINGS DOWN OVER A HEART-STOPPING SIGHT OF METAL-MEN ON THE MARCH!
HOLY COW! BULLETS COULDN'T STOP AN ARMY LIKE THAT!

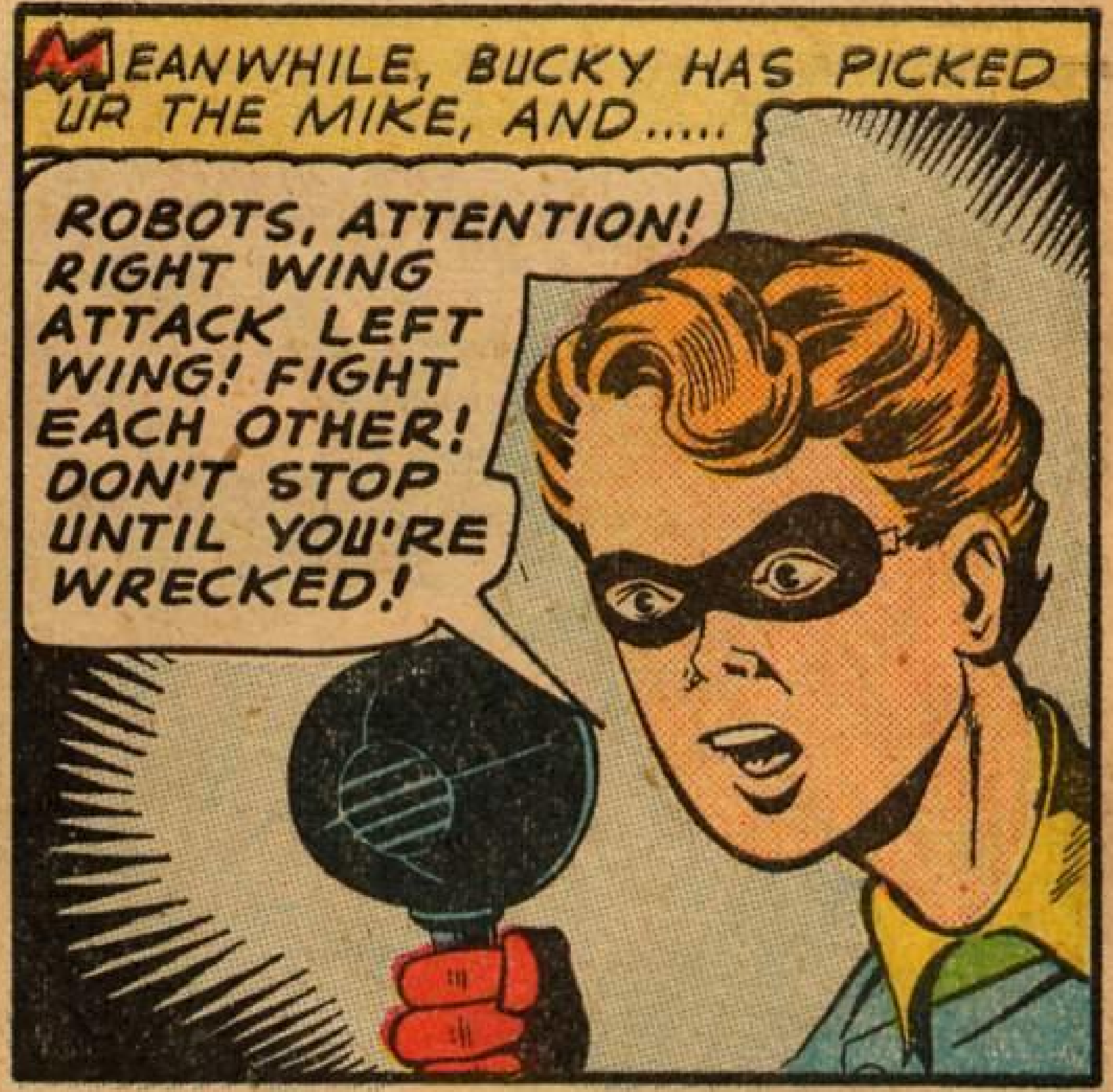

WE CAN'T STOP THEM, EITHER!
NO--NOT THE ROBOTS! BUT WE CAN TACKLE THAT MAD MECHANIC! LOWER THE HELIOCOPTER OVER HIS CAR, JEFF!

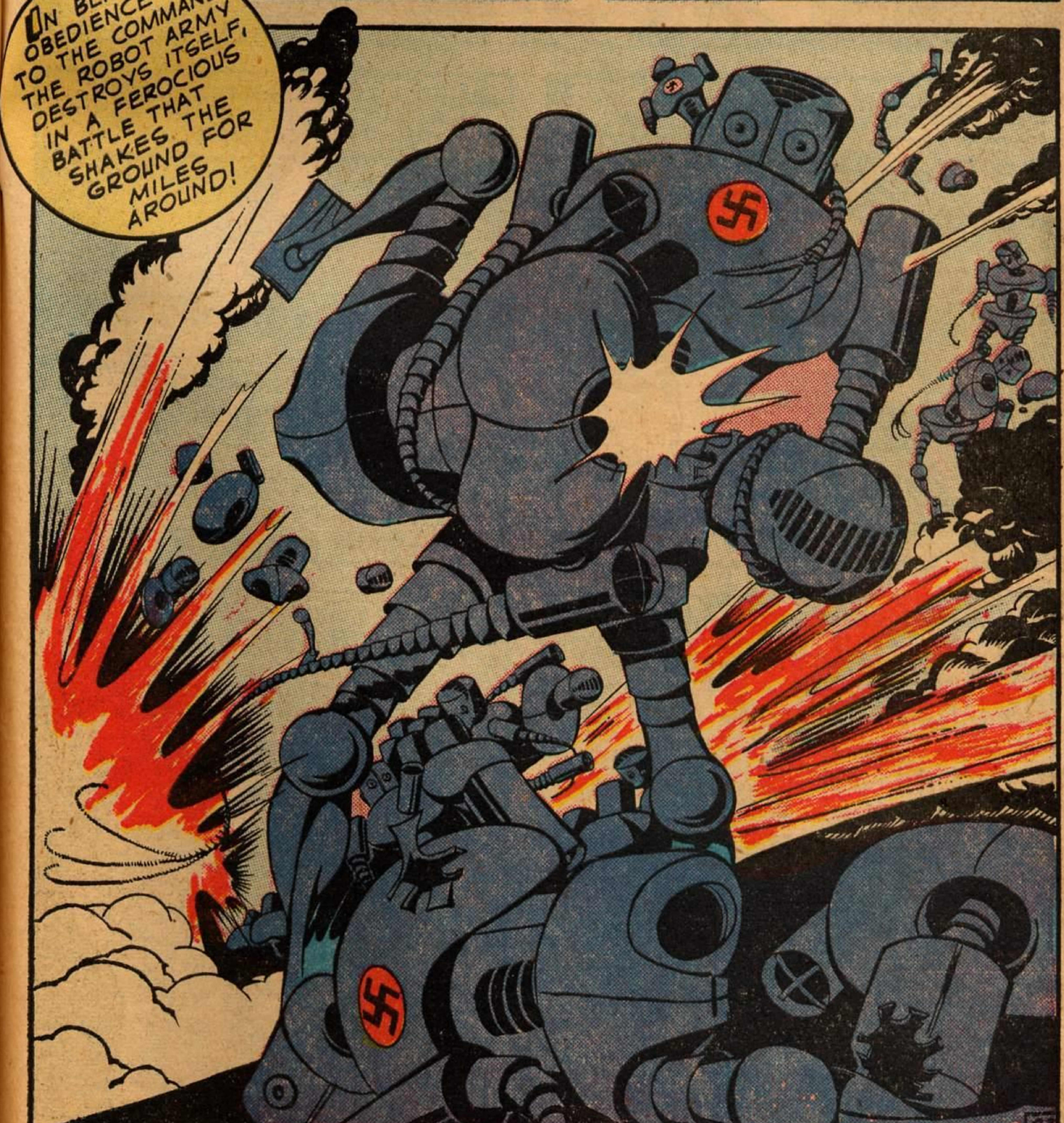

AND THE YOUNG ALLIES SPILL FROM THE HOVERING PLANE INTO THE MAD MECHANIC'S CAR...!
TH-THE YOUNG ALLIES AGAIN!
RIGHT, PAL!

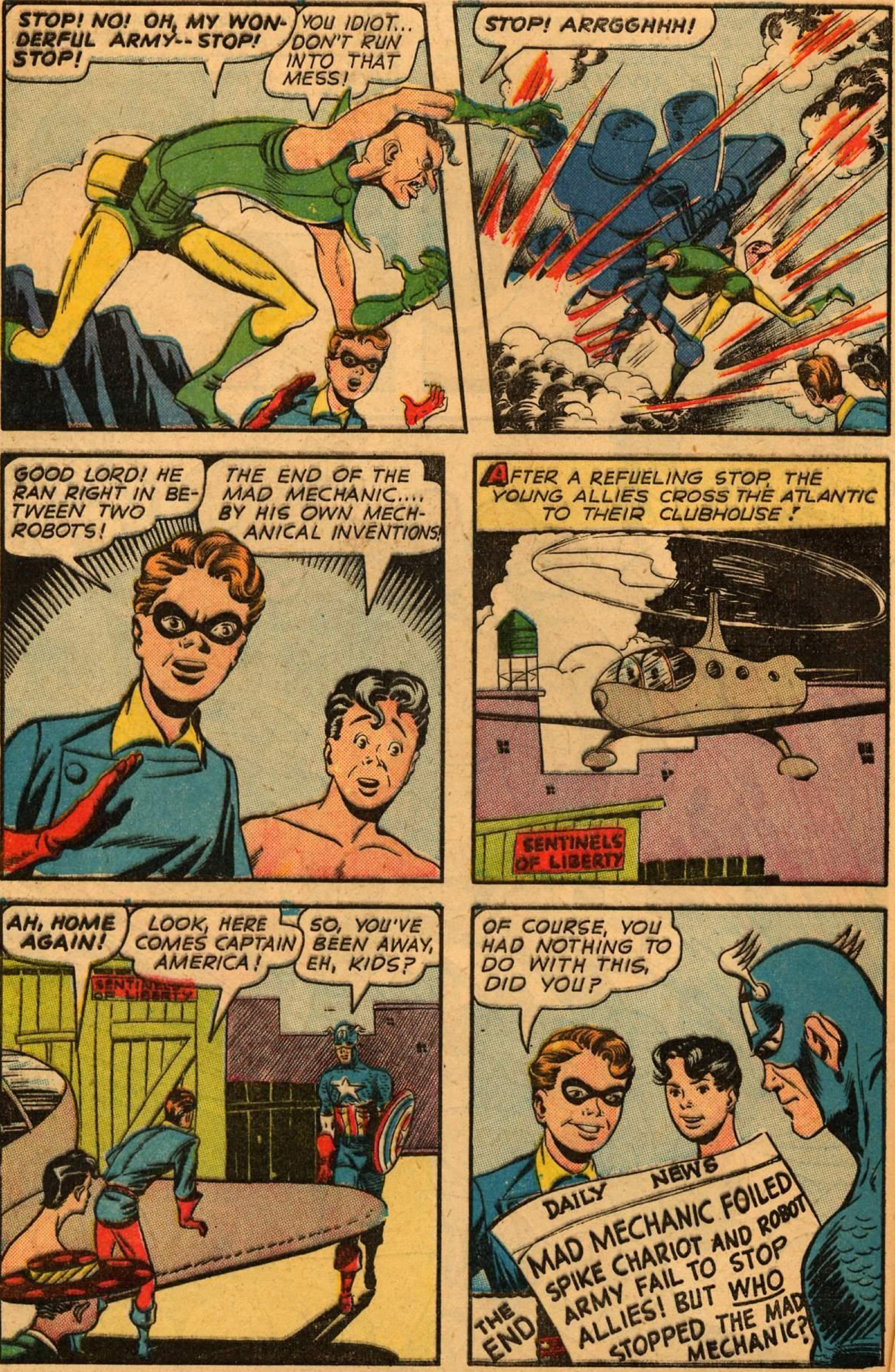

FOOLS! I'LL QUICKLY HAVE TEN ROBOTS HERE AND,---OWWW! MY HAND!
HOLDING A HOT POTATO, AREN'T YOU?


ARRGH! I'LL GET AWAY!
NO, YOU DON'T, MISTER! YER STAYIN' TO FACE YER MEDICINE!


QUIT CROWDIN' ME! YOU'LL ALL GET YOUR TURN AT HIM! ME FOIST!
I'M NEXT!
AWK!
SOCK!


MEANWHILE, BUCKY HAS PICKED UP THE MIKE, AND.....
ROBOTS, ATTENTION! RIGHT WING ATTACK LEFT WING! FIGHT EACH OTHER! DON'T STOP UNTIL YOU'RE WRECKED!

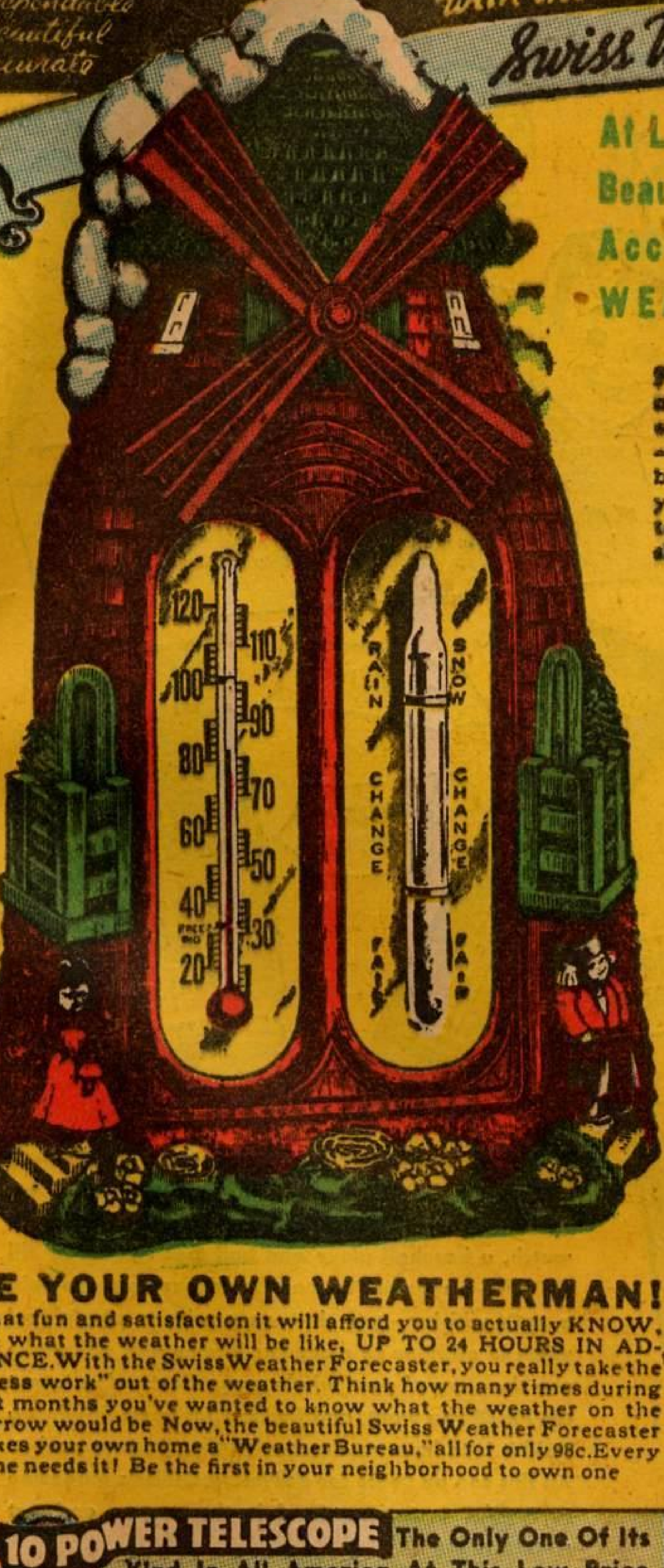

IN BLIND OBEDIENCE TO THE COMMAND, THE ROBOT ARMY DESTROYS ITSELF, IN A FEROCIOUS BATTLE THAT SHAKES THE GROUND FOR MILES AROUND!


STOP! NO! OH, MY WONDERFUL ARMY-- STOP! STOP!
YOU IDIOT... DON'T RUN INTO THAT MESS!
STOP! ARRGGHHH!
GOOD LORD! HE RAN RIGHT IN BETWEEN TWO ROBOTS!
THE END OF THE MAD MECHANIC.... BY HIS OWN MECHANICAL INVENTIONS!
AFTER A REFUELING STOP, THE YOUNG ALLIES CROSS THE ATLANTIC TO THEIR CLUBHOUSE!
SENTINELS OF LIBERTY
AH, HOME AGAIN!
LOOK, HERE COMES CAPTAIN AMERICA!
SO, YOU'VE BEEN AWAY, EH, KIDS?
SENTINELS OF LIBERTY
OF COURSE, YOU HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS, DID YOU?
DAILY NEWS
MAD MECHANIC FOILED
SPIKE CHARIOT AND ROBOT ARMY FAIL TO STOP ALLIES! BUT WHO STOPPED THE MAD MECHANIC?
THE END

Now! You Can Tell The Weather up to 24 Hours in Advance

Dependable Beautiful Accurate

with the Swiss Windmill Weather Forecaster



At Last! Everyone Can Own This Beautiful Hand-Painted, Reliable Accurate Swiss WINDMILL WEATHER FORECASTER!

Only 98¢

Probabilities are, you have felt that you would have to pay a lot of money for a truly beautiful and dependable forecaster. If so, your worries are over! Here, without doubt, is positively the most beautiful—the most original—the most accurate forecaster that has ever been offered at anywhere near this low price. Don't let yourself or your loved ones be without the Windmill Weather Forecaster. It tells you the temperature—tells you if it's going to rain or snow or shine—predicts any weather change that's on the way—up to 24 hours in advance! It makes all the difference in your plans when you know what the weather will be. Plan your work or play according to the weather—know how to dress for it—help to prevent accidents or sickness in the family—BE PREPARED FOR WEATHER CHANGES WITH YOUR "Home Weather Bureau." BE YOUR OWN WEATHER MAN!

The Windmill Forecaster Has Features Found In Forecasters Costing Up To $10.00

The thermometer is guaranteed to be extremely accurate from 120° to 20° below zero. The amazing storm glass uses the same principle found in most expensive forecasters. When the weather is going to be fair, the crystals settle in the bottom of the tube—when rain or snow is predicted, the crystals rise to the top of the tube. It's so simple, yet virtually unfailing. This lovely "Swiss Windmill" Weather Forecaster is fashioned of handsome carved style BARRWOOD—a masterpiece of craftsmanship—representing the colorful, rustic windmills of the Swiss landscape, with their weather-antiqued brown shingles, brightly gleaming roof and latticed windmill blades even the Swiss Alpine snow and the fir trees of the Alps are reproduced with the quaint peasant clothes of the boy and girl shown in pleasing contrast to the flowers of the mountainside growing around the windmill steps. The "Swiss Windmill" adds a glowing, colorful, decorative note to any room in the house. It's hand-painted in three colors As a weather prophet, you'll use it constantly!

Use It—Test It On Our Guarantee Of Satisfaction

Each and every Swiss Weather House is guaranteed to please you and give years of satisfactory service, or your money will be cheerfully refunded It really must be seen to be fully appreciated We want you to examine it—test it for seven full days so that you can see for yourself that it actually works—all on our iron-clad Money Back Guarantee of satisfaction SEND NO MONEY! Just mail the coupon today. Pay the Postman only 98c plus postage and a small COD fee upon arrival. If it isn't all we claim, return it at the end of seven days and we'll refund your money in full

BE YOUR OWN WEATHERMAN!

What fun and satisfaction it will afford you to actually KNOW, just what the weather will be like, UP TO 24 HOURS IN ADVANCE. With the Swiss Weather Forecaster, you really take the "guess work" out of the weather. Think how many times during past months you've wanted to know what the weather on the morrow would be Now, the beautiful Swiss Weather Forecaster makes your own home a "Weather Bureau," all for only 98c. Every home needs it! Be the first in your neighborhood to own one

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART
Dept. 1006, 500 N. Dearborn St.,
Chicago 10, Ill.

NO RISK OFFER

Gentlemen Please send me the Swiss Windmill Weather Forecaster on your guarantee of absolute satisfaction or my money back I will pay the Postman only 98c plus postage and COD fee

Name ______________________________

Address ______________________________

Town ______________________ State __________

Enclosed find 98c. Please ship the Weather Forecaster, all postage charges prepaid

IMPORTANT If you want two Swiss Weather Forecasters, send remittance of only $1 79 with this coupon.

10 POWER TELESCOPE

The Only One Of Its Kind In All America At This Low Price

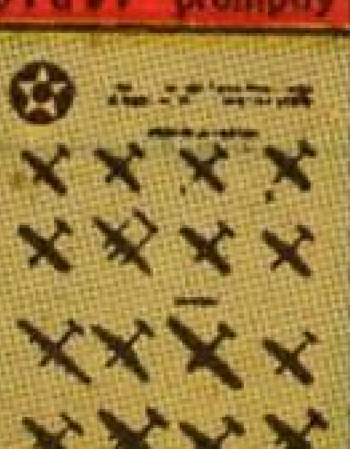
BRINGS OBJECTS 10 TIMES CLOSER
Only $1.49

Here's America's biggest 10 POWER TELESCOPE value. Don't confuse it with small "weak-vision" telescopes. It's precision made and measures full 16 inches. Focuses instantly on stationary or moving objects. Brings far away objects 10 times closer Clear—sharp—BIG as Life. You'd expect to pay up to $10.00 for such power. Everyone should own a powerful telescope. Spot airplanes—identify distant objects, people, animals, etc. Valuable to Air Wardens, Boy Scouts, Sailors, Sportsmen. Ideal for fights, ball games, races, outdoor events. Enjoy front row seats from way back.

SEND NO MONEY!

Just clip this ad and mail. Then pay postman only $1 49 plus few cents postage on arrival. Use the Telescope for 10 days without risk. If you aren't positively thrilled, return in 10 days and we'll refund your money in full. Supply is limited due to priorities. So rush your order today.

FREE! Valuable Airplane Chart Free if you order promptly



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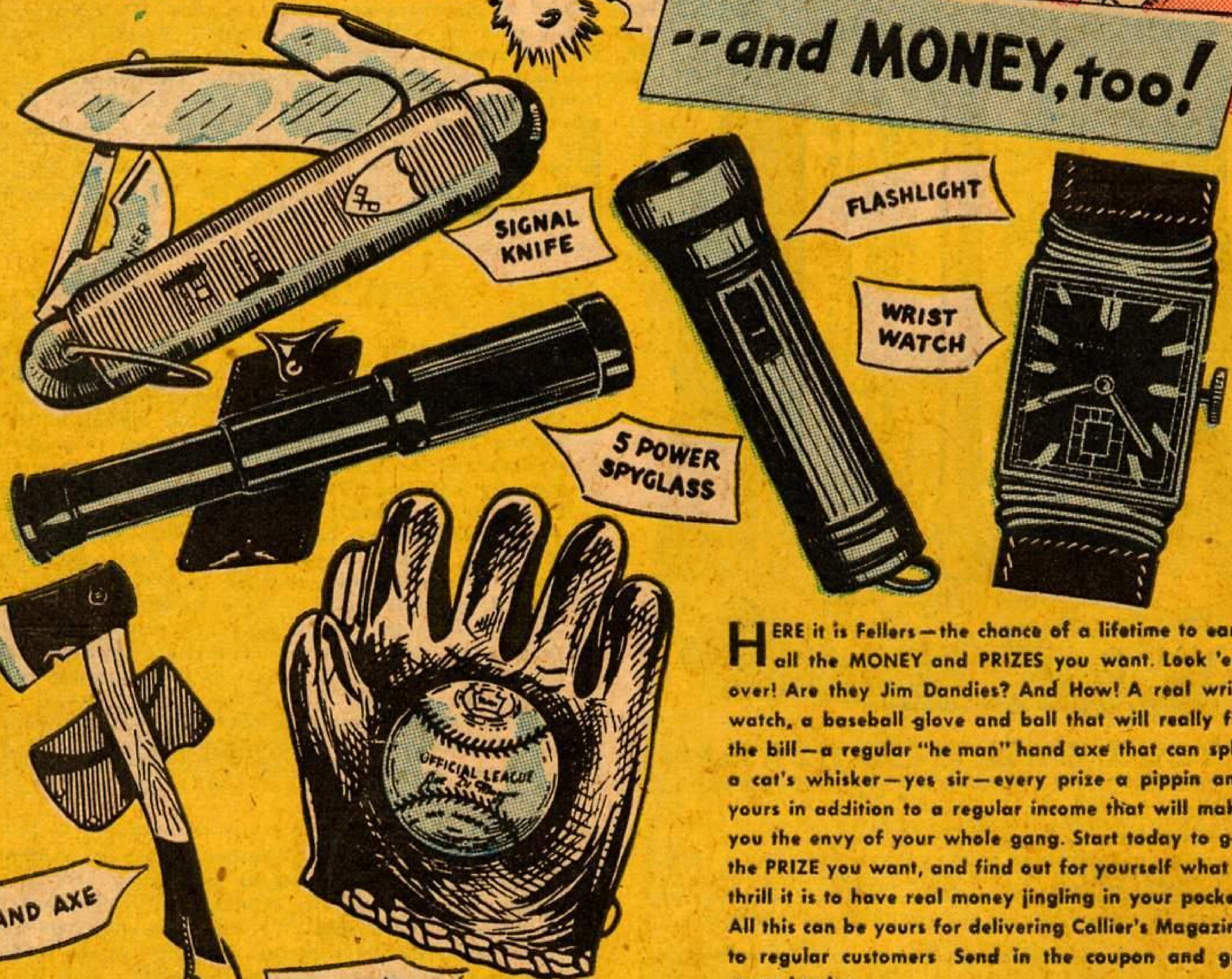
Dept. 84
500 N. Dearborn St.
Chicago 10, Illinois

PRIZES *for You* --
COME an' GET 'EM

--and MONEY, too!



HERE it is Fellers—the chance of a lifetime to earn all the MONEY and PRIZES you want. Look 'em over! Are they Jim Dandies? And How! A real wrist watch, a baseball glove and ball that will really fill the bill—a regular "he man" hand axe that can split a cat's whisker—yes sir—every prize a pippin and yours in addition to a regular income that will make you the envy of your whole gang. Start today to get the PRIZE you want, and find out for yourself what a thrill it is to have real money jingling in your pocket All this can be yours for delivering Collier's Magazine to regular customers Send in the coupon and get started today

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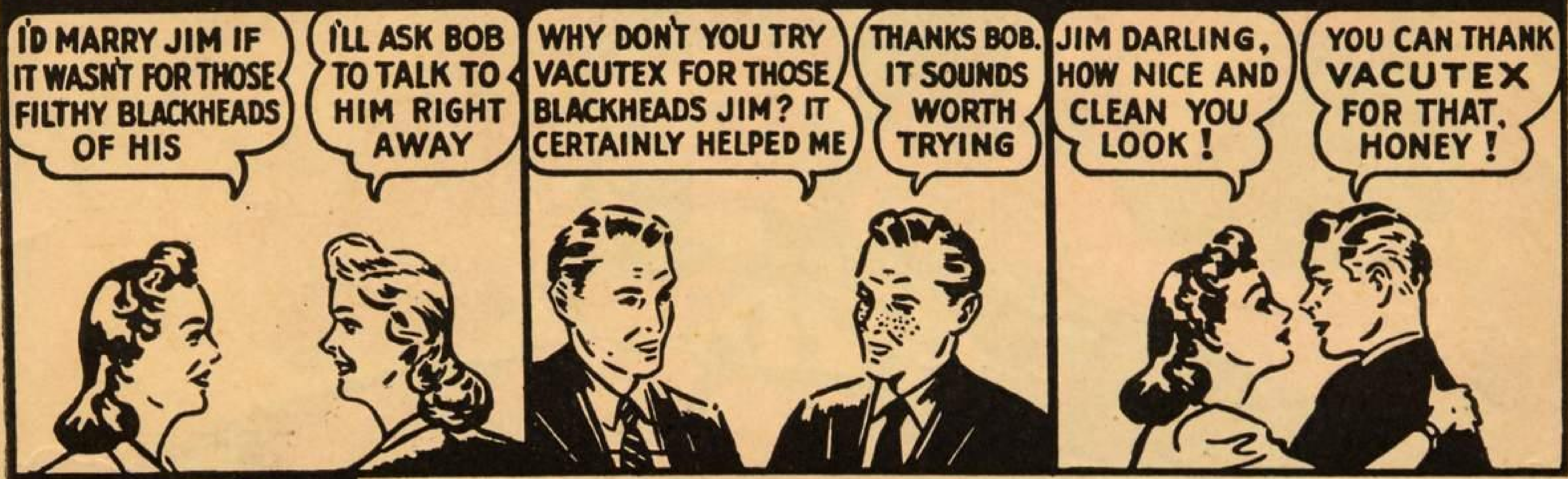
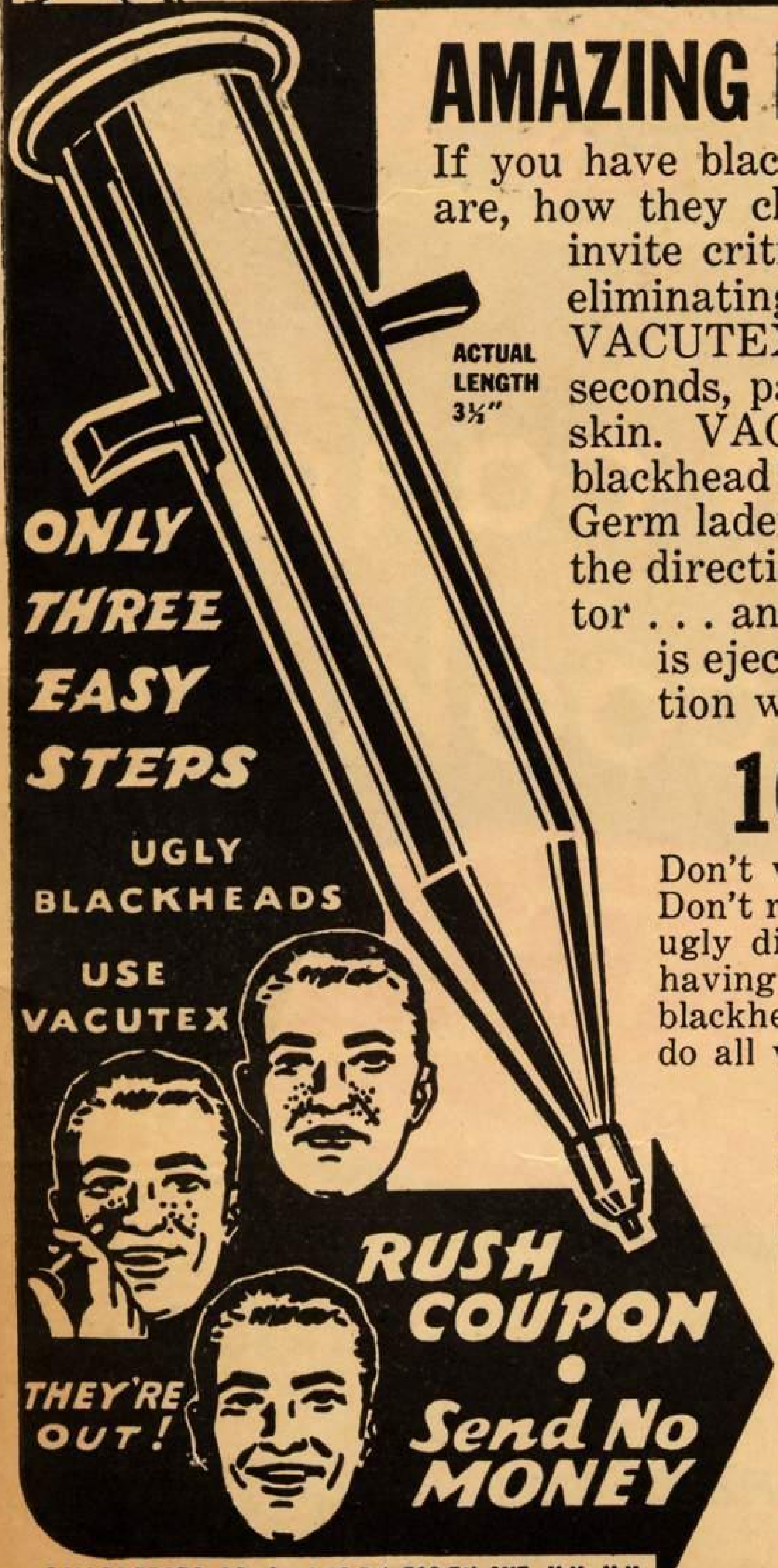
ADDRESS__________________(*)Postal Unit No. ______

(*) *If your city is so divided*

CITY____________________STATE________

REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS
OR NO COST


I'D MARRY JIM IF IT WASN'T FOR THOSE FILTHY BLACKHEADS OF HIS
I'LL ASK BOB TO TALK TO HIM RIGHT AWAY
WHY DON'T YOU TRY VACUTEX FOR THOSE BLACKHEADS JIM? IT CERTAINLY HELPED ME
THANKS BOB. IT SOUNDS WORTH TRYING
JIM DARLING, HOW NICE AND CLEAN YOU LOOK!
YOU CAN THANK VACUTEX FOR THAT, HONEY!


ACTUAL LENGTH 3½"
ONLY THREE EASY STEPS
UGLY BLACKHEADS
USE VACUTEX
THEY'RE OUT!
RUSH COUPON
•
Send No MONEY

AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

If you have blackheads, you know how embarrassing they are, how they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX Inventon. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't wait until embarrassing criticism makes you act. Don't risk losing out on popularity and success because of ugly dirt-clogged pores. ACT NOW! Enjoy the thrill of having a clean skin, free of pore-clogging, embarrassing blackheads. Try Vacutex for 10 days. We guarantee it to do all we claim. If you are not completely satisfied your $1.00 will be immediately refunded.

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 4004
516 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

☐ Ship C.O.D., I will pay postman $1.00 plus postage. My $1.00 will be refunded if I am not delighted.

☐ I prefer to enclose $1.00 now and save postage. (Same guarantee as above.)

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ADDRESS...

CITY..............................STATE..................

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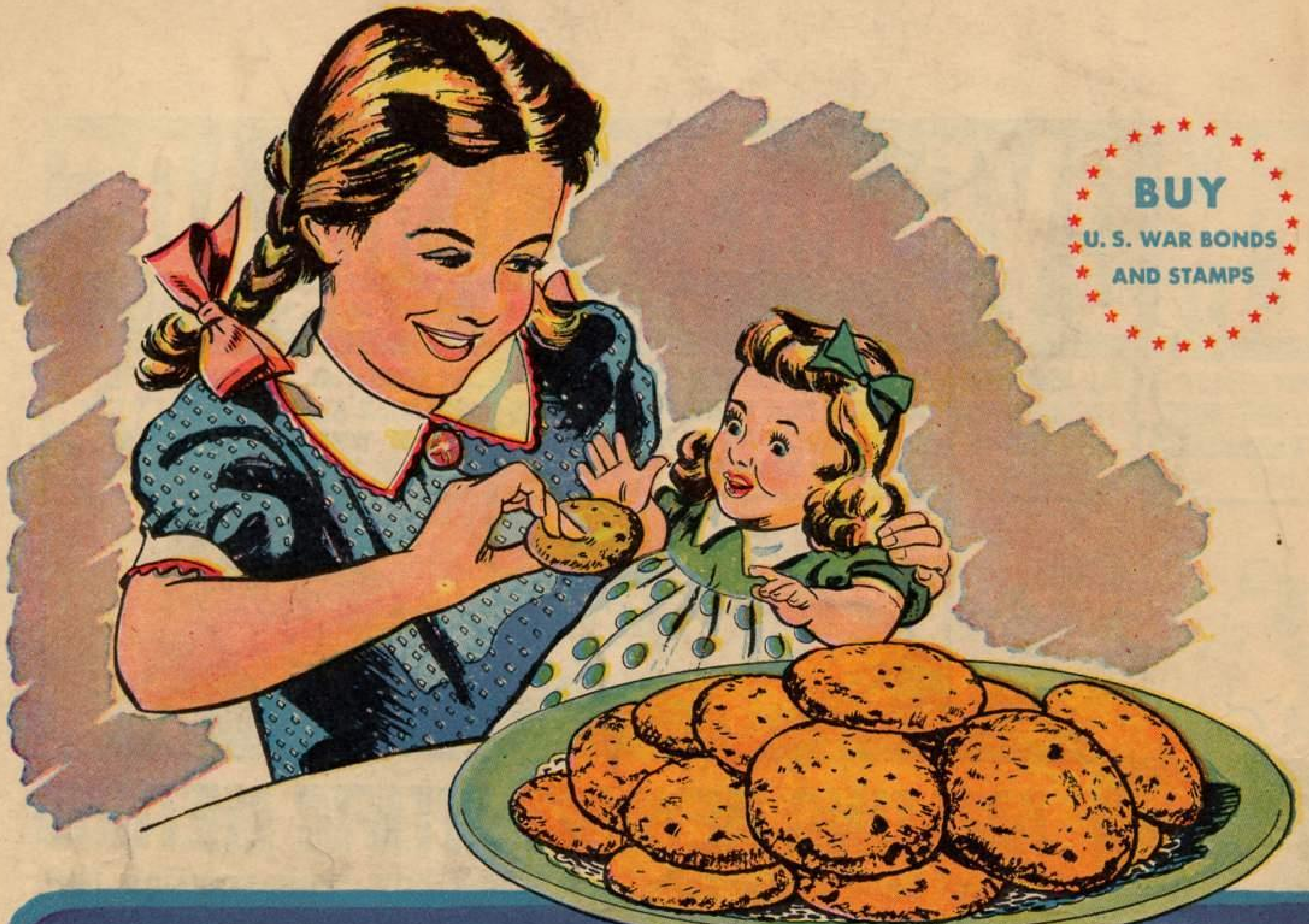
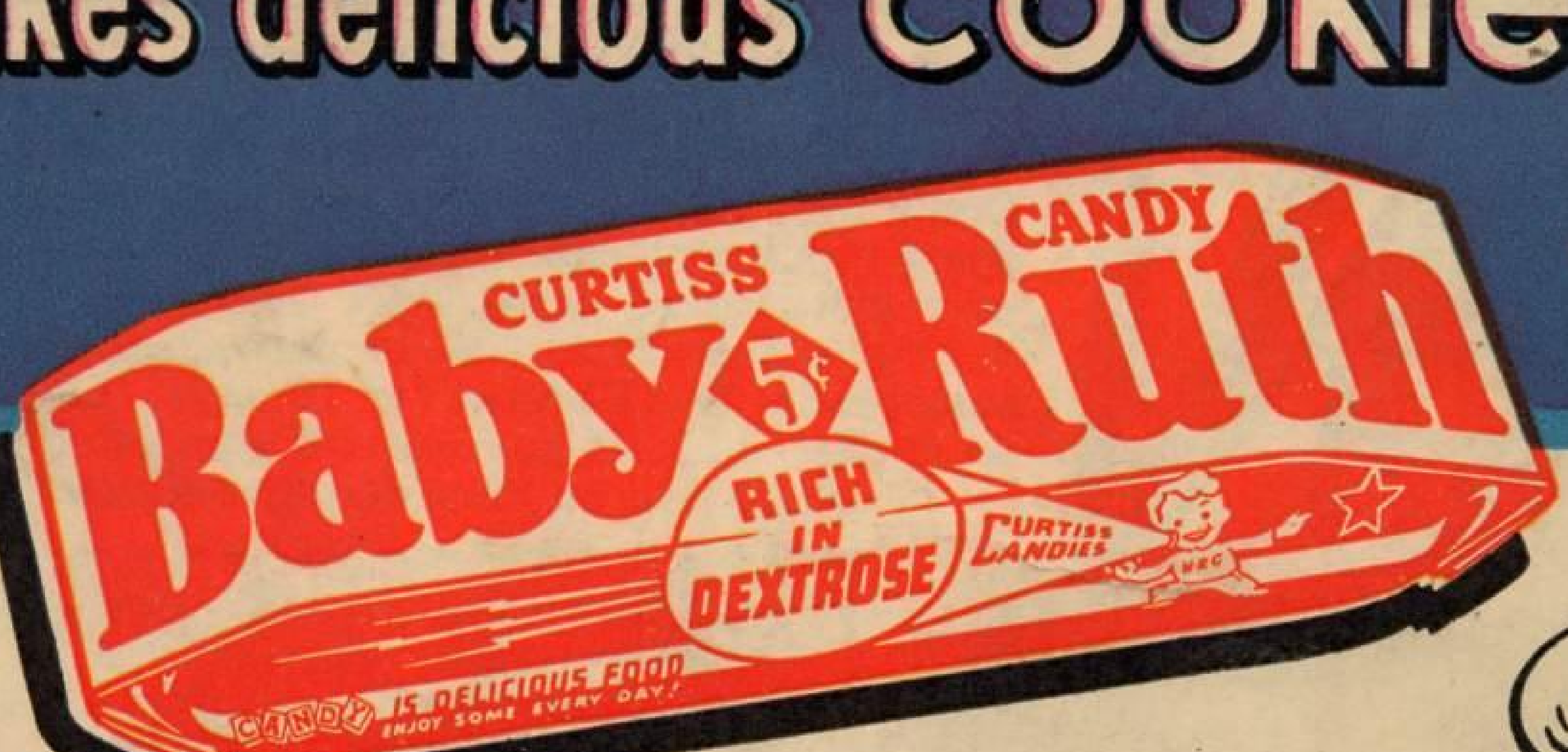


BUY
U. S. WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS

Baby Ruth candy makes delicious cookies


CURTISS
CANDY
Baby Ruth
5¢
RICH IN DEXTROSE
CURTISS CANDIES
CANDY IS DELICIOUS FOOD
ENJOY SOME EVERY DAY!

IF HE'S IN AMERICA
SEND A BOX TO
THE BOY IN CAMP

RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER

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